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COLUMBUS ON HIS FIRST VOYAGE.

# THE

# ROMANCE OF NAVIGATION:

A BRIEF RECORD OF

# MARITIME DISCOVERY

FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE 18TH CENTURY.

ВY

# HENRY FRITH,

Author of "The Romance of Engineering"; "The Triumphs of Steam"; "The Biography of a Locomotive," etc., etc.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.

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# London :

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# PREFACE.

HE great success which has attended the "Romance of Engineering" has induced the publishers to furnish a kindred volume

by the same author, containing brief records of notable maritime discoveries.

As will be seen this volume is but an instalment of the many romantic and adventurous expeditions undertaken by the Heroes of Old Ocean.

History and Fiction have liberally dealt with such themes, but we believe that there is still room for a narrative of actual occurrences, during the dawn and development of maritime glories, viewed from the romantic and adventurous side, clothed in imaginative guise. It is thus that the author has attempted to pourtray the Heroes of Navigation, and if this his latest adventure succeed, the Romance of Seafaring of a later date may be permitted to follow in due time.

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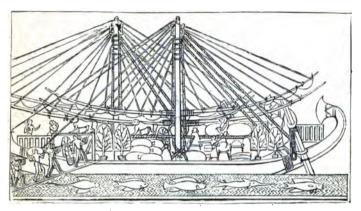
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AN EGYPTIAN MERCHANT VESSEL.

# THE ROMANCE OF NAVIGATION AND MARITIME DISCOVERY.

### CHAPTER I.

LOVE OF NAVIGATION.—YOUTHFUL MEMORIES.—THE SEA,
THE GREAT DIVIDER.—EARLY RAFTS AND BOATS.—THE
ARK.—METHODS OF THE ANCIENTS.—THE PHŒNICIANS
AND EGYPTIANS.

NE of the very first ideas which finds its way into the infant mind is the love of the sea. To go to the seaside for a holiday is a treat beyond all other treats to the sturdy little Briton, who digs,

and defies with his sand fort the waves which his mother Britannia, seated on a shield, and balancing a trident, is supposed to rule.

The love of navigation is also perceived in our youth at a very early period of their lives. In the parks where are ponds

or running streams, youngsters are very busy sailing chips and sticks, and toy boats and model yachts. To fashion a boat from a log of wood and sail it was one of the writer's early passions, and the home schoolroom testified to the ship-building on Saturdays, where chips indicated the private dockyard, and the servant's delight in sweeping may be imagined! We made several boats, rigged them with cotton-thread, and sailed them in the water-butt, the nursery bath, and in the adjacent brook, where (according to our man-servant) a fearsome species of leech, which he called "artilukar," dwelt, and hid, on purpose to suck the blood of any small boys who sailed boats in the stream!

Terrified, yet venturing, we sailed our barks, watched the passage of the "rapids," and the rush beneath the overhanging bushes opposite, until the boat was wrecked, or unfortunately drawn beneath a grating and sunk in mid-stream, whence a wholesome fear of "artilukars" prevented its recovery.

There was a larger stream in the grounds of the country house near Dundrum—I forget the name of the stream, but remember the park and the stories invented by our dear mother respecting a lad who lost his footing on a bank (just like that in our meadow) and only his blue cap with a tassel (so very like my Sunday head-gear) was ever found.

Yet these warnings and tales, the giant "artilukar" and the floating cap, did not daunt us. Races were sailed, sticks were sent out in flotillas, and when a laden bee would rest upon our raft, or deck, our delight knew no bounds. We had a live passenger, and that was glory!

Then came yachting at Kingstown, the Bellisle guardship, the sailing in the bay, fishing off Dalkey, boating off Howth and Baldoyle. Many adventures had we in those early days—once blown out for a whole day, the struggle home, the fishing-boat which came out to assist us, and the supper after rescue! All these, and many other incidents, have come back to memory while these lines are being written, and they are our early reminiscences of the Romance of Navigation, in pursuit

of which, and in kindred occupations, we have thrice been nearly drowned!

Let us, however, put personal reminiscence aside, and turn back to our less authentic history, to the misty period of the world's age when the early biped, man, made rafts, or burned out the tree trunk to make him a canoe.

By what means men in the antediluvian ages crossed streams or navigated lakes, it is scarcely necessary to inquire; but there are "prehistoric" traces of some kind of floating transports which enabled the early man of commerce to interchange visits and produce in some limited fashion. From lacustrine remains rude canoes have been imagined and even reproduced.

However primeval man managed to float,—whether by swimming or by using the burnt-out tree, the inflated skin of an animal, or by a raft—our first idea of a ship is unquestionably Noah's Ark. From our earliest infancy we have been acquainted with this peculiar roofed in structure as represented in the nursery, and we dare not question the architecture of the toy-maker. It was not until many years afterwards that we learnt how the ancients ascribed the science of navigation to the heathen gods, and particularly to Neptune, who is by some supposed to have been the same as Japhet, son of Noah.

The ship in this century has reached almost, if not quite, to its perfect stage. The first so-called boats, or canoes, have in all parts of the globe a curious family likeness. From the split reed 1 which floated upon the stream we obtain the idea of a boat, the seams being "glued" together by the gum of the pine, or by the bitumen so plentiful in some places.

Navigation may have arisen from the desire to cross a piece of water to fight, or trade, or to meet one's "fair ladye," when the pursuer was not equal to the feat of Leander. The mode of progression may have been imitated from the fish, or nautilus, and the large boat from the accidental discovery of

<sup>1</sup> Latin, canna = a canoe.

a fallen tree in the stream, as the fall of a tree across the brook gave the savage the notion of the bridge.

When considering the dawn of navigation, it seems curious that the sea, which appears to be the almost unsurmountable barrier between nation and nation, "The Great Divider," as it has been called, should in modern times be the great highway, the path of enjoyment. We can imagine no greater obstacle to the progress of civilization than is the sea. It is the separator; and that there "shall be no more sea" is one of the blessings extended to us by hope in a future heavenly life. Yet the sea has led to more discovery, conquest, and love, than any other portion of the earth's surface, and we may add to these features disappointment and misery.

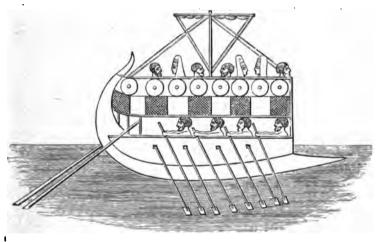
Fortunately so many bold and daring deeds are connected with the sea that we regard it as a friend. It has been sung in all keys, and lauded as highly as its merciless wrath has been condemned. There is no greater favourite in the natural world than the ocean, and yet so much dreaded, and by the "general" so little understood. Verily he was a bold man who first put to sea.

Homer regarded the ocean as a great river, which ran round and round the world. The Egyptians, as we shall see later, feared the ocean and avoided it. To Neptune, or, as some commentators declare, to Japhet—who is identical with the sea-god—was the care of the ocean given by the ancients, not because he was a pioneer in the art or practice of navigation, but because he was the first person to equip a fleet of ships, and so assumed the dominion of the ocean.

This power he is stated to have received from his father, Kronos (Saturn), but Japhet is stated to have been allotted the islands of the Mediterranean and the continent of Europe. Therefore, the historian, Vossius, thinks Japhet, whom he imagines to have been the sea-god Neptune, was the inventor of navigation, which science enabled him to pass over to the mainland from the islands. Other testimony declares Rameses to have been the prototype of Neptune. This

monarch lived about A.M. 2670, and was a king of Egypt, and of Egyptians who disliked the sea; so this construction is not worth pursuing.

The development of the ship, of course, dates from the tree, trunk and the canoe; but even the most primitive bark must have been originally used as a means of safety. Self-preservation being the first law of nature, we may presume that man, even before the building of the ark, had found and had em-



ASSYRIAN SHIP.

ployed some means for saving himself in a sudden "deluge" which gave rise to the "spate" or flood, and would have swept him away had he not clung to some floating, uprooted tree.

The term "Ship," like the word Bible, is found in many languages of old time and new. But in the oldest tongues,—such, for instance, as the Sanscrit, the Greek, the Latin, the Celtic, the Aborigine tongue and others,—the term Nau, Nao, naos, navis, indicates the ship, and, as Colonel Lane-Fox

points out, "is employed to personify the tradition of the first ship-builder, Noah."

Starting from the tree, the subsequent development is easily arrived at. The savage who squatted upon the trunk of the tree would in time wish to find a safer perch; he would therefore make a hollow seat for himself. The means at hand were few, and by fire only could he hope to succeed. He had noticed the wooden cooking place had been so hollowed, so he may have burned out a tree trunk, or dug it out by rough implements, and triumphantly launched it upon the stream or lake.

The bending and pointing of the ends to facilitate progress would follow. The aquatic bird or the fish would indicate the mode of propulsion, and such primitive barks (canoes). under different names, are found in every savage country Historians, antiquarians, voyagers and explorers unite in testi fying to the original yet common practice of savage nations in the construction of the canoe of timber, and, where wood is scarce, of skin or reeds.

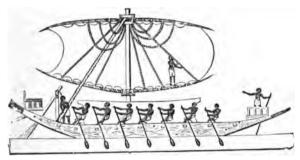
And this reed-boat brings to mind the bulrush cradle of Moses, who, in the papyrus canoe of miniature form, was placed in the stream of old Nile. There was nothing more natural than for Moses' mother to have put him in such a boat; and with a view to launch him in life prosperously, she no doubt took care that he should be seen by the daughter of Pharaoh.

The papyrus was the material of which boat, sails, and all other portions of "ships" were made in those days. Lucian, Pliny, and Plutarch all speak of the papyrus boats, and later authorities, including Sir G. Wilkinson, who gives illustrations of them, confirm the classic writers, and refer to the Australian and American practice of constructing rush-boats.

There were also vessels (ships) which were fastened or tied, the planks being "stitched" to them to ensure safety, or fastened by cords,—sewn, as it were. As we proceed in our adventurous voyages, we shall perceive how Captain Cook and other discoverers remarked upon the curious method of fastening the canoes with strips of bark, or with sennit.

We shall find this practice of binding canoes and larger vessels prevalent; no nails were used,—the hull and the sail were alike stitched. The papyrus sail is imaged in the Chinese junk, the very name of which is traced to the *junens* (bulrush).

The construction of the ship rapidly improved, and the classical boats and galleys were very good specimens of "ships" of the period of the old poets; but we may dive into the past



AN EGYPTIAN WAR GALLEY.

and find the canoe in skin or wicker-work, and the raft—really the oldest form of ship extant—in the *catamaran* and the *balza*.

Thus it would be possible to show the gradual change, and in many places the still ancient plan, of shipbuilding. We shall refer to this development in the succeeding chapters, by endeavouring in them to bring forward the facts so as to illustrate how navigation arose and progressed until the mariner's compass was introduced, and revolutionized the ideas of the sailor.

But to resume,-

From the rolling, unsteady tree, then, the untutored one

fashioned a kind of bark. He lopped off the branches, and then bound another tree to the first, and to them a third. Herein we find the germ of the raft, and the ark of Noah was only a covered raft.

This, the first vessel of which our Bible takes cognisance, was not intended to sail about. There were no means of propulsion, no sail, oar, nor "sweep," to give it movement. As regards the Deluge itself, we need say little. Those who feel inclined to question the biblical narrative may find practically the same account in the Nineveh tablets of the Chaldean account of Genesis.

To return to the ark. The dimensions of this raft or floating house were as follows:—

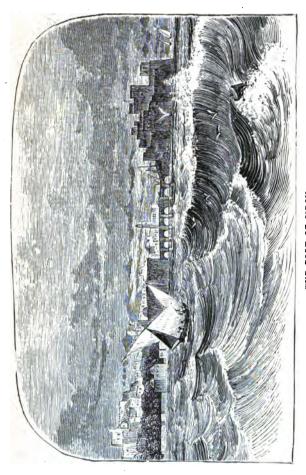
Length, 450 feet. Breadth, 75 feet. Height, 45 feet.

These measurements fall short of those of the late *Great Eastern*, but Admiral Thevenard computes the space at about 2,000,000 cubic feet. If we assume, as is generally done, that the cubit is eighteen inches, we shall find that her tonnage, "according to present mode of admeasurement, would not have been more than fifteen thousand tons, or considerably less than that of the *Great Eastern*." 1

That the ark was designed simply to float is, then, evident, and she rode like an immense roofed raft amid the tempestuous floods until she grounded on "the mountains of Ararat." The general attention which her construction awakened, independent of the natural curiosity as to her raison d'être, would appear to argue that such a vessel was perfectly unknown at that period; and the Flood swept away most if not all of the previous knowledge on the subject of shipbuilding.

We read that the ark was "built of gopher wood," and "pitched within and without with pitch." The "pitch" referred to is, of course, bitumen, and the gopher wood is the cypress, which was, in after ages, with the cedar, the favourite ship-

timber of the Greeks, because they found that the cypress-wood was not liable to shrink, and cause a leak; hence they em-



ployed it for use in those portions of the galley or ship which were continually submerged, or likely to be often wetted.

THE PORT OF SIDON.

Now in this we perceive one of the most remarkable testimonies to the prescience of the (inspired) builder of the ark. The narrative clearly intimates that such a structure, a ship, was quite a novel thing, and gave rise to derision. Yet the builder fixes upon the best and most suitable wood to resist rains and floods, without any previous knowledge, and hits intuitively upon the fact which long experience only had taught the cultivated Greeks!

M. Leroy states that a burning forest or grove supplied the first tree-boat, which a daring native of Tyre launched into the sea, and presumably escaped destruction thereby. From one tree trunk to another, and then to several united, were but natural steps; thus the disbranched trunk became the raft, and the raft of Ulysses is described by Homer 1 (B.C. 1000).

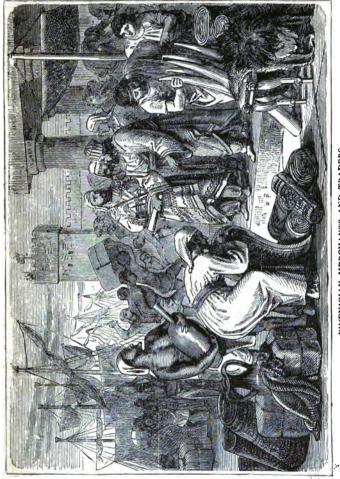
To the Phœnicians, the immigrants who settled on the coasts of Tyre and Sidon, we may attribute the art of navigation; coasting, of course,—for trans-oceanic voyages were out of the question in those early times,—in open boats, undecked, and of very rough construction.

Many writers attribute the earliest navigation to the Egyptians, who are stated to have anticipated the Phœnicians; but authorities all agree in asserting that the latter quickly distanced the former people, and did all their carrying trade. Nor is this unreasonable, because the land of the Phœnicians was bare and unproductive, while Egypt was fertile. That the Egyptians navigated the Nile on rafts at a very early period in the history of the world is certain. We can find representations of Egyptian boats (of which more hereafter) dating from 3000 B.C. But the Egyptians' navigation was only of the river or the lake. They disliked the sea: it was a matter of faith with them to avoid the ocean, that "mighty monster," Typhoon, who swallowed up their god, the Nile!

Naturally, their dislike of the sea extended to those who came by the sea. Strangers were "taboo," and, as in the case

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Fabulous, of course, but founded on practice of the age of the poet, or of previous generations.

of China, to a comparatively late period, there were treaty or



neutral ports into which the stranger might run, or in which

PHENICIAN MERCHANIS AND TRADERS.

he could lie to or anchor; but he could not enter the sacred Nile.

Therefore it is only logical to suppose that the Phœnicians—immigrants to the somewhat bare stretch of coast to which the palms gave their name—were the earliest voyagers. The land was originally Canaan, a maritime plain, of which Tyre was the chief place. The territory was subsequently extended.¹ These people, industrious, learned (for they invented the alpha bet), were hardy sailors; they were compelled to put to sea. They had to trade beyond the arid plains, and they found the exit easier by water than by land.

Thus the Phœnicians became the great traders of the world at the time, and their cities, Tyre and Zidon, became famous as emporiums. King Solomon employed them as carriers and merchants. Zidon, or Sidon, is mentioned by Moses as "the first-born of Canaan," and therefore the pioneer city. The inhabitants had immigrated at a period long anterior to the arrival of the Israelites, and no doubt started as pirates; but subsequently diffused knowledge into Greece and Asia-Minor. Homer also mentions Sidon.

As sea-farers the Phœnicians were unrivalled. They had commercial relations with many countries, traded to India for the king, and brought him "peacocks and ivory," and sailed to "Tarshish" (in Spain). Jezebel's father was king of Tyre and Sidon, and one of his successors was the father of Dido, who fled with her companions to found Carthage in Africa, near another Phœnician colony.

These seafarers were traders, and made lengthened voyages to Spain, Britain, Africa, India, Cyprus, and to the Rhine. They procured gold from Ophir, tin from Cornwall, ivory from India, and supplies from the interior of Africa by caravans. They bartered one kind of goods against another, and made great improvements in shipping. To them the steering oar or

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Some writers say the name of the people was derived from Phonix, one of their kings; but the "abundance of palms" theory is recognised, though Grecian.

rudder is attributed, and they learned how to steer by the stars across the trackless sea to the Cassiterides (Scilly), the Fortunate (Canary) Isles and Madeira; and they could fight well also, for their experience was given in aid of Xerxes at Salamis.

However, we are getting on a little too fast. The Phœnicians had rivals in the Cretans and Chinese, both of whom, we read, sailed upon Eastern seas also, at a very early period. The latter people claim to have invented the use of the loadstone, which points, for them, south; and the Chinese junk is the ancient form of vessel, with painted eye to let it "see its way about."

Tradition says that the first Chinese ship in the dark vista of centuries was modelled from the slipper of the then reigning sovereign in China, who cast it at the boat-builder as a pattern. As the Celestial retired from the Emperor's presence, his majesty winked at his vizier, and remarked,—

"Very queer sailing there will be in those ships, O Fan-See!"

But it would be impossible within the limits of a chapter to give all the traditions and fables respecting the origin of ships, some of which still remain "translated" to the skies, where they shine, even as Cynosura shone as the bright and guiding star of the Phœnicians—the "cynosure" of all eyes! We read of Dædalus, with his wings—sails—by which he escaped from Minos; of Atlas and the oar, or paddle; of the skin-sail of Hercules, and come to the conclusion that the heart of the man who first ventured to sea must indeed have been "bound in oak and triple brass."

Picture the venturesome navigator in his frail, uncertain craft, or raft, putting out to sea. Regard man, a land animal, quitting his place to float at the mercy of the heaving waters, pushing or drifting from point to point, "hugging the shore," braving mal de mer, and gradually extending the circle of his horizon, but steering by the stars; nothing but "blue above and blue below, and silence wheresoever they go." See what attention and study these ignorant early navigators must have

devoted to their sailing, and at what a cost the experience was acquired! We find, from a comparison of classic authorities, that the signs and omens connected with the voyage were numerous, and the pilot of that period, Palinurus, let us say, was well read in auguries and portents: the hints deducible from the fowls of the air, the fishes of the sea, the sighs of the wind, the whispers of the trees. Indeed, the early navigator required and possessed a courage which was certainly unconnected with the Dutch article.

Let us look at these hardy mariners leaping into their boats, shoving off, or being propelled away from the shore, after certain sacrifices had been offered to Neptune. The most trivial omens were watched for, noted, and if considered unfavourable, the voyage was delayed. If all were fortunate, the decorated vessels put to sea, flags streaming, until, the farthest point rounded, the fleet disappeared from view. But feeling its way along shore at eventide, the carriers were let loose, and the tidings by the "flying post" were gladly received on shore at home; and on return thanksgivings were duly offered up to the gods who had protected the sailors in peril, and to whom the offerings were due—offerings vowed in days and nights of danger—ranging from animal sacrifices to one's personal garments, or even to the hair.

Thus the warrior offered to Mars, the sailor to Neptune, the merchant or trader to Mercury, and the lover to Venus, and others to great Jove, for his protecting hand and safe return to land.

The crews of these early vessels were divided into sailors and oarsmen, the latter resting when the winds were favourable, but having a hard spell on other occasions. Sometimes the galley proceeded cum velis et remis, and made splendid progress. But for many years the fleets (the early fleets of the ancients) were composed of rafts. Pliny states that Danaus, the proud father of fifty celebrated daughters, fled to Greece in a "ship," then a novel mode of transport to the Greeks. But long ere this, Phryxus and Helle (who, being drowned in the

straits, gave her name to the Hellespont) had embarked with much treasure in the good ship the *Ram*, which gave rise to the legend of the Search for the Golden Fleece, and to the first naval expedition—that of the Argonauts.

Vessels had by that time—about 1263 B.C.—improved very much. The Egyptians had already substituted for their rafts boats of acanthus wood, "pinned" with wooden nails, and for "oakum" used papyrus. Then the mast and sail were discovered. A double mast and a papyrus sail were fixed up, and so progress was made. Towing was often resorted to, but in coming down stream a very ingenious method was employed. A hurdle was suspended from the bows, and a stone was dragged along the bottom of the river astern; so by these means the pace was increased by the hurdle, and the vessel kept straight by the stone, a primitive mode of steering which subsequently gave way to long oars, two or even three, by men on the steerboard: hence, "starboard."

We have already remarked upon the similarity of the ancient canoes or rafts to the early attempts of the Phœnician shippers. The origin of flying is attributed to Dædalus, who, when making his escape from Minos of Crete, hoisted sails, and thus gave rise to the fable. We have read of Hercules sailing with a lion's skin, which was the "coat" he wore, and his example is followed to-day on the Thames by lads who extend their jackets upon sculls or boat-hooks. We have boats of inflated skins now; we have canoes like Charon's skiff; the balza of the south seas is the sailing raft. The Assyrians floated on skins, such as may be seen in the Pacific. We have the well known coracle of Wales, and the "curragh" of Western Ireland. But as the uses of vessels increased, so did their forms and sizes. The names were adapted to them in reference to their use, from the galley to the punt.

Research will prove this. Both the Greeks and Romans named their ships from the use they made of them. The olkas or hulks, the skaplioi or skiffs, the gaulos or galley, the mercatoriæ or merchant vessels, the cattæ and

others, such as the *corbitæ*, or basket-boat of the Britons. *Caudicæ* were rafts, the name being derived from *caudex*, a stump; the *pontones*, punts or pontoons, for ferrying purposes; the *hippagines* or *hippagogi* for transporting horses, and the improved rafts or "lighters" called *ratiariæ*.

As in our days some engineers and ship builders had a mania for big ships, so Hiero of Syracuse was possessed of a *Great Eastern* of the period; but Ptolemy's vessel, which was named the *Isis*, seems to have exceeded in dimensions all the others.



ANCIENT BRITON WITH CORACLE.

Many species of wood were employed: the oak and pine and cedar, the elm and ash.

But anxious as the builders may have been to commence operations, they did not dare to do so save under certain conditions. Certain days relative to the age of the moon were considered "proper," so that the sap might be in the most satisfactory state. Not

only were the days of new or full moon regarded, but the quarter whence the wind was blowing was specially recognised.

These superstitious observances we ridicule, but there is something to be said for them. "They infused an enthusiastic spirit into the people, and proper attention being paid to them, urged and caused greater exertions on particular occasions," exertions which might not have been made if signs and por-

tents had not urged the workers to persevere and complete the cutting down and shaping of the trees.

This regard for omens accounts for the almost incredible rapidity with which forests were decimated and whole fleets built. The cypress, the chestnut, the pine, and even the orange tree and olive were woods regarded as very suitable for ships.

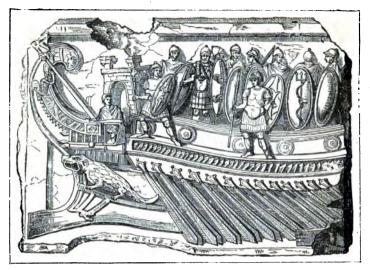
The galleys were furnished with painted sails, and oars banked in tiers, sometimes three above each other, and in various parts of the vessel—amidships, astern, and forward—so the names were bestowed on them according to the number of tiers. These were very imposing-looking structures, and of great length.

Ptolemy Philopater built a galley which had seven tiers or banks of oars, and fifty oars in each tier—three hundred and fifty oars. Now, if we compute the number of men reported as rowers, upwards of four thousand, we arrive at the conclusion that there were thirty "hands" to each oar on the average. Besides this army of oarsmen, some hundreds of sailors were employed on the ship, which was four hundred and twenty feet long, fifty-seven broad, and eighty feet from keel to taffrail. Some of the oars are stated to have been fifty feet long. The four steering oars were each forty-five feet.

Such are the recorded dimensions of Philopater's yacht; but we imagine that the crew, particularly the oarsmen, must have been a trifle incommoded in action or in pulling so many oars of such great length.

The means of propulsion which were generally employed in different ages varied from the swimmer's own efforts upon an inflated skin, to the pole, the oar, and the sail. The rafts were at first "punted," no doubt, but the application of the sail soon assisted the rower.





FRAGMENT OF SCULPTURE SHOWING PART OF A ROMAN GALLEY.

### CHAPTER II.

ORIGIN OF THE SAIL.—EQUIPMENT OF ANCIENT SHIPS.—
ROMAN AND CARTHAGINIAN GALLEYS.—IMPROVEMENT IN
NAVIGATION.—THE MARINER'S COMPASS.



HE invention and discovery of the sail as a means of propulsion has a romantic tale attached to it, and the tradition is given as found in Mr Steinmetz's work.

In ancient days an old fisherman had a lovely daughter, who, as useful as she was beautiful, would assist her father in the fishing. Naturally she had an admirer, "the finest youth in the neighbourhood," and the engagement of this pair was sanctioned.

One day they went out to pick up the nets; the young lady pulled, the young man hauled, and success attended their united efforts. Fish came in shoals, almost anxious, as it appeared, to be immeshed, and, flushed with success, the youthful pair thought of extending their operations to an island in the main, and they pulled out.

But the weather changed, and the wind. By the time they had decided to put about and pull home, the wind was contrary to the sea, and sideways to the boat. They could not gain the mainland nor the islet. The thunder rolled, and lightning hissed amid the rain. In vain the lovers vowed to Neptune; all hope had fled. Kneeling in the boat, the youth was praying; the girl unwound her long white veil and held it over his head and her own with both hands as a protection for her beloved. The white veil is nearly torn from her hands, it bulges out, and the boat, changing its direction in obedience to the wind, plunges rapidly towards the shore.

The elderly parent, meanwhile, is in despair. He sees the frail boat pitching and tossing at the mercy of the sea, unguided, drifting. Suddenly a white inflated object meets his eye. What is it? The boat is nearing the land more rapidly The wind alone is propelling the boat; oars are useless. He rushes down to the beach to meet the little craft, low in the water with her burden. He rescues them, the boat is hauled ashore, and the aged father, embracing his "children," tells them exultingly that they have discovered a new mode of navigation, and prophesies that all nations will cover the ocean with their fleets, and wander to distant regions.

The old fisherman quickly set to work and made a mast, fixed a sail of cloth to it, and thus, says the story, the art of sailing was discovered.

Dædalus and the Tyrians are both quoted as the inventors of sails. Another tradition mentions Iris in search of her off-spring using her garments as a sail to assist her progress. But the ancients used sails at a very early period, the rigging being of the simplest. Sometimes sails were set one above the other on a mast. Generally one square sail, with occasionally a mizen (artemon), was set, or perhaps this small sail was at the bow, as maintained by several writers.

A very excellent account of the sailing ship of St. Paul's time is given in the Acts, and Mr. James Smith has taken the trouble to investigate all the circumstances of the voyage and shipwreck. In his dissertations he discusses the forms and rigging, etc., of the ship of that period. She appears to have had one tall mast almost amidships, a small one in the bows, a high poop, and shrouds or stays on each side to secure the mainmast. She had 276 people on board. The steering was at the stern or counter by means of paddles through hawse holes, by means of which cables were paid out from the stern. Any one desirous of examining the details of the voyage from a yachtsman's point of view should read the book referred to.

The sails in ancient galleys were rapidly clewed up or reefed by means of pulleys, so that they hung festooned to the yard, and permitted space for the encounter. In early times, bows, spears, and such weapons composed the armament; in later years the corvus, the balista, and the turrets were some of the offensive and defensive means employed, the soldier's shield being also used as a protection.

The Chinese sail is something like the ancient papyrus sail, and, as we know, it folds up or is pulled up after the fashion of the Venetian blind.

The Chinese junk gives the present-day reader a very excellent notion of the ancient ship. The mat-sail and the queer fore and aft shape are of the ancients. The Egyptians built their cargo boats in water tight compartments, and thus anticipated the practice of the nineteenth century. These vessels were long and low craft, impelled by many oars, flat-bottomed structures, fastened with iron, but subsequently with copper, nails.

Caulking was practised in many different ways: pounded shells, wax, flax, bitumen, linen smeared over with pitch, and other means were successively and successfully employed to keep out the water. The first idea of the fired-out canoe had thus been improved upon marvellously, and the various ornaments, the cutwater, the figure-head, the graceful prow, the

painted stern and sails, the "little deities" in the poop—shrines which in times of peril served as sanctuaries and objects of prayer. The representation of the goose so often noticed in ancient prows was designed as a protection against the sinking of the galley, which was named after some deity, flower, or star.

We have already enumerated the various kinds of vessels, and their modes of building, etc.; but some features may be recalled. They were extremely long and narrow, and the Roman war-galleys were called *Naves longa*, to distinguish them from the rounded, coble-like merchant boats, or *Arca*,

which were propelled by sails, not oars, and occupied many days on a voyage, being very slow.

The flat-bottomed boats of the early navigators were easily hauled ashore; but as naval architecture improved and the keel was added, the vessel was made fast to the wall, or mole, which



ROMAN WAR GALLEY.

was so built as to overlap its extremities, and thus keep the water smooth within. Then a kind of anchor or grapnel was invented, for Virgil speaks of the "crooked bite" of the anchor, which was originally a stone. 1

In later years the vessels carried several anchors, as in St. Paul's ship, when four were cast out of the stern.

We have alluded to large vessels, but did not mention that in which the obelisk was removed by Constantine from Egypt to Rome. Cleopatra's Needle on the Thames Embankment was brought to England in a similar manner. The obelisk carried

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> The iron-wood anchor was used in the East, in China.

to Rome weighed some fifteen hundred tons, and the vessel carried it and a cargo of grain of nearly twelve hundred tons besides as "packing" for the obelisk. There were bold sailors before Vasco da Gama!

To the Carthaginians the great improvement in the means and business of navigation was due. Full of the ancient Piratical-Phœnician spirit, they roamed in all directions, and were reputed to have circumnavigated Africa. Their wargalleys were *triremes*, and about one hundred feet long, carrying, as the Roman title indicates, three tiers of oars.

Thus propelled, and with a sharp beak or stern, the galley was a formidable opponent at that period. The national "flag," or rather an emblematical figure, was carved in the prow, and as the cock was that of Carthage, so the eagle was of Imperial Rome, and the wise owl of Athens. The rowers were beneath the fighting deck, out of the way of the soldiers, and they rowed in time to music or song with wonderful unanimity.

In battle these navigators bore down as rapidly as sails and oars could enable them to do. The soldiers, armed with all kinds of weapons and missiles,—stink-pots and fire-pitch and such things,—threw their burdens and themselves upon the enemy. The beak cut into the opposing ship. Sails were lowered and masts stowed. The oarsmen alone worked the galleys which followed the commander to the encounter.

The Carthaginians thus possessed a powerful navy of galleys and rapidly manœuvring craft, which rendered them a terror to all other peoples. But notwithstanding all their seamanship, the storm beat them at times, and by an apparently trivial accident brought their pride to the dust. A galley driven ashore on Roman territory was used as a model.

While the boats were being built, thousands of hands were being instructed, ashore, in the complete art of rowing. The men were taught on land to use the oar, and by the time the vessels of war had been made ready, the sailors and oarsmen were ready also. Within sixty days was this accomplished.

One-hundred quinqueremes, deemed equal to the war-ships of Carthage, were launched. Twenty triremes, a smaller class, were also constructed, and all from the sheer hulk which had been washed ashore on Bruttian's coast!

Thus prepared to dispute the supremacy of the sea with the Carthaginians, the Romans essayed a voyage. The two consuls were in command, but the patrician failed, and was rewarded by the surname of "Asinus" in token of his failure. Duilius, the Plebeian, however, made a kind of platform or drawbridge, by means of which he could grapple the enemy and board his ships. Thus armed, he ventured to encounter the most powerful maritime nation in the world—a people skilled in naval manœuvres, and as warlike as the Romans.

This was an entirely new departure for the Romans, who, with their Ravens or "Corvi," as they called the platforms, spiked, and ready for lowering, sailed in search of their enemy.

Searching along the Sicilian coast, the two fleets were not long in approaching each other. When two people or two nations are of the same mind, matters generally get arranged somehow. This occasion was no exception. The Carthaginian sailors made fun of the clumsy Romans and their new galleys. There was no danger in such constructions, surely!

Eh! But what are those machines in the bows of the ships? They represent a new idea, and the unknown danger is always the most feared. However, "we can out-manœuvre them," think the descendants of the Phoenicians; "we can turn and twist in our little craft much more rapidly than those burthened boats."

So both sides advance eagerly, the Carthaginians making their advance with a shower of missiles; but the Romans made no attempt to imitate them. The "clumsy" vessels are rapidly propelled against each one of the Carthaginians. Then the use of the platform is unpleasantly demonstrated.

The "Corvi" are lowered: the iron spikes crush and kill the men on the fore-deck of the Carthaginian ships; the rest

fall back! The Roman warriors rush onward, and a hand-to-hand fight ensues! The ships are fast! No manœuvring can be carried out now, and the Carthaginians behold with terror their despised foes on their decks, shields on arm!

Then the action spreads; the men of Carthage cannot move; they fight, but are full of consternation. What new thing is this? We are crippled, bound, and slain! Too true! The battle of Mylæ is won; eighty Carthaginian galleys are taken, and the defeated admiral or general, Hannibas, was promptly crucified by his men. They had a rough-and-ready method "in those brave days of old" when generals were unsuccessful for Carthage. The Romans were more considerate and humane.

This great naval battle, it should be noted, took place in B.C. 260.

The Roman naval power, although it met with great reverses, and the Republic was put to great straits to maintain the fleets, held its own in the long run, and asserted itself. The battles of Ecnomus and of the Ægatian Islands were very disastrous to the power of Carthage; Sicily was gained by Rome, and Sardinia followed suit; and the Roman supremacy at sea was undisputed, but Rome paid the penalty in the Punic war, under the leadership of Hannibal.

But the navy of Rome and her naval supremacy did not long continue, because when, like Alexander, she had no more peoples to subdue, she had no pressing need for a fleet, and the intestine quarrels prevented its development. Thus the fight ing marine of Rome declined, and the troop-ship represented it. We know that the Romans never were a nation of seamen: they won the naval engagements more by means of brute force than by sailing and manœuvring, and the empire was content to guard the sea and the transports, fleets of small swift vessels being retained at two or three ports, as Gibbon reminds us. There were various engagements which are historical, but the irruption of the Goths put an end to the Roman Empire.

It is unnecessary to proceed much further with the purely historical development of the navy during the early centuries. Neither is it our object to relate the accounts of the engagements of the Saracens, Normans, and Saxons in olden time. The record is one of plunder and piracy, descents upon the enemies' coasts. The Genoese and the Venetians engaged in many terrible combats at sea, but these were not within the line of the romantic.

Navigation, indeed, can hardly be said to have been

seriously practised until the discovery of the properties of the loadstone. The remarkable and mysterious properties of the magnet enabled the sailor, who had hitherto hugged the shore. who had, in winter time especially, feared to driven out of sight of land, to



SAXON SHIP.

embrace the opportunities for voyaging into the unknown and fabled regions which lay beyond the limit of his most extensive horizon. We pass over, therefore, the wars, invasions, and piracies of the ancients—adventures which are chronicled in our European histories.

The invasion of England by the Saxons, the rise of the English navy, and the prowess of its commanders, will be dealt with later. The pirates and privateers, the old voyagers from British and foreign shores, will have their deeds duly chronicled. But none of these could have proceeded so far without the compass.

The f.st mention of a "compass" that we are aware of, is in the Acts, when St. Luke mentions the "fetching" of a compass to enable the soldiers and their pursuers to proceed to Rhegium. This is, of course, not to be confounded with the mariner's compass as we now understand the term. They "worked out the reckoning," apparently.

So ancient navigation was greatly circumscribed by the absence of proper instruments, although it is stated by some writers that Solomon's sailors—possibly Phænicians—were acquainted with the properties of the loadstone, and used the compass.

However this may be,—and the question turns upon the translation of the word "versoriam," which may have meant the steering-oar or primitive rudder—the knowledge of the mariner's compass did not become public property in Europe until the end of the eleventh or the beginning of the twelfth century.

Previously to that period, steering by the stars, by capes, and other landmarks, was practised. The steering was performed by two large sweeps or paddles, united by a cross-bar; the "pilot" managed the rudder, and he was raised on a perch from which he had an uninterrupted view of all around him in fine weather. In fog or darkness his trained and acute hearing could distinguish the sound of the breaker from the sough or the roar of the wind, and he had also his tutelar deity in the stern, to which he could turn in emergencies.

There are no means for ensuring the course of a vessel on record before the middle ages, save the Roman odometer—a complicated instrument; and though the loadstone was known, and the Chinese used the compass, Western nations had not "put two and two together." It is curious to perceive how the conservatism of China, even two thousand years B.C., retained the most important secret of navigation which has ever been known!

Magnetic vehicles were employed on land in China (Tartary)

1 Plantus—Mercatore.

before Marco Polo journeyed thither, and we in the West, in this nineteenth century, stare at the electric tram-cars, almost a novelty in the suburban roads and streets!

It is useless, but might be amusing, to speculate upon what *might* have happened if the Chinese had imparted their secret to their cotemporaries, the Phœnicians, or to the Carthaginians. As a matter of fact, they kept the discovery to themselves, and no doubt profited by it to a limited extent; but it must have been very limited, because they never voyaged far, and kept all "barbarians" at a distance.

The Chinese, Arabians, Hindoos, are all credited with an acquaintance with the compass, as well as the Hebrews; but the instrument is first mentioned in Europe by Guiot de Provius, a trouvère, who learnt the use of it at the court of Barbarossa, about A.D. 1180–1190. This is distinctly stated in the writings of Claude Fauchet, in his treatise on the origin of the French language; so the general attribution of the discovery to Flavio Gioja would appear to be erroneous.

Moreover, the searcher after the compass will find it mentioned by Cardinal de Vitry, and it was certainly in use by the Spaniards in the twelfth century. We learn that Peter Assiger, a German, wrote a description of it in 1269, so that the claim of Flavio Gioja, "an obscure individual in the kingdom of Naples," must be accepted with grave doubts.

It is certainly a curious reflection, that while every minute detail of warlike arms and armour, weapons, offensive and defensive, are handed down, the actual inventor or introducer of the most useful article in navigation should be surrounded with a halo of doubt and obscurity!

This may, however, be accounted for on the assumption that the ancient mariner was a person slow to adopt improvements, and by the time the compass had been really recognised, Flavio Gioja improved it, and gave it a *cachet* which made it popular in or about 1302, the date generally fixed as that of its introduction into European navigation.

Certainly this gentleman, Flavio, seems to have the honour

most generally attributed to him. He is called by Blond "a noble citizen of Amalfi," a town of Principato, in the kingdom of Naples, and dubbed the "first discoverer" of the mariner's compass. Who the *next* was we do not learn.

At any rate, the arms of the principality were decorated with a representation of the instrument, and this appears satisfactory to the writer above quoted. A few lines from the ancient Provençal poem are appended—literally translated—

"The same star does not move,
There is an art which cannot deceive,
By the virtue of the magnet
A stone ugly and brown,
To which iron of its own accord adheres.

Then the point turns straight
Against the star unerringly.
Even when the night is thick and dark—
So that no star nor moon is visible.
They illuminate the needle
To assure themselves that still
The needle points towards the star,
By this the mariner is able
To hold his course aright.
This is an art which cannot deceive."

The construction and appearance of the compass requires from us no description here; but the young reader may like to learn to "box" it, so we append an illustration of it.

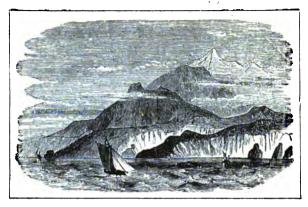
This most important discovery led to others in a different line. After a few years had passed, men became fully acquainted with the advantages of the new instrument, and the Portuguese prince, Henry, son of Dom John, devoted himself to navigation and science, in a retreat near Cape St. Vincent, where, in company with kindred spirits, mathematicians, and others, he employed himself in discovering and mapping out a nearer route to India.

In the course of these studies Prince Henry conferred many benefits upon navigation. He caused charts to be prepared, such as they were, in an age when the world was supposed to be flat; but they indicated the intended route plainly and at a glance. He also invented the astrolabe, and set on foot a number of expeditions.

We have now reached a point where we must pause a while to look back over the ancient seas, and endeavour in the next chapter to bring the annals of navigation up to this point, so as to start with the circumnavigators of the globe.



NORMAN SHIP, TIME OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.



THE PEAK OF TENERIFFE.

#### CHAPTER III.

ANCIENT GEOGRAPHY.—CLASSIC NAVIGATION.—ATLANTIS.—
DID ,IT EVER EXIST?—REASONS FOR ASSUMING ITS
EXISTENCE.

E will now glance back again, and see in what manner, poetical and practical, the ancients "ploughed the main." Their manner of proceeding we know, and can give a shrewd guess at the style and appearance of their galleys or vessels of commerce, the trireme and the cargo-boat.

The geography of the Hebrews was necessarily limited, though we read of Ophir, which is Africa, and Tarshish, said to be Spain "or some distant land." But we doubt if Solomon's fleets penetrated into the Mediterranean at all; they more probably descended the Red Sea, and went to India, which may be really indicated by the word Tarshish. The geographical knowledge of Moses and his successors down to Solomon must have been limited, and their ideas of the earth on a small scale, yet we read of three years' voyages to Tarshish.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Tartassus. See "Dict. Bible Antiquities."

A three years' voyage now is practically impossible. A cruise may last for years, but a definite three years' voyage out and home in this century is almost as much out of the question as a journey round the world would have been to the Tyrians. But the Phœnicians undoubtedly explored the seas east and west, and we know founded many colonies, even sending Cadmus to the Greeks with the alphabet—

# "Ye have the letters Cadmus gave !"

Trade and barter succeeded the visits of these rude peoples, and these harmless business transactions ended in plunder, piracy, and abduction. We have only to read the early chronicles and the classics to learn what eventuated from the abduction of Io, Medea, and Helen respectively.

Homer makes use of his knowledge, and of his imagination, in his works. In the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" we have the mingling of facts and fable, of knowledge and romance. While the "Scylla" and "Charybdis" are possible, we miss the islands of the winds and the land of Circe, and the "black darkness" of Cimmeria, unless we can picture the wanderers near London in November!

A peep at the romantic or poetic geography of the classic writers would be entertaining, and though we can only afford space for a glimpse at it, it is worth looking at fully. We do not share the opinions sometimes expressed as regards the "absolute impossibility" of the ancients being acquainted with certain places because we cannot identify them!

Earth changes; geographical features alter; continents are elevated and depressed; islands rise and sink; volcanic action in the Mediterranean, "the Sea" of the ancients, was not uncommon, and to deny the knowledge of the poet is unnecessary. For hundreds of years Pompeii and Herculaneum were regarded as fabulous cities—places which had never existed! Yet the accidental sinking of a well into the volcanic débris revealed the houses, and finally whole streets were laid open as they were in the olden time.

We will touch upon the question of the great Atlantis later. We have here to do with the ancient geography of the poets.

The earth was never imagined by the ancients to be round. Such an idea, of course, did not enter their minds; they believed the firmament to be supported by pillars, but who supported the pillars, which "were in charge of Atlas," we are unable to state.

Again, the rising and setting sun gave the poets their ideas of light and darkness. They only measured or understood direction by the winds, which blew from diverse points across the great ever-flowing stream Oceanus, and wafted the ships away over the sea—the Mediterranean—which, contained in a hollow of the earth, was thus bounded by the land and the great river which kept running around it.

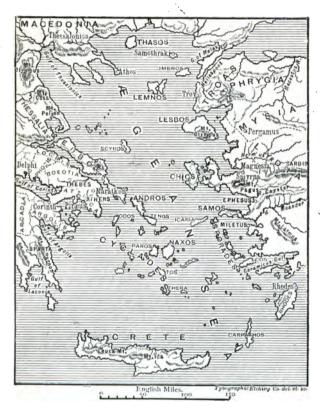
So the ocean, or the River of Ocean, was the boundary impassable, unexplored, and no supposition of any true connection between this mighty water and the Mediterranean appears to have been entertained by Homer. He describes the wanderings of his hero from both hearsay and imagination; and though we have high authority <sup>1</sup> for assuming that Homer may have employed a map of some kind, such an assumption has been successfully combated by Professor Bunbury, who points out that no maps existed for centuries later.

Ulysses, we read, commenced his trip in the Ægean Sea, as now known, and so on to Thrace. Thence, after a dispute, the wind carried him to the southward, wickedly; and we may assume the Land of the Lotus-Eaters to have been Africa somewhere, and that there was once a people as described is a fact; the sweetness of the fruit was supposed to have given rise to the fable of making them forget their country.<sup>2</sup>

This is somewhat curious. Homer must have had some information upon this subject, for he could hardly have imagined such a tribe. If, therefore, we accept this, we may fairly credit the poet with more knowledge of the islands and the features

<sup>1</sup> Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone
2 "History of Ancient Geography."

of the Mediterranean than is commonly supposed he possessed. But even crediting him with this, we are, unfortunately, unable to characterise the remainder of the voyage otherwise than as "romance."



MAP OF THE ÆGEAN SEA.

From Lotus Land, Ulysses seems to have reached the territory of the Cyclops—a mythic race dwelling in caves. That some such people may have existed is possible of course; and if

so, they must have lived in a very remote period, when the idea of leaving their caves had never occurred to them. These creatures had no idea of navigation or of cultivation, for they did not attempt to cross to the Island of Goats, where Ulysses' men remained awhile.

Sicily has been fixed upon as the "land" of Polyphemus; but whether there are any true or reasonable grounds for the supposition we need not discuss. Homer does not call the Cyclops territory an island, but he may not have meant Sicily at all. However, our navigator, in a sorrowful condition, proceeded to the island of Eölus, who gave him all the winds in a bag, save one favouring breeze which followed him. The unfortunate act of the crew, who opened the bag, resulted in the vessels being driven back to Eölus Island, but he could obtain no further breezes.

Rowing manfully, the wanderers reached the land of the Læstrygones, giants and man-eaters who fell on the ships, which were destroyed, all save the vessel in which the hero sailed.

We then see him proceeding on some unnamed course, until he reaches the Isle of Circe, surrounded as far as the eye could reach by the sea, out of sight of any other land, and here the poet boldly plunges into the ocean of his imagination, though he may have heard of Atlantis and of its charming inhabitants and climate, as Calypso's Isle.

Beyond in the ocean all was darkness—all was unknown. From the domains of Proserpine and the Cimmerians and Hades our early explorer returns, and, leaving the trackless ocean behind, he makes the island again at daybreak. People with vivid imaginations may look upon this darksome voyage as a poetical description of a trip into the Atlantic; and, night coming on, the ships have to make their way back in darkness.

However, Ulysses passes the notable "Wandering Rocks," after escaping the Sirens, and sails 'twixt Scylla and Charybdis. After loss he reaches Trinacria (Thrinakia), where the Sunflocks were attacked by the sailors and eaten on this inhospitable shore. For this sin Ulysses' ship was wrecked, and he was

GREEK WARSHIPS.

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nly saved by clinging to a plank, while he was impelled by vind and sea back to the isle of Calypso (Ogygia), which, like he former isle, is "in the centre of the sea,"—a not uncomnon position for an island in these days, too.

After his departure thence, the hero steered in an easterly direction, and reached the land of the Phæaces. As Ulysses had a sail of seventeen days, he must have been a very considerable distance out in the ocean; and again, the idea of Atlantis may have occurred to him, the report of which was known to the ancient Egyptians, and revived years after by Pliny. However this may be, Ulysses evidently had "the Bear on his left hand," and steered as the Phœnicians did by the s'ar in the Little Bear, or by the Pole-star.

The hero ended his voyage at Corfu, or Corcyca (Scheria); as has been determined. But these conclusions must be accepted carefully. The mythical voyager was carried by the poet through "the sea" into the ocean in one of the finest romances of navigation ever penned.

The expedition of the Argonauts in search of treasure, fabled as the Golden Fleece, has already been alluded to. Jason built the Argo, and took with him a chosen band, whose names, as handed down to us, include the mighty heroes of Grecian legend. These worthies, pirates and freebooters of the Euxine, proceeded to Colchis and took away Medea. Their further voyage from Colchis into the Cronian Sea and round home by the Cimmerians and Etna may be sought in the classics. It is only referred to here to indicate the limit of the poet's knowledge; but authorities do not regard the Argonautic expedition as baseless.

Of the North, save some portions of North-Western Europe, Britain, and the Rhine, the ancients had no knowledge. Ptolemy certainly made scientific discoveries, and produced a map; but he is extremely vague as regards the north of Europe, save Britain, which he represents. He took out the "Eastern Atlantic" from his map, and put Asia in—in extenso—as "unknown territory."

When he died, the extension of geographical knowledge failed also; yet a great advance had been made during the centuries which divided Homer and Hesiod from the philosopher who had defined the position of so many places in Europe, and even as far as China. But the Atlantic was still a mystery; the "Sea of Darkness" still lay to the west.

It is curious that Greeks and Arabians had attached such a different character to the same expanse. To the former the ocean was full of radiance, of mystery, it is true, but also of light and love. To the latter the unexplored was all darkness; the vivid poetical imagination of the Hellenes was not one of the attributes of the dwellers beyond the Red Sea.

They maintained that "nothing could be learned concerning it, on account of its difficult and perilous navigation, its great obscurity, its profound depth, and frequent tempests; through fear of its mighty fishes and its haughty winds; yet there are many islands in it, some peopled. There is no mariner who dares to enter into its deep waters, or if they have done so, they keep along its coasts. The waves of this ocean, though they roll as high as mountains, yet maintain themselves without breaking, for if they broke, it would be impossible for ships to plough them."

Let us now refer to the ancient Atlantis for a moment—and on firm grounds, too.

There is evidence in favour of the existence, at a very early period of the earth's history, of the now lost Atlantis, the great island which Plato describes as inhabited by an industrious and cultivated people, "abounding in all manner of riches," as Diodorus says. It would appear that the soil was fertile and the scenery diversified. The old poets mention the Atlantic islands; "islands of the sea" are mentioned in Scripture, and the Azores may be regarded as the mountain summits of the submerged Atlantis.

Nor is this supposition far-fetched. The soundings made by the scientists on board the *Challenger* confirm the existence there of precipitous mountains rising from the ocean bed. A very steep wall was found to exist beneath the Azores some 2,500 fathoms deep. On one side, between the Azores and Madeira, the profile as given in Mr. Donnelly's book upon Atlantis is a deep valley with almost perpendicular sides; and, measuring the ocean bed across to the base of the mountain-side opposite, we have a space of a thousand nautical miles; the mountains to the north culminating in three peaks, which are the Western Isles to-day.

There were volcanoes upon this great island, and the hills descended in steps, on which elevated terraces lived the wealthy families, and the "royal establishments" stood there. At the foot of these mountains spread out the great plain, through which ran four rivers. Thus the civilization of its people, their subsequent luxury and wickedness, in addition to certain natural features, seem to some people evidence that the Garden of Eden was situated in Atlantis, where were the four rivers.

The Greeks, as already remarked, placed the Hesperides and other happy places in the Atlantic, and even located an Olympus there.

Any reader desirous to go fully into this question may read all the arguments for and against the lost Atlantis in Mr. Donnelly's interesting volume. For our own part, we will only say that there is nothing impossible, nor even improbable, in the submersion suddenly by the action of the earthquake. Whether the great island ever was the dwelling-place of antediluvial mankind we are not capable to discuss. But that the submergence of the land was accompanied by a deluge on both occasions few people can doubt.

Volcanic agency is directly indicated by the Scripture narrative: "the fountains of the deep were broken up!" This points to the volcanic upheaval of the sea, which aided the rain in destroying all life. The bed of the Atlantic, around the islands, is volcanic, and some day another island may arise, and bring to light the treasures of the lost Atlantis.

Then, turning for another moment to the ascertained facts

of scientific research, what do we find? Plato tells us first that the territory was sunk in the sea, and that the sea became inaccessible in consequence of the quantity of mud which the submerged island left after its disappearance.

In that case we would expect to find this volcanic mud, or lava, deposited beneath the ocean now; and if the proofs of the existence of volcanic *débris* and volcanic tendencies still were procurable, we might fairly come to the conclusion that land had existed, and that ocean rolls over the site of the great island.

As it happens, the soundings made by many exploring ships confirm these suppositions. The crest or ridge of the submerged land rises 9,000 feet above the level of the floor of ocean, which is covered with lava, etc.; and in many places the higher summits, which we call Atlantic Islands, crop up out of the water, and, as in the Peak of Teneriffe, retain volcanic forces.

"A great tract of land," says Mr. Gardner, "formerly existed where the sea now is, and Cornwall, the Scilly and Channel Islands, Ireland and Brittany, are the remains of its highest summits." The existence of Atlantis is a fact!

There was another theory started at one time, that Atlantis was nothing more nor less than America, whither some vessels had been driven when returning from Cornwall or Ireland, and managed to make their way home. But we may dismiss this suggession as untenable. We prefer to think that Atlantis itself existed—and if tradition be true, its people were cultivated architects and builders, educated, wicked, and luxurious; the ancestors of many nations. So much for Atlantis. We wonder if Homer had heard of the tradition.<sup>2</sup>

1 Topular Science Review.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Since writing this chapter, my attention has been directed to a paper in *Black and White* by Mr. Sinnett, respecting a "new theory of Stonehenge," in which the authormakes the suggestion that the Atlanteans are responsible for Stonehenge. See Appendix to Chapter III.

## APPENDIX: CHAPTER III.

#### ATLANTIS.

It is very interesting to follow the new theory of Stonehenge, though it has but a remote connection with our subject. Nevertheless, as regards testimony to the existence of Atlantis, the evidence is valuable. We read that "one of the officers of the *Challenger* in the course of a lecture" opined that the "submarine plateau, of which the Azores are the peaks, constitutes the remains of the lost Atlantis."

Mr. Sinnett proceeds to show how similar are the antiquities of Yucatan and those of Egypt, and says: "The common origin of both in Atlantean civilization is the only plausible hypothesis which accounts for this." "Again," he says, "there are traces of an old road through Mexico, and down the peninsula of Yucatan, which have been discovered, in which now seems primeval forest... a paved causeway." This ends at the sea shore, but on islands out at sea the causeway is plainly continued, showing a connection far away with some city. The writer then shows that Stonehenge must have been the work of the inhabitants of Atlantis—that it was originally a temple of their Sun-worship.

The article goes far to confirm the theory already broached, that the great Atlantis once existed, and spread its influences in a great colonising stream to Egypt, other parts of Africa, and even to America, which last may have been united to it in one vast continent. A curious paper read before the Society of Arts seems to indicate the date of the submergence as having taken place 8,060 years before the date of the writings of the Yucatan inscriptions quoted; and the population destroyed is put at sixty-four millions.



THE NILE.

### CHAPTER IV.

DAWN OF NAVIGATION AND EXPLORATION.—NECHO AND SATASPES.—THE ADVENTURE OF EUDOXUS.—HANNO'S VOYAGES.—THE BLACK ATLANTIC AND ITS ISLES AND LEGENDS.—PROGRESS OF EXPLORATION.

ROM Herodotus, Pliny, Strabo, and Virgil, not to mention Homer again, we obtain many excellent descriptions of the voyages undertaken by the ancients. The Mediterranean was then the

cruising ground, the scene of romantic adventure, and of many narratives regarded as pure fiction, the outcome of poetic imagination. But, as a writer once remarked, several years ago, "Hard fact is coming daily to the rescue of the classic annalists in verse and prose. . . . Witnesses for the dead rise up beneath the feet of the living."

That this is true, any one can perceive. The numerous excavations which have been made, and are still being made, have brought and are bringing to light the truthfulness of the classic descriptions—the ships, the heroes, the early voyagers, and the probabilities and possibilities of the actions of those represented.

To quote only two instances out of many, the sources of old Nile, and the tribe of little men called "Nyam Nyam," have been found identical almost with the information about the Nile supplied by Ptolemy, and with the tribe of Pigmies respectively. Of course these classic tales of old travel have miraculous, supernatural personages woven in, gods out of machines which move the figures, even as in the Rip Van Winkle episodes. But if we were to examine "Virgil," and the wanderings of the pious Æneas, we should find that there is a considerable substratum of fact underlying the adventures of the hero.

There is nothing very surprising in the plain, unvarnished narrative of the hero proceeding to Carthage and meeting with Dido the Queen. Elisa was her Phœnician name, the great grand-daughter of Ethbaal, who was father-in-law to Ahab, of impious memory, and was a cousin of Jezebel, of equally unpleasant character. The hero goes from Thrace to Delos, and the volcanic islets to Crete, to the isle "consecrated in the old days to Apollo, to modern minds by the despair of Sappho." We can trace the place Trepani, where Anchises was laid, and where his tomb is supposed to be, and then we reach Carthage, where the beautiful Dido awaited the hero.

Such a trip, without, perhaps, such a romantic termination, is quite within our present-day knowledge, and much more within our reach, of course. We may not meet the "innocent Harpies," but we may perhaps encounter some Buzzards which will play the part.

Again, Herodotus gives us several glimpses, in no uncertain light, of the voyages undertaken by the Carthaginians

and Pharaoh Necho. He describes the custom of "silent barter" which, in the account of the expeditions undertaken by Prince Henry of Portugal in the fifteenth century, we find still in vogue. Herodotus writes:—

"When they—the Carthaginians—come there"—wherever it may have been—"they transport their wares on shore, and leave them, and after lighting a fire, return to the ships. The natives, perceiving the signal, come down to the beach, and, placing gold amid the wares, again retreat. The Carthaginians again return, and see whether what has been deposited is sufficient; if it be, they take it and depart; if not, they return to the vessels, and wait until more gold is brought, and both parties are satisfied. Neither deals unfairly with the other, for they touch not the gold till the value of the merchandise be brought, nor do the natives touch the wares till the gold has been removed."

Compare this ancient custom with that which obtained under the leadership of Cadamosto, when bartering with the Africans:—

"When they arrived at the water side, the owners of the salt placed their shares in heaps in a row, at small distances, each setting a peculiar mark upon his own heap, and this being done, the whole company retired half a day's journey from the place. Then the others, who were the purchasers of the salt

. . came in boats to where the heaps of salt lay, and after laying a sum of gold on each heap as its price, retired in their turn. When they had disappeared, the owners of the salt came back, and if the quantity of gold was sufficient for them, they took it and left the salt; if not, they retired again. In this manner," says Cadamosto, "is the traffic carried on without seeing or speaking to the other."

These very ancient navigators, the Phœnicians, also made voyages, and even discoveries, on which the Portuguese have plumed themselves. As we shall see, Diaz is generally regarded as the first person to sail round the Cape. But we have it plainly, on the authority of Herodotus (Book IV.), that

he ("we") know " it (Africa) to be washed on all sides by the sea, except where it is attached to Asia."

This discovery, the historian goes on to state, was made by Necho, the King of Egypt, who had attempted to cut the Suez Canal, afterwards completed by Darius.<sup>1</sup>

One hundred and twenty thousand Egyptians lost their lives in this work in the reign of Necho, and he at length desisted, in consequence of the warning of the oracle that "he was only labouring for the 'barbarian,'" a warning which we may say was fulfilled after the idea had struck De Lesseps, the barbarian in those days being regarded as an individual or people who spoke a language different from that of the Egyptians.

When Necho relinquished his canal, he turned his attention to ships—triremes—which he caused to be constructed. The historian says that he employed these whenever he had occasion. One fleet was in the Red Sea and the other in the Mediterranean; he also defeated Josiah of Judah at Megiddo with his army.

This king, then, had somehow become aware of the configuration of Africa. He therefore despatched a fleet manned by Phœnicians, with orders to pass the Pillars of Hercules on the return journey, and by the Mediterranean. The fleet sailed into the southern ocean, and did not return for two years through the "Pillars of Hercules," otherwise the Straits of Gibraltar. "On their return—but I do not believe them," remarks Herodotus, "they declared that in sailing round Libya they had the sun on their right hand. This statement, which those early voyagers of the seventh century B.C. could not have imagined, indicates the fact that Bartholomew Diaz was not the first to pass the Cape of Storms.

The Carthaginians, "according to their own accounts" made the voyage. Another involuntary experimentalist named Sataspes was commanded by Xerxes to circumnavigate Libya. The man was guilty of cruel conduct, and sentenced to be im-

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> The length of the Canal is stated to be four days' journey, and it was wide enough for two triremes abreast.

paled; but his loving mother interceded for him, and while begging his life, proposed to punish him more severely by sending him to sail round Africa, and return by the Red Sea.

Sataspes was liberated and went to Egypt, where he procured a vessel and crew, with supplies. In those days they carried grain with them, and when autumn came they went ashore wherever they were in the southern ocean, and sowed a tract, waited till it sprang up, and then reaped it, after perhaps a detention of ninety days. The Phœnicians acted so.

Sataspes started off through the Mediterranean and the Pillars. He coasted Africa, or Africk, then Libya—names for which no very satisfactory derivation can be given,—passed Cape Spartel ("Solvesis"), and, finding more water than he had ever crossed still lay before him, he returned. He found a dwarfish race somewhere on the shore, and the reason why he could not sail all round was because the ship refused to go any farther. If he had sailed in the opposite direction, he would have accomplished his task, perhaps.

However, Xerxes discredited him; he could not stand the Pigmies and the winds. Sataspes was impaled, and he gained nothing by his trip.

An extremely interesting narrative is related by the geographer Strabo in his second book, in which he sets forth with considerable detail the adventures of Eudoxus in his voyages to India. Unfortunately the writer only sets up this personage for the pleasure of knocking him down again, as after he has unfolded what seems to be a fair, and by no means an exaggerated, account of his voyages, he ridicules the whole thing, and takes the narrative "to pieces" with contempt. But later commentators do not ridicule the statements of the voyager, whose adventures, as now translated, almost literally are as follows, according to Posidonius, who believed it:—

<sup>&</sup>quot;In the reign of Evergetes II." (that is, Ptolemy the Seventh,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Authorities agree in deciding that the south-east trades met him and prevented his advance. The vessel, perhaps, could not tack.

surnamed Physcon), "a certain Eudoxus, of Cyzicus, was despatched to the Corinthian games, to offer sacrifices and libations to Neptune, and came to Egypt. Being curious to learn the manners and customs of the country, and being an able man, he applied to the king and to his ministers for facilities to ascend the Nile. At that time it chanced that the coast-guards of the Red Sea (Arabian Gulf) brought to the Egyptian court an Indian whom they had found nearly dead in a boat. This stranger could not understand them nor they him, so they could not tell whence or who he was."

Ptolemy seems to have had a practical mind, for he commanded that the new-comer, the Indian, should be taught Greek; and when he had learnt the language, he related his adventures. He told them how after he and his friends had sailed they were blown out of their course; all his companions had died of hunger, and he had been driven upon the coast of Egypt. He added that he was anxious to return to his own land, and could indicate the course to the sailors who would bring him thither.

Eudoxus was one of the crew to whom the king committed the Indian, and he embarked. The Egyptians carried presents to the people of the country whither they went, and Eudoxus after a while returned from India, laden with reciprocal gifts, aromatic spices, and valuable stones, which "the Indians procure from amongst the pebbles in the beds of their rivers, or from the bosom of the earth, where they are found like crystals in our country by the action of water."

Eudoxus was under the impression that he would make something out of this transaction, but he was to learn the truth of David's practical philosophy, in advance, regarding the trustworthiness of kings in particular. The monarch calmly appropriated all the treasures himself, and gave Eudoxus no opportunity to trade and turn an honest piastre.

Cleopatra, the widow of Ptolemy, however, was not satisfied with the result, and she again despatched Eudoxus to India with another consignment of merchandise; but on his return

trip he was carried upon the coast of Ethiopia, where he was fain to conciliate the natives by yielding to them corn, wine, and dried figs, which they did not possess, in return for water of which he was in need, and for the services of a pilot. He put down in writing a few words of their language, and, moreover, having picked up on the beach a figure-head of a vessel representing a horse, which the natives informed him had been part of a vessel which had come from the West, he set sail and reached Egypt safe and sound.

Arrived there, he found that Cleopatra was no longer the ruler: her son was reigning in her stead, and our voyager was accused of having appropriated a considerable portion of the cargo. For this supposed disloyalty he was stripped of all his possessions save the figure-head, which he exhibited in the market-place for the inspection of pilots, who came to the conclusion that it had belonged to a vessel from Gades (Cadiz). She was of the class of ship called "horses"—fishing craft of Maurisia (Fez), one of which the pilots knew had been lost.

From this information Eudoxus conceived the practicability of sailing quite round Libya "by sea"!

Full of this idea, he returned to his native land, whence, having embarked his all in the venture, he first reached Puzzoli, near Naples; then Marseilles, and ran along the coast as far as Gades. Wherever he went he made known the immense gain which his enterprise would result in, and he was enabled to procure means to fit out one large vessel with two "barks," such as are used by the pirates.<sup>1</sup>

He took with him in these three vessels some young (lady) minstrels, doctors, artisans of different classes, and putting out to sea, shaped his course for the Indies before a favouring west wind—a "continuous wind." After a while his shipscompanies demanded that he should make the shore at whatever place the wind might drive them to, and he was com-

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Here we have the fact of the existence of the pirates recognised thus early.

pelled to do so, although greatly doubting the depth of water and rise of tide.

His fears were in a measure realized: the largest ship went aground, touched bottom, but gently, so that she was not suddenly wrecked. The crew was able to save the cargo and most of the ship's timbers, with which Eudoxus constructed a third "bark" as large as a fifty-oared galley.

After this he again set sail, and arrived at the same country where he had been previously wrecked amongst Ethiopians, and of whose language he had learned a few words, who resembled the inhabitants of the Bogus land. Eudoxus here abandoned his idea of proceeding to India, and retraced his course. He recognised as he went along the coast a desert island, on which were plenty of wood and water, and he carefully noted its position.

Arrived safely in Maurisia, he sold his "barks" and proceeded overland to the court of Bogus, and suggested to that ruler to order his sailors to carry out the enterprise which he had himself attempted. But the king was of a different opinion, fearing for the invasion of his own territory by the same route by strangers. Shortly afterwards Eudoxus learned that the Bogus, under the pretence of putting him in command of the said expedition, intended to transport him to some desert island; so not desiring such a fate, our voyager escaped into Roman territory, and thence into Iberia.

There he equipped a round ship <sup>2</sup> and a long ship of fifty rowers—one for defensive or aggressive purposes on the high seas, the other for coast service. He took with him artificers and implements, and continued his voyage, resolved, if his passage was prolonged, to winter in the island whose position he had already remarked and noted. There he intended to sow the grain he had brought and reap the harvest, and then continue his course.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> The Bogus or Bocchus was a title common to many rulers of Mauritania, Fez country.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> That is, as already explained, a merchant vessel, or transport—not a long ship, or war galley.

Here the narrative unfortunately closes, and we cannot tell what became of Eudoxus eventually; but the conclusion come to by the writer of the adventure is that "the ocean bounds the world in every direction!"

Strabo comments unfavourably upon the truthfulness of this narrative; but we need not enter into the controversy in this place.



HANNO APPROACHING THE ISLAND OF WILD MEN.

Hanno the Carthaginian also made a voyage of discovery round the African coast to Guinea and Senegal. He speaks of Troglodytæ, who were swifter in running than horses, of Cerne, where he settled a colony, of the Ethiopians, and of a savage people the greater part of whom were women, whose bodies were hairy, and whom "our interpreters called Gorillæ." Here we have the ancestors of the immense apes which Du

Chaillu discovered, and which he was not credited with discovering at the time. Had he lived under Xerxes, he might have been impaled for telling stories.

Other expeditions were sent out by the Carthaginians, who have fixed the position of Tartessus, which some authors state is Tarshish; but later research has apparently decided that Tarshish is merely the generic term for a species of large vessel employed in long and distant voyages, so a ship of Tarshish may mean a superior ship, as we have the Indiaman and the clippers. From Tartessus or Godiva, and from the bay and isles of Æstrymum, where were a hardy race, two days sail thence brought them to the Holy Isle, once so called, which lies expanded on the sea, the dwelling of the Hibernian race. At hand lies the isle of Albion. The Isles of Æstrymum are apparently the Scilly or Tin Isles, which lie about a couple of days' voyage at the then rate of sailing from Ireland.

In these early days piracy and the slave trade flourished. The Etrurians were sad offenders in this respect; but such was the state of nations, that unless positive treaties to the contrary were made, slaves were seized as a matter of course and the "kidnapping" was not regarded as an act of hostility! The Carthaginians quickly made discoveries, but it is curious to note that though they sailed down the African coast and to Britain, the Atlantic was generally known as the "Sea of Darkness" until about the time of Prince Henry of Portugal.

There were many fearsome statements concerning this "sea," one of which was that Europe, Asia, and Africa were surrounded by it; but beyond that known world—the west land, the east land, and the south land respectively—lay an island of immense extent, containing huge animals, men twice the ordinary human stature, and long-lived in proportion. We remember the Lost Atlantis, which was stated to lie beyond the Pillars of Hercules, an immense island which was swallowed up by an earthquake. The slime from that island still pre

vents navigation—a reason for the existence of the Sargasso Sea.

Discoveries were indeed made in the Atlantic. The Canaries were found and dropped, so to speak. The invasions of the Huns, Goths and Vandals, and the destruction of the Roman Empire, quickly dissipated the knowledge which had been gained, and the ocean again was plunged into the darkness from which it had been slowly emerging.

The Atlantic was the most mysterious of waters, and its vast unknown surface was the home of many traditions and legends. The old Egyptian tale of Atlantis, the immense island in the ocean, received some countenance, and it is possible that such an island existed, as already stated; but its existence is undetermined. Situated in the Atlantic, opposite to the Straits of Gibraltar, it was the home of the Sea God; from Atlas, his son, the island took its name, and the ocean its familiar appellation. From Atlantis the people invaded neighbouring territory; but at length an earthquake caused the submergence of the extensive island, which was swallowed up by the raging sea.

Such is the legend, which may be as unsubstantial as that of the isle of Brandan, which exercised the minds of the Canary islanders; or the Great Atlantis may have been an exaggerated form of one of the Canaries or Azores, or of some of the other western islands in olden time united—not separated, as now. Any one of the groups we now have shown in our maps may have been, in ancient days, one land—a large island; and volcanic action may have separated it into smaller islets.

The mysterious island of Brandan seems to have given rise to much speculation; but that it existed somewhere seems also to have been believed. In the globe constructed by Martin Behaim or Behun, to whom we shall refer later, this island is situated west of the Canaries, and in the fifteenth century, or later, as many historians inform us, the mysterious island was sought for, and a proposition was made to the Portuguese king to permit an expedition to go in search of it

The name of this Atlantic island is said by one old writer to have been bestowed upon it in consequence of the arrival there of a Scottish saint with his following of monks, amongst them Saint Malo, who discovered in the island the body of a giant in a cave. By some means the saint brought the giant back to life, and had some interesting conversation with him concerning the past of the island—not about his future state, as might be imagined or expected he would have inquired.

The complaisant giant seemed to Saint Malo an extremely sensible individual; he converted him and baptized him, and so he became a Christian. The sequel is rather disappointing. Once a Christian, he found himself unable to live up to his profession, and the consequence was that he begged permission of the saint to die once more. Saint Malo, it appears, had no objection to the arrangement, and after a fortnight of Christian experience, the Giant Mildum expired a second time in peace!

Yet he had not lived in vain, for the information he imparted led to the search for an island of "burnished gold," to which the complaisant monster had volunteered to tow the ships; but he did not succeed in reaching the fabled or the existing isle which, if it existed, probably owed its burnished and golden appearance to the setting sun. The giants' island appeared and disappeared, eluding and deluding the ignorant navigators as much as the isle in lake Derwentwater does the simple tourist.

Nor is testimony in favour of this vanishing island wanting. One Vello came upon it, driven in shore in a tempest. He and his men landed, and discovered enormous human footprints, as of a giant. They also found traces of a rude fireplace, and could see sheep and cattle. They were starting in pursuit of the animals when a sudden tempest arose, and they had to take to the ship, which was blown off shore as rapidly as she had been blown on it, leaving two hands behind them unfortunately.

Whether they lost sight of the island in the distance, or

whether it disappeared of its own accord, seems doubtful; but although the vessel cruised for a long time looking for the vanished land, no trace of it could be discovered.

Marcos Verde also testified to having landed on the mysterious island. He was returning from Barbary, when he suddenly beheld land not indicated on his charts. He sailed towards it, and anchored in a beautiful harbour. The captain and several men landed. "The navigators having separated," says the narrator, "wandered about until recalled at nightfall to the ship, intending, however, to resume explorations next day. Scarcely were they on board when a whirlwind came rushing down a ravine upon the harbour; the ship dragged her anchor, and nothing more was seen of the island."

These may have been merely travellers' tales, but they were at any rate accepted as having some foundation, for Washington Irving, in his remarks upon the subject, informs us that in 1570 an expedition was fitted out by Fernando da Villalobos of Palma, which was fruitless. This phantom island evaded all search, but was kind enough to disclose itself to the wandering sailor only to give him a glimpse of its richness and peacefulness, and then to vanish, "like the glorious fabric of a vision."

Several expeditions were despatched in search of the phantom land, in vain; and yet in 1759 it was seen by a holy friar, who described it as consisting of two lofty mountains, "with a deep valley between filled with trees." Such was the aspect of the shore, but it has never been trodden by man, for all the tales concerning the explorations are regarded as myths. Public credulity and curiosity about the vanishing island were very great, and it became Fairy-land, Paradise, or any other delectable place that the ignorant desired to behold. People clung to the superstition, and cherished it warmly for centuries.

It must be remembered that this and other traditions were current and believed at the time when Christopher Columbus was contemplating his voyage into the bosom of this "dark and mysterious" ocean. In a later chapter we shall follow his romantic voyages briefly; but he must have been persuaded of the feasibility of reaching *India* by the Atlantic passage.

He had doubtless heard and considered the recital of the "Island of the Seven Cities" founded by a party of bishops who had fled from the Moors, and had escaped to a certain island,

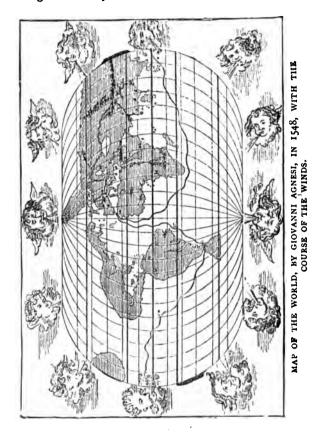


MAP OF THE WORLD IN THE 14TH CENTURY.

where each one erected his tower. The story went that any one who landed was treated much as Jehu treated the messengers of the King of Israel. They came even unto the island, but they were not permitted to return. Some sailors reported the existence of the island to Prince Henry of Portugal, but

their story was found to be false. Such were some of the tales told of the Atlantic Ocean.

Amongst the early travellers who, like Marco Polo, shed



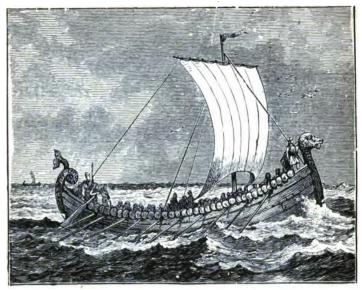
some light upon the ocean to the eastward and the countries bordering upon it, was a certain Oderic, a friar who performed a hazardous journey in the East. His tales, related on his return, are of the most marvellous description; such as the spectacle of a man walking about Trebizond with a flock or covey of more than four thousand partridges whirling and whirring round him.

His adventures amongst the Saracens are of a miraculous character. Some priests had been martyred by the infidels, but when the Saracens tried to burn Oderic and the bones of the martyrs, the bones refused to be calcined, and the monk escaped with his sacred charge.

How he set sail and commanded the winds and seas by the power of the dead men's bones, how he eluded all the pitfalls dug for him by the infidels are incidents hardly worth dwelling upon. At any rate, he reached Madagascar and China; he resided three years in Pekin, and explored Thibet. He mentions the Grand Llama. His narrative respecting the Valley of Death in China would have—perhaps it did—inspire Gustave Doré, for that lamented artist never in his most gruesome moments imagined a more quaint and ghastly scene than that described from personal observations by the Holy Friar, who, repute says, was canonized in consequence of his wondrous romances. Even that "lineal descendant of Ananias, Mandeville," never exceeded the monk in his relations.

Nevertheless, the Friar Oderic did bring home some information which was true and valuable, though he did not, as Sir J. Mandeville did, meet that "most Christian prince," Prester John, who was supposed to live and rule in the depths of the Asiatic continent. Oderic returned in 1350, after twelve years' journeyings o'er land and sea. Sir John spent more than thirty years in collecting information, riding "through the world," in token of which his boots and spurs were, if they are not still, preserved at Liége, where he died.

These exaggerated "Voyages," however, made people talk, and by degrees the pall of ignorance was lifted from the western occan too—by what means, and by whose assistance, we shall presently see.



A VIKING'S SHIP.

## CHAPTER V.

EARLY VOYAGERS TO AMERICA.—TRAVEL IN THE EAST.—
MARCO POLO.—HIS ADVENTURES AND HIS RETURN.—HIS
STRATAGEM.

HERE were many voyagers who made several

important discoveries before Marco Polo and Sir John Mandeville related their experiences; and I am afraid the latter author possessed the faculty of exaggeration and invention to an extent which Saint Peter would have strongly reprobated. But long ere the fifteenth century, long ere the thirteenth century, when the Venetians sailed to Cathay and Zipangu and Tartary, America had been reached by Scandinavians, under the son of "Eric the Red," in the year A.D. 1000, and the continent had been seen, but

not touched, fourteen years previously, by a Greenland voyager, Herjulfsen, in 986.

It appears from the volume of American antiquities (Antiquitates Americanæ) that this navigator first saw the land at Nantucket Island, then Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland, which was then or subsequently known as Litla Helluland, to distinguish it from Mikla Helluland, or Labrador.

The discovery was owing to the enterprise of the Northmen. Nadod, driven from Faroë to Iceland 1 by tempests, landed on the island, and a settlement of Northmen (Normans) was made in 875 A.D.

Thus from Greenland, or Iceland, did Leif, Eric's son, reach America, and called it Windland or Vinland—Vineland, because of the wild vines which were growing in what is now Massachusetts. Christianity was introduced there in 1121 by Eric Upsi.

These north latitudes have yielded proofs of the visits of hardy Norsemen centuries ere Columbus sailed, and of course more centuries before Parry reached the higher latitudes. It seems that these sea kings visited the neighbourhood of Baffin's Bay, Lancaster Bay, and other re-named localities, seven hundred years ago. 'Nova Scotia was known as "Markland," as Helluland became (when re discovered) Newfoundland; and Vinland, Massachusetts.

Again, the Greenlander Skrälinger told the Northmen that "beyond Chesapeake Bay were white men who wore long garments and carried before them poles, to which pieces of cloth were fastened, who called with a loud voice."

Perhaps some processional singing is indicated; and we learn from Humboldt that the southern coasts between Virginia and Florida were known as White Man's Land or Great Iceland, "and it is asserted that they were peopled from Iceland."

These statements will suffice to establish the fact that early voyaging was not confined to the Mediterranean and the East, to Normans and Crusaders, Venetians and Genoese. Icelandic

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Snjoland = Snowland. "Kosmos," II.

travellers came to Germany, and so by degrees it appears that the Northmen came south into Europe in preference to crossing the seas westerly, and the tidings concerning the American White Land does not seem ever to have been imparted to Columbus, even when he was in Iceland in 1477. Nor does he ever indicate any knowledge of a western land, though Greenland must have been in shipping communication with Scandinavia.

Pilgrimages to the Holy City had been fashionable long



MARCO POLO.

before the Crusades gave an impulse to navigation to Syria. Thus by these Eastern travellers' reports a tendency to penetrate eastward arose. Curious tales inspired the hearers to see the wonders for themselves, and the most important of these was Marco Polo. Many and very extraordinary narratives had reached civilized Europe regarding the manners and customs of the East, and of the existence of Prester John, a mysterious Christian potentate. The man who

dispersed the myths was Marco Polo, a Venetian gentleman, whose travels have been so often mentioned. The bold Marco was the son of Nicolo, the son of Andrea Polo.

"It came to pass in the year of Christ 1260, when Baldwin was reigning in Constantinople, that Messer Nicolas Polo, the father of my lord Mark, and Messer Maffeo Polo, the brother of Messer Nicolas, were at the said city of Constantinople, whither they had gone from Venice with their merchants'

1 Iceland was Thule.

wares." These gentlemen, as the narrative states, "took counsel together to cross the greater sea, on a venture of trade; so they laid in a store of jewels, and set forth, crossing the sea to Soldaia (Sudak)."

These enterprising travellers set out and reached Bokhara; thence they returned on an embassy from the Great Khan to the Pope. The Khan had lent a listening ear to the fine descriptions of the Poli brothers, who returned to Europe, but finding that the Pope was dead, returned home to Venice after a long absence, the duration of which may be measured by the fact that Nicolo had had a son born to him meanwhile, who was, on his father's return, fifteen years old; but Nicolo's wife had died in the interim.

So when the brothers perceived that "never a Pope was made," they thought it only right to keep faith with the Khan, and inform him of the circumstances of the non appointment of a Pope to succeed Clements. As they proceeded, Gregory was made Pope, so they returned to Acre, presented their credentials, and then, after several interruptions, reached Kublai Khan's capital, in the space of three years and a half.

We have no need to detail the wonders which Marco Polo, who accompanied his father, subsequently recorded. His wanderings and journeyings read like pages from the "Arabian Nights," and anything may befal a voyager who proceeds "so far north as to leave the North Star behind him, and so far south as to lose sight of that star altogether!"

We read of the "Old Man of the Mountain," who inhabited a beautiful valley into which he carried youths who had been drugged, so that when they awoke, they believed themselves in very truth in Paradise, so charming were the surroundings. These young gentlemen were generally known as Hashishin, from the hashish wherewith they were drugged; and when the merry Old Man of the Mountain wanted any little murder committed, he sent one of his young men to do it, the reward being a re-entry into the "Paradise." Hence the derivation of the term Assassin, now embodied in the English language.

Another interesting locality, and one at the present time attracting some attention, the Pamirs, was visited by Marco Polo. This region is said to be the highest place in the globe, and is called Bám-i-Dumah, the Roof of the World.<sup>1</sup>

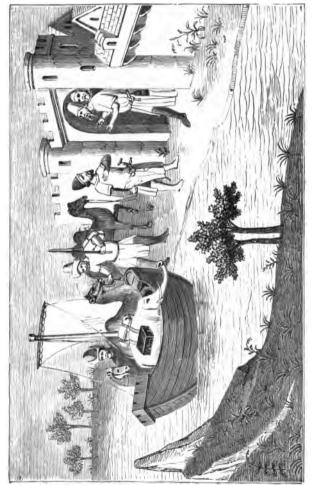
We should like to trace the further progress of the discoverer, but his voyage was chiefly in lands of which he relates such wonders—trees which produced wine, of cattle living on fish, of vessels with water-tight compartments, of salamanders which turned into asbestos, of snake-charmers, of eagles fetching diamonds from the deep valleys, of the Rukh or Roc of egg fame, and of such fearful tenacity and strength that it is an ordinary gymnastic feat for one of those birds to lift an elephant in each claw and another in its beak, and to soar into the air with a view to regale itself somewhere on a crag with a mammoth meal! He tells us of male and female isles, and many other curious and truthful scenes in Tartary.

The Khan took a great fancy to Marco, and raised him to honour as Joseph was raised in the Egyptian court. Marco had abundant opportunities to observe while his father and his uncle lined their pockets. But the best of friends must part. Marco and his relatives were afflicted with nostalgia; they wanted to return home, but the Khan said, "You shall not," and meant it.

This was serious, because if the ruler died, his successor might not prove so straight as he, and the strangers might be robbed of their honestly acquired treasures. The Europeans wished for Venice and home, amid the lagoons, in peace and plenty, but Kublai still said "No," he would not let them go any more than Pharaoh and King Theodore would permit his "guests" to leave their capitals.

Fortunately for the *Poli*, the wife of the Khan of Persia, who was Kublai's nephew, died, and it became necessary to supply her place. Kublai had the right to choose the lady, so an embassage was despatched to the great Khan to bring the

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> My friend, Mr. E. F. Knight, treats of this district in his new volume of travel in Cashmir, etc.



LANDING OF MARCO POLO IN ORMUZ.

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bride elect to Persia. The Princess Kukachin was selected, and then arose the important question of how should she and her escort reach Persia. They attempted to proceed by land, but intestine wars drove them back to the capital.

Just at this time Marco Polo, who had been entrusted with a mission to the Indian Isles, returned in his ship. The Persian ambassadors made his acquaintance, and suggested that the three experienced "Latins" should take the Princess and themselves by sea, homewards. The Poli regarded this as an excellent opportunity to reach Europe, and it was arranged that the lady Kukachin should sail under the care of the Venetians.

The Khan was most unwilling to assent, but circumstances were too strong for him. He at length agreed, and provided the requisite authority to travel in safety, and for supplies. Thirteen ships, each with four masts, were equipped for the expedition. Some of these vessels carried two hundred and fifty men, and were provisioned for two years. This departure took place in 1292 A.D.

Friendly messages were sent to the King of England and other sovereigns. The old prince could hardly part with his friends; he displayed every token of regard, loaded them with jewels, and sent them, or rather permitted them to go away. They "put forth," the three Venetians, whom the young lady regarded with filial affection, her suite, and the embassy, some six hundred persons in all.

The ships touched at Sumatra, and after a disastrous and lengthy voyage reached Ormuz, eighteen months after their departure—a tremendous time to be occupied in such a trip. But we must remember that the Chinese ships or junks are slow sailers, and so it was necessary for the vessels to keep close together, for there were pirates in those seas, and the slowest ship was master of the pace.

On this passage died, "of mariners and others, six hundred persons, including two of the ambassadors; of the ladies and damsels died but one." The Venetians survived, and when they took leave of the Princess, she wept sorely. Another disappointment was in store for her. The husband she had expected was no more! He had expired while she was sailing home to him. Argon was dead, so Kukachin had to put up with Kasan his son, who received the party graciously.

The Venetians having performed their part, continued their journey to Trebizonde and Constantinople, thence to Venice, where no one recognised them, even as no one had recognised Ulysses on his return from his wanderings. People could not trace in those travel-stained, almost Tartar faces, the noble Poli of Venice, and matters might have become somewhat critical if the noble three had not thought of appealing to the senses other than the common sense of their friends, relations and acquaintances, for, save the wife of one, none credited them.

The Poli gave a splendid entertainment, and when the sober-clad guests had been seated, the hosts arrived, clad in crimson and gold robes. These were changed again and again, and the cast-off habiliments distributed amongst the servitors with princely liberality. Such conduct excited attention and remark; the men were rich, at any rate, and that was something. Then their miserable travelling garments, in rags and patched, were assumed, greatly to the astonishment of the assembly.

But their surprise was increased when they beheld their entertainers cutting and slashing these already ragged garments. The seams were opened, and the result was something akin to the fabled "Open Sesame." Jewels, diamonds, and other precious stones came tumbling out, and the guests arrived at the same conclusion which the travellers' wives had already reached—the men were noble and honest, true men, the real Poli, as the wife of Matteo had affirmed.

A curious incident apropos to these old and apparently castoff garments is related. It appears that the wife of Matteo, one of the brothers, seeing such a shabby costume, gave it away, and did not discover her error until her lord made inquiry for it. The garment, with all its wealth, had disappeared, and it was impossible to know to whom the coat had been given. But the traveller bethought him of a plan. He went down to the Rialto bridge, and began to turn a wheel which he had caused to be brought there, as if he were winding up something, although never anything came up.

As was expected, such a spectacle at the Rialto excited the curiosity of the idle and poor; people halted to observe what was going on, but nothing occurred to justify curiosity save the wheel.

"Why are you doing this?" asked the spectators of the man.

"He will come if God pleases," was the only reply; and those who recognised the voyager began to think him mad. But after he had continued the exercise for a few days, a certain man wearing the cast-off garment came up and stood with the rest. The traveller at once recognised his coat, recovered it, and, when he returned home, ripped the valuables from the seams. Si non e vero, etc.

The Genoese and Venetians were at that period continually at loggerheads, and soon after Marco Polo returned, he was appointed to command a galley at the battle of Curzola (A.D. 1298). Andrea Dandolo was in command of the fleet, which was badly beaten by the Genoese, and both Dandolo and Polo were made prisoners, amongst many hundreds of other captives. Polo in prison in Genoa set himself to write his adventures, and to his incarceration the world is probably indebted for the volumes of adventure which have come down to us. But ere this his fame had induced many people to visit him, and to listen to his tales. He was so often compelled to relate his experiences, that he bethought him of writing them out.

Assisted by a fellow-prisoner, Marco Polo produced his "Travels," which added to his fame, and in four years he was set at liberty. He then returned to Venice, married, and lived until about 1327; but concerning his career after his release from prison, in 1299, there is very little known.

It is not within our province to treat herein of his

"Voyages," as his travels were called. We have indicated their general scope, and we can imagine what an effect the publication of such a series of journeyings must have had in those days, when the Asiatic continent was almost "a sealed book" to the inhabitants of the western world.



VENICE: THE DOGE'S PALACE, AND CAMPANILE TOWER OF ST. MARK'S.



FUNCHAL, MADEIRA.

## CHAPTER VI.

INFLUENCE OF MARCO POLO.—PRINCE HENRY THE NAVIGATOR.

- -THE STORY OF MACHIN AND MADERIA.-CAPE "NO!"
- -- VOYAGES OF ZARCO, VAZ, AND GIL EANNES.-- EFFORTS OF PRINCE HENRY.-- HIS DEATH.

ARCO POLO dissipated the mysteries of the Eastern seas, and proved by his narrative that Japan and the other islands were in the midst of a sea of waters, an immense ocean, now no longer a

mystery since he and his companions had traversed it in daylight and sunshine.

Soon after the return of our Voyager from captivity the discovery of the merits of the loadstone and the mariner's compass gave an immense impetus to navigation. It is true that Gioja only divided his compass into eight points; it was subsequently sub-divided as shown, but even then, as Dryden puts it its uses were limited—

"Rude as their ships were navigated then,
No useful compass or meridian known;
Coasting they kept the land within their ken,
And knew no North but where the Pole-star shone."

To Sebastian Cabot is attributed the discovery of the variation of the needle in 1497; the "dipping" was the discovery of Robert Norman, in 1576, and the different declination of the needle at different times in the same place was discovered by Gillebrand, an Englishmen, in 1634.<sup>1</sup>

To Prince Henry of Portugal, surnamed the Navigator, the world is indebted for much; but we do not find much gratitude lavished upon the man who for the greater part of his life devoted himself to discovery with a capacity for taking pains which may be called genius, and we may congratulate ourselves in connection with this series of discoveries that Prince Henry's mother was an Englishwoman—Philippa of the Plantagenets—who introduced British customs in Portugal.

King John, the husband of this lady, determined upon wresting Ceuta from the Moors, whom he resolved to banish from the neighbourhood. The expedition sailed in July, 1415, Ceuta was taken, and the king appointed his son Henry governor of the conquered territory.

During his residence in Ceuta he came necessarily into contact with the well-informed Moors, who described to him the features of the interior of the continent and the means of reaching them by land, and of places on the coast to which caravans also traded. He made minute inquiries, and being possessed of ample means as Grand Master of the Order of Christ, he was tempted not only to open up the way for ships and trade but for the teaching of Christianity. Not only did he expect to discover the coasts of Guinea, but he was convinced in his own mind that India could be reached by way of the African coast, the continent being a huge peninsula.

With these convictions Prince Henry installed himself on Cape Sagres at the age of twenty-four; and there he died aged sixty-six! To few is it permitted or by few it is desired to live such a life of usefulness and self-denial, wrapped in study, eschewing all sensuous pleasures, and even remaining unmarried in order that he might devote himself the more fully and entirely to study and discovery.

The passport to the Prince's favour was the wish to do well



SEBASTIAN CABOT.

—the motto he adopted. His biographer dwells upon this trait, and explains how talent de bon faire meant the desire as well as the capability to do so.

The coast of Africa was known at that time only as far as Cape Bojador, and yet it seemed almost certain that it trended farther and farther, that some outlet would be found beyond a hitherto unexplored headland. Yet no one had the pluck to try it. Prince Henry the Navigator determined that the attempt should certainly be made, but the first results of his attempts were seen in the discovery of the Atlantic Islands of Madeira and Porto Santo.

Mr. Major refers to a story relating to the discovery of the islands by Machin, an Englishman, in the reign of Edward III., as follows:—

The young man, says the chronicler, was named Machin, and he managed to fall in love with a young lady of exquisite charm and possessed of great wealth, far superior to himself in station. The parents of the lady, perceiving the mutual attachment of the young people, interceded with the king to have the youth put in prison. The king kindly complied, and when the young gentleman was safe under lock and key the young lady was united in the bonds of Hymen to a nobleman. . . .

But the young Machin had not forgotten Miss d'Arfel, although she was a married woman, wedded against her will, and refractory. No sooner was the man released than he cast about for means to obtain possession of the lady. He managed to get himself engaged as a servant in the house of her husband; made himself known to her at Bristol, where she and her lord were residing; chartered a vessel, and when all preparations had been made the affectionate and guilty pair eloped, with the intention to reach the French coast.

Unfortunately the weather was not prosperous, and they were driven out to sea for many days until they reached an island covered with trees, with an abundance of water. This island was, however, destined to be the grave of the leading adventurers. The lady died a few days after their arrival, and her lover survived her but a short time.

The ship in which the travellers had embarked was carried out to sea, yet it appears that the survivors of the landing put off in the small boat, but were carried to Africa and sold as slaves in Morocco, where, by one of those remarkable coincidences which frequently happen, they encountered their equally unfortunate companions who had been blown away in the ship from the wooded island Madeira, which, with Porto Santo, the Portuguese re-discovered in 1418, after the first unsuccessful expedition instituted by Prince Henry in the previous year.

This second expedition along the African coast certainly passed Cape Nun, or Cape "No," so called from its forbidding aspect, and sailed as far as Cape Bojador. Hitherto no one had ventured so far, unless we accept the questionable circumnavigation of Africa by the Phœnicians.

But Cape Bojador acted as a deterrent. Gonsalvez Zarco and Tristan Vaz, hardy explorers both, in small boats and with bold crews, hesitated to pass the long lines of breakers which extended from the Cape Bojador. A storm arose, and the vessels were drifted into the ocean; there they ran against the islands in 1418, as recorded above.

Their alarm may be estimated when they found themselves drifting, running before the wind and sea, out of sight of land into the trackless ocean. But their delight was proportionate when next day a small spot of land was observed ahead, and towards this island they steered the boat. They landed, and at once bestowed upon it the name of Puerto Santo, or "Safety Harbour."

This was, as they imagined, an original discovery, and it was so for them. They had no knowledge of the previous voyagers, and they hastened home to the Prince to tell him the good news, to inform him of the kindness of the "natives," and to ask permission to colonize it.

The Prince's reply was practical. He had another little expedition fitted out consisting of three vessels commanded respectively by Zarco, Vaz, and another nobleman named Perestrello. These bold mariners set forth, found the island, and landed. They brought with them the necessary "plant," and also, unfortunately, a couple of rabbits, which, in a com-

paratively short time, devoured much, if not the whole, of the vegetation of Puerto Santo.

But ere this devastation had taken place our voyagers had well established themselves in the island, and had begun to look about them. One result of this policy of circumspection was the discovery of a long dark speck, which varied at different times, in the open sea. Full of ardour, the Portuguese commanders made in that direction, and to their gratification discovered Madeira.

The explorers, Zarco and Vaz—for the third navigator had returned to report progress—found the traces of Machin's occupation. They coasted carefully round the island; "found vast fields of fennel," whence they named the spot "Funchal," a name still retained.¹ When the entire coast had been explored, the two commanders returned to Portugal delighted with this splendid acquisition—a fine uninhabitated island far superior to Puerto Santo.

We may pause here to remark that the Portuguese, though from their own point of view the early navigators and discoverers of the Atlantic Islands and of the African coast-line were but the followers of the Spanish adventurers who sailed under the patronage of Henry III. of Castile, and visited the Canaries. The Spanish gentlemen, like their successors, were adepts in cruelty and in buccaneering. They seized the king and queen of Lancerote, with much plunder besides.

Then the Normans made a raid into that region, and we read of their having passed beyond the dreaded Cape Bojador, which was the *bête noire* of the Portuguese. A certain John de Betancourt is also named in French annals of discovery, and much is claimed for him as an early discoverer. Mr. Major, however, in his "Life of Prince Henry," analyses Betancourt's claims, and dismisses them with some contempt. Let us now resume.

King John and the Prince was so delighted that the monarch

<sup>1 &</sup>quot;Life of Prince Henry."

bestowed upon Zarco a title, made him hereditary governor of the island, and divided it between him and Tristan Vaz. To Perestrello was given the other island, which in after days was almost devastated by the family of the pair of rabbits.

The Prince continued to fit out little expeditions, but none seem to have been truly successful until 1433, when one Gil Eannes, or Gilianez, was sent to double Cape Bojador and bring back what news he could. This adventurer succeeded, and the Pope was induced to grant all the lands discovered between Bojador and the Indies to Portugal, and moreover granted plenary indulgence and absolution to all who might perish among the infidel natives. Señor Gil Eannes returned in excellent spirits bringing with him certain strange plants in token of his actual landing in the unknown land.

Other expeditions succeeded—a larger vessel, accompanied by Eannes, and commanded by one of the Prince's personal retinue—Gonzales Baldaya, sailed in 1436, and proceeded far beyond Bojador Cape. These men found natives; and two mounted middies, unattended, rode into the interior, where they had a skirmish with the black men, who ran from them at sight. On another occasion, in 1441, Gonsalves and Nuno Tristram was sent out, and Nuno reached Cape Blanco, the white headland, which he had the honour to reach alone. As Gonsalves had already returned, Tristram followed, contented with his discovery, and was cordially welcomed.

Thus we perceive that Prince Henry by degrees pushed his explorations farther and farther. He encouraged his friends by his advice and promises to proceed and outvie their predecessors. Gonsalves had brought back an African chief who wanted very much to return home again. His request was granted, and Gonsalves sailed again, but tempest drove him back. Another attempt was more successful, and after reaching the spot desired the chief was liberated on parole to find the ransom demanded for him.

A week passed and no one appeared. In an hostile and strange country in an unknown stream, the position of the

trusting Portuguese was not considered enviable by his followers. Was it likely that a savage would keep his word!

Gonsalves thought he would, and his faith was rewarded. The stipulated ransom was paid, exchanges were made. The chief came riding on a white camel attended by slaves, and brought the gold, the slaves, and other tribute. Laden with his treasures Gonsalves returned in triumph.

In 1446 Dines Diaz sailed to Cape Verde, and was succeeded by several other voyagers, to the Guinea Coast, the Azores, and Senegal, in which the Diaz family distinguished themselves. Fernandez, who had accompanied Gonsalves to restore the chief to his home, had voluntarily remained behind, but was now rescued in safety, and came back to the King and Prince to relate his adventures. So the caravels proceeded farther, now pushing on, now revisiting the places formerly discovered, and continually finding fresh material of surprise for the Prince.

Our space will only permit of our mentioning these expeditions. Details, which would fill a volume, must be sought in the books specially devoted to these voyages of discovery of which a map was made—it is now in the British Museum. This map, a copy of Henry's charts, was made by Mauro, a Venetian monk, in 1458.

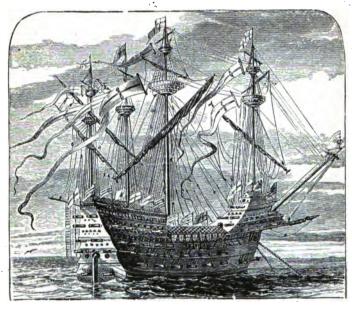
In 1460 Prince Henry the Navigator died at Sagres in the sixty-seventh year of his age, having pointed out to his countrymen the way to the Cape of Good Hope.

"In the year of our Lord 1460," says the old chronicler, "Prince Henry fell ill in his tower on Cape St. Vincent, and died on Thursday, 13th November of the same year. And in the same night in which he died they carried him to the Church of St. Mary, at Lagos," where he was buried with all honours. In 1840 a monumental tablet was erected to him.

This most disinterested and yet most interested and interesting prince gave the real zest to the explorers. We can add

<sup>1</sup> See "Life of Prince Henry."

nothing to the high and truly inadequate estimates of his character. Noble, virtuous, kind, brave and tolerant, he affords an example of good living and enterprise which are truly remarkable. His goodness suggests comparison with the Biblical saints, while his valour and courage challenge parallels with those of Joshua. No wonder that he lived in the highest respect and died in the odour of sanctity, leaving behind him a memory which stimulated other men to persevere in his career of discovery. Portuguese and even Germans ventured; amongst them Cadamosto, Diego Cano, and Martin Behaim, who erected marble pillars with the motto "Talent de bon faire," upon the African coast.



SHIP OF 16TH CENTURY.



CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

## CHAPTER VII.

EXTENSION OF THE MAP OF THE WORLD.—BARTHOLOMEW DIAZ REACHES THE CAPE.—THE RISE OF COLUMBUS.—HIS CONVICTIONS, TRIALS, AND ULTIMATE SUCCESS AT COURT.

OW we come to the period in which these romantic series of voyages, which had been by degrees pushed farther south, culminated in a manner by the discovery of "the Cape," as we call it; the Cape of Storms, as Diaz called it, and the Cape of Good Hope

as the king of Portugal renamed it.

The world is greatly indebted to the discover of the mariner's compass, whoever he may have been. To Martin Behaim, as a geographer of globe fame, and a mathematician, the sailor is almost equally indebted. He invented the mode of calculating latitude, and as noted by Captain Markham, the German Behaim, and the Genoese Columbus, were born in the same year, and died in the same month. It was also a

remarkable coincidence, as pointed out by a French wit, that the Dove (Colombe) found the land in the East, after the Deluge, and Colomb discovered the Western land; the former came from Noah, and the latter from Genoa!

As there were mighty men before Agamemnon so were there great navigators after Henry the Navigator. The king of Portugal encouraged his officers to explore, and many bold men ventured. De Cintra was one of these who, hearing the continual growling of the thunder on the hills, named the district the mountain chain of Lions—Sierra Leone. Santarem and Fernando Pó are names of explorers which are still retained, and are very familiar on the map.

Then came Cano and Behaim, and later there appeared another Diaz or Dias, not the man who first passed Bojador; not the man who discovered Cape Verde, where "everything is green throughout the year"; not the Vincent Diaz, who reached the Gambia in advance of all voyagers of his time; but Bartholomew the sailor, who pushed on into the far unknown and found the open sea extending southward far beyond and out of sight of land.

Cadamosto had penetrated a very considerable distance along the coast. He gave information concerning the islanders and the Arabs and Moors of Barbary. Cadamosto was not a Portuguese remember, but a Venetian, and he was surprised when the natives took his caravels for birds with immense wings, or fishes, or even for wandering spirits in the sea, uncanny monsters of the deep. The natives had a curious method of trafficking—a mode long known as "silent barter." They laid their produce, whatever it might be, in a certain place, and retired. The other party came up, removed the salt or whatever it may have been, and left their merchandise in the place of the native produce which was carried away. The experiences of Cadamosto are interesting, and he seems to have been well received.

But Cadamosto did not discover the Cape. In 1486 Bartholomew Diaz set out and made his way along the coast,

putting up memorial pillars here and there, and feeling his way to Cape Voltas, thence a gale carried him, unwilling, many days sail to the south into a large extent of ocean out of sight of land.

When the wind abated and the full sails were again extended to the breeze, the commander, not finding land, steered eastward, hoping as heretofore to strike it; but no land loomed. This was a surprising experience! No land on the beam on either hand; what must be done?

"Turn back," said the sailors. "We are lost! Go back, steer home; it is our only chance."

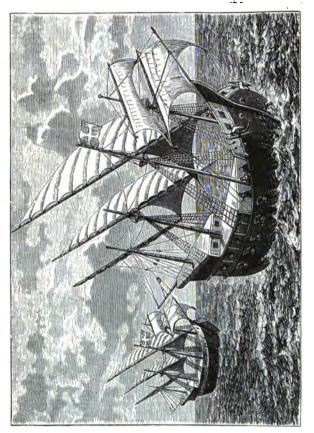
Diaz complied somewhat unwillingly, after a while, and declared that if he did not sight land after three days he would turn again, as requested.

This arrangement was agreed to, and within the period stipulated for, the vessels reached a river, which they named after the Infante. But the sailors here became mutinous; they would continue no farther on such a wild-goose chase, and Diaz was compelled to return to the island which he had named Santa Cruz on his way out, and on which, as enjoined by the late prince, the discoverers erected a stone pillar or cross.

We may picture the position of the gallant commander loth to return to the king without some good tidings of the great promontory he was seeking. His mutinous and tired men had no such lofty desires. They feared the seas which continually pursued them—and we must excuse them amid the circumstances—in practically unknown regions, far from home, and under a commander, experienced no doubt, but as much in the dark as themselves, for Diaz had no idea that he had already "doubled" the Cape. He had passed already far to the eastward of it, and the mutinous insistence of his men led unexpectedly to the very consummation of his hopes for which he so devoutly wished.

The position of the adventurers was by no means pleasant. The "fleet" was by this time reduced to but two ships; the

vessel which had been laden with stores and provisions had been left behind on the western seaboard, the crew was mutinous and the weather stormy, so matters looked threatening.



BARTHOLOMEW DIAZ ON HIS VOYAGE.

In this extremity they coasted westward; and after a while the bold commander beheld the loom of the Cape extending into the ocean, and beyond it southward, sea and sky! They had found the "Cape of Storms," as he very properly named it.

This was a most cheering discovery; and if the news could be conveyed home to Lisbon all would yet be well. If Diaz could light upon his late companions in the store-ship he would have no cause for any regrets. He had made the discovery for which Prince Henry had always been contending. With a couple of small vessels the great prize had been gained, and the Cape Rose had been added to the chaplet of the Portuguese monarch.

Fortunately, while running up the African coast, Bartholomew Diaz and his little caravels encountered the store-ship, and immediately joined company. But a sad meeting ensued. Nine sailors had been left with the vessel. Of these six had succumbed to the influences of the climate and treachery of the natives, and the others had despaired of ever reaching Portugal again. Day by day the weakening crew had kept their failing watches, as one by one the party lay down to die!

Nine weary, terrible months had now elapsed and no sign of Diaz with his ships. Despair now took command of the storeship, and only a reluctant hopeless look out was kept for the returning vessels.

One morning Fernando Colaço himself fast failing, perceived, as he thought, the bosoming sails of the caravels. He was lifted up beneath the burning sun to see with certainty the ships he wished for. They were approaching. Two men only remained with him of all the crew. Signals were displayed; Diaz and his companions approached; they were almost alongside, when Fernando, who had lived in hope all these weeks, felt the reaction too great. A cry of welcome escaped his lips, he threw up his arms, and fell dead upon the deck—dead of a broken heart in the fulness of his joy!

Diaz and the survivors of the most successful expedition returned to Lisbon in triumph and were welcomed. The king received them, heard their story, and immediately grasping the

true solution of the mystery, that there was an eastern ocean and an empire beyond the Cape, put aside the name of Cabo Tormentoso, and bestowed upon it, in a spirit of anticipation, the title of Bon Esperanza—Good Hope!

The existence of the Cape of Good Hope having been ascertained, and the fact of an ocean beyond it, the desire now arose in the mind of the king of Portugal to find a way to India around the Cape. The existence of the Indian Ocean and of trading places beyond it was proved by Covilham, and the discovery arose out of a desire to find out the mythical Prester John, who was at that time (1487) supposed to be ruling in Abyssinia. At one time he was thought to be in Asia. Sir John Mandeville devotes a considerable space to him, but at the period of Covilham's voyage, this Christian potentate was stated to be resident in Abyssinia.

Armed with a map and directed to find out whether it was possible to sail round the Cape of Storms to India, the explorer set off with Alfonso de Payva, the latter proceeding into Abyssinia to find the Christian potentate, while the former sailed 'to India and visited Goa, Calicut, and other places. After he had made enquiries he crossed to Sofala, visited the Island of the Moon, and set his face homeward.

But when intelligence was brought him that his late companion had been slain, Covilham proceeded himself to Abyssinia, where that lukewarm ruler, The Negus, received him kindly and took such a fancy to him that he compelled him to remain until his death. From this coign of vantage he sent his despatches, and assured his lawful sovereign that the passage to India was feasible and open. This intelligence was gladly received, and the consequence of Covilham's action was the despatch of Vasco de Gama, on what proved to be one of the memorable voyages of history.

But this attempt was not made very soon. Quite ten years were permitted to elapse after Bartholomew Diaz had unwillingly rounded the Cape of Good Hope ere the king of

Portugal (Emmanuel) despatched his courtier De Gama to India. Meanwhile another voyager had arisen, had been snubbed, had persisted, and had discovered a Western World.

This navigator was of course Christopher Columbus, a sailor already skilled in his profession, an explorer, too, already, and the husband of the daughter of one of Prince Henry's



VASCO DE GAMA.

voyagers. Columbus, a Genoese by birth, had enlisted in the Portuguese Prince's service, a fact which goes far to prove his capability for adventure and discovery. He had penetrated beyond the kingdom of Thule, he had voyaged southward to Guinea, he had sailed the Atlantic, and had his own ideas concerning that darksome ocean. His plan was to gain the East Indies by coming round to India on the west side.

It is impossible to ignore the voyages of Columbus in a volume of this character, and it is equally impossible to detail his movements which, moreover, have been before the public in many volumes for so many years, and last year when the fêtes connected with the tercentenary of his discovery were held. It must suffice, then, to give a slight sketch of his career, with a reference to some other volumes, in which his life may be closely followed in detail. We hope, however, that nothing important will be omitted here, although the narrative must, necessarily, be abridged.

It is somewhat curious to note at the very outset that the actual date of the great navigator's birth is uncertain, and has been many times disputed, as well as his claim to be regarded as a Genoese. But we may be content to rest upon the authority of Washington Irving, his historian, who puts the date of the birth of Columbus at 1435-6; and Genoa we may accept as his birthplace.

Christoval Colombo was the son of a wool-comber. In accordance with the not unusual practice of the period he Latinised his name to Columbus, and by this name he has been generally known in the West, but the Spaniard would speak of him as Colon, and from him that town in Panama is named.

It seems that Christopher was a studious lad addicted to painting and to navigation. The future navigator was sent to sea when he was fourteen years old with an elderly relative who seems to have attained high rank in the Genoese service. The Genoese and the Venetians were continually at loggerheads, and many disputes and battles took place. Columbus saw some service, and appears again in command of a galley under the nephew of the high official mentioned above.

The nephew, if report be true, was a bit of a pirate in his way—at any rate he liked privateering—so when he got wind of some Venetian galleys which were returning from Flanders, Colombo, nephew, dashed out with his vessels and attacked them.

The Venetians, nothing loth, received their adversaries warmly. A desperate hand-to-hand conflict ensued. Young Columbus, as we may term him, lashed his galley to one of the Venetians', and so fierce was the contest that one ship first, and then the other, was enveloped in the flames caused by hand-grenades, fiery bolts, and Greek-fire.

As Columbus had lashed his vessel to the Venetian craft both galleys were soon in flames, and at length the contending crews found the contest too warm; they threw themselves into the sea and abandoned their fighting while endeavouring to save themselves.

Columbus seized an oar, or "sweep," and managed to reach the shore of Portugal. After a while, having knowledge of some of his countrymen in Lisbon, he proceeded thither, trusting to obtain assistance to return home. Thus out of the sea did the navigator arise, and whether this story be accepted as truthful or not, we may safely state that Columbus was attracted to Portugal as a refuge, and as a country where his talents and desires as a sailor would be recognised and encouraged.

At that time Prince Henry was sending his explorers out to discover the way round the African continent over the submerged Atlantis, whose peaks are now known as the Azores. Columbus made his way to Lisbon in 1740, full of vigour, a thorough seaman, fond of his profession, and anxious for employment by the Prince.

Fortune again favoured him: everything seemed tending to his advantage. While in Lisbon he became attached to a lady whose father had been one of l'rince Henry's men, and had gained much fame in the navigator's service. This explorer was unfortunately dead, but the widow, and her daughter, now the wife of Columbus, showed him the charts, maps, and other treasures which the deceased sailor had used and kept.

Columbus secured them carefully, and actually improved them. He was a draughtsman, and reproduced the improved

maps. People were glad to have these new maps of discovery; the Prince, as we have read, was continually sending out expeditions, and any maps or charts were welcome. The old maps were vague and curiously incorrect, so these drawings of Columbus brought him into notice. Toscanelli, the scientist, put himself in communication with him while Columbus



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

was residing at Puerto Santo, of the discovery of which we have spoken.

Circumstances, surroundings, and tastes all contributed to impel Columbus on his career of discovery. He saw vessels passing, heard strange tales of islands and far distant lands. Voyagers related their experiences of vanishing islands, of Atlantis, the great continent of Pliny, of curious people who

had been washed ashore, of tales told by past voyagers. Columbus heard and pondered them all. He saw the sun sink in the west daily, and when he sailed out in that direction he still saw the same sun slowly disappear under the horizon, nothing but sea and sky in view. Surely the ocean must extend around the world, reasoned the sailor. Ships sail over the edge of the water. The globe is round! Strabo says that water surrounds the earth, therefore, reasoned the navigator Columbus, if I sail to the westward I shall come round to the east and to Marco Polo's ocean again.

To the many and various reports and tales of geographers and sailors Columbus paid great heed. Their ideas of the size and circumference of the globe were very limited, and consequently Columbus must have laid his theories upon a wrong basis. He fancied that a few weeks at most would enable him to reach India by the Western route, and after he had made several voyages under the auspices of Prince Henry in 1481, the sailors put his theory, now confirmed, before the King of Portugal.

The discovery of the astrolabe, by which the distance of a ship from the equator could be found, and the use of the compass, took from the proposition of Columbus many of the elements of rashness and danger. To the king Columbus unfolded his plans. The monarch listened, so did his advisers, and the latter suggested that the sailor should be detained, while an independent government expedition was sent to make the intended discovery.

This mean suggestion was adopted, and while the caravels were being prepared, the king requested Columbus to send in his charts and maps and plans. When these were deposited in the king's hands the ships were, almost secretly, despatched on a pretended voyage to the Cape Verde Islands, but really out to sea to try to anticipate Columbus.

The vessels sailed, and for some days they "ploughed the main"; 1 but a storm came on, and as the men in charge had

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> We may here remark that the title, "main," as applied to the Ocean, is



STATUE OF COLUMBUS AT GENOA.

no faith, they turned back and ridiculed the ideas of Columbus incorrect, and only poetical. The Spanish Main was the mainland, not the sea.

publicly. There was no such land within reach; the man was a visionary they declared: had not they sailed many, many leagues to the westward and had not seen any indications whatever of land?

The eyes of Columbus were opened. He saw how treacherously he had been treated; and as he had now no ties to bind



QUEEN ISABELLA.

him to the country, he quitted Portugal, a widower, and sought his native place, cherishing his plans.

But Genoa could not assist him; his origin, humble as it had been. did not find him favour in the eyes of the nobles. Vainly also did Columbus despatch his brother into England. Henry the Seventh would not hearken, and so the applicant returned, Columbus appealed to the Spanish courts. must have been in 1480,

as the application to Henry was made in 1488.

All this while Columbus, the future discoverer of a new world, was almost destitute in the old. He and his son Diego managed to find their way into Spain; but when they had reached Palos they found themselves unable to proceed farther. Tired out, faint from want of food, hopeless, helpless, the father and the lad struggled to the gate of the Monastery of Santa Maria de Relida. Columbus knocked at the door. A Franciscan brother opened it.

"Will you give me a drink of water and a morsel of bread for my child?" was the gentle demand of the tall, haggard wayfarer, grey-haired already, pale and emaciated, "Enter," was the reply; and Columbus passed within the portal, where he was supplied with the plain refreshment he had asked for. The porter was a kindly, unobservant man, who executed his office daily, methodically, and did not look beneath the surface. If Columbus had depended upon him, perhaps the New World would not have been discovered for years. But fortunately the prior of the monastery or convent appeared, and being a man of culture, of education, and observation, he saw in Columbus a man out of the common, one of superior intellect, of speaking features and noble mien.

The prior addressed him, and when he had learned something of the stranger's history he was struck by it, and marvelling at the man's condition, took him to his apartments, lodged and fed father and son, while he listened and questioned them. The tale told, the plans unfolded, seemed to the worthy Prior Perez both bold and feasible. He sought advice. To him came Garcia Fernandez, a physician, who agreed with the churchman.

There in the cloisters of the old convent paced the three men, discussing, questioning, explaining, maps in hand. Columbus laid down his projects, and from the sea-port came hardy mariners, Pinzons and others, to whom the projected voyage strongly appealed. The prior was convinced, and sent Rodriguez with a letter to the Queen's confessor to interest Ferdinand and her Majesty in the bearer of the missive and in Columbus.

The queen, Isabella, responded graciously, money was forwarded to bring Columbus to court, and he went. But again he received the cold shoulder from the courtiers, though some credited him. At length the treasurer, rightly named Angel, came with glad tidings to Columbus. The messenger had heard of the man's virtual dismissal after waiting for years; he had implored the Queen to see Columbus; he had so aroused her enthusiasm that she cried:

"I will undertake the enterprise for my own crown of Castile, and will pledge my jewels for the money required!"

The good Saint Angel, however, as keeper of the revenues of Holy Church, declared that he would supply the funds. Columbus was recalled, for he had already, in despair, ridden away from Santa Fé. The messenger overtook the disappointed applicant near Granada at the bridge of Pinos and told him his news.

Columbus hesitated. Had not his views been rejected? had he not waited year after year in vain? The year 1492 had come, and he was fifty-five years old, and nearly eighteen years had passed since first he had conceived the idea of finding a new way to India! Should he return?

"Come," repeated the messenger; "the Queen is ready to assist you; the money and the ships will be found; you shall be the admiral and viceroy of the new lands. All your desires shall be granted. Come!"

So Columbus turned his horse's head and accompanied the messenger to Santa Fé, where he had an immediate audience of the queen, through whose good offices the tardy consent of Ferdinand was obtained.

Thus after years of anxiety and trouble, through evil report and good report, through suffering and privation, contumacy, and scorn, did Columbus at length succeed in his application for assistance "to find the East by sailing West!"





THE MONASTERY OF LA RABIDA, NEAR PALOS, SPAIN.

## CHAPTER VIII.

HOW THE VOYAGE WAS REGARDED—ANCIENT AND MODERN EXPLORATION COMPARED—THE TRAVELS OF COLUMBUS—HIS GREAT DISCOVERY.

O many this expedition seemed nothing more nor less than the act of a madman, and even when the ships had been granted, their size did not seem compatible with the magnitude of the undertaking.

Three small vessels! Only three—one of which, by the kind "permission of the King," was to be provided by Columbus and his friends! The vessels were caravels, carried lateen sails, and had high and pooped sterns.

On the 12th of May, 1492, Columbus set out again to the palace, this time rejoicing, and as full of hope as he had on his last departure been filled with despair. He had no fear now; success was assured. Heaven had selected him, as he verily believed, to carry out the cherished project, and to bring the Eastern people, the inhabitants of Tartary and Cathay, under the influence of the most Christian King and Queen. He was to recover the Holy Sepulchre, a life-long and cherished idea, and he would open up the commerce of the world to Spain!

With three primitive craft, two of them undecked, all of them mere coasters, did Columbus and his companions seek the unexplored ocean. Compare those vessels with the magnificent floating palaces of to-day, impelled by steam at such a pace as to earn the name of "greyhounds," and to cross the Atlantic within a week. When such splendid craft are knocked about and even wrecked, or foundered, in the ocean, shall we not admire the resolution of the men who ventured into unknown seas, in tiny ships, on such a voyage of discovery? Our navigators of to-day, and of the century we may say, are, and were, in possession of information, of instruments, of ships, and means, utterly unattainable and unknown to the fifteenth century voyagers. To "cross the pond" is now a detail, it is a holiday trip; to "run over to India" is a simple excursion; to "go round the world" a pleasant relaxation for a jaded journalist, or a sickly worker of any class. Personally conducted, the European may see the world without any fatigue or trouble by steam, in a luxurious and magnificent ship of some thousands of tons-and think nothing of it!

So often we now do not consider the true significance of the ventures and the splendid pluck of the early voyagers. It is a great adventure to try the North-West Passage to the Pole, or to penetrate the ice-world which lies to the South, a barrier which is as yet unbroken. But we now proceed over charted seas and measured miles, whose depths are ascertained, and

whose flowings are known. We track over a well-laid course in the best possible trim, with the best possible means, led by men of science, and learning deep as the ocean. They traverse, and pick up some few hints—not adding much to our information after all!

Contrast this with the expedition of Columbus across a dark and stormy Ocean in "cockle-shells," without instruments or pilots, or machinery; with ignorant, and sometimes hostile, crews; sailing at the mercy of the winds or storms, or calms into the Unknown boldly, to prove an idea, and to accentuate the faith that is in the leader! "What is a voyage to America!" exclaims a flippant youth. "Nothing now-a-days. But in the fifteenth century, my boy, it required more pluck to cross the three thousand miles of ocean than now to circumnavigate the entire globe in a schooner yacht."

Even the caravels which were despatched across the ocean en route to the Chicago Exhibition, were towed, in 1893. So the enterprise of Columbus and his companions cannot be over-estimated by any one who will take the trouble to compare notes.

Columbus returned to Palos, and having seen his friends there, read the orders of the King concerning the provision of two caravels, and of supplies, etc. But when the nature of the services required were fully understood, the people, who could, refused to furnish them, and the sailors hung back. They had heard of the attempt which had been made years before, and experience had not taught them to trust the mysterious, dark Ocean.

Under these circumstances, Columbus was impelled to appeal to the Court, and orders were issued to the authorities to "press" ships and men into the service. If they could not be obtained by fair means, compulsion was to be resorted to.

Even then the results would have been meagre, if not entirely wanting, had not the Pinzons, who had already, in the convent cloisters, lent a willing ear to Columbus, cast in their

lot with him, and agreed to furnish one caravel. The other two were eventually pressed, or requisitioned, or taken possession of, whichever term was then used, the result was practically the same—"the good old rule" obtained, in the cause of Science, and those who had the power "took" accordingly.

Thus the squadron was organized, and prepared, reluctantly and with difficulty, even in the face of the Royal Edict. But the arrangements were at length completed. By the beginning of August all were ready, the caulkers had done the work properly at last; the errant mariners had been replaced, and by sheer force the "fleet" was equipped.

At length behold the vessels ready! August sunshine beams brilliantly upon the harbour, and the sea sends flashing heliographic messages of invitation to the shore.—"Come, come," it says, in the unreadable code of its reflection. "Come, explore my far-reaching domains. Success awaits you beyond the line of sea and sky. Tarry not; we will give you the victory!"

So sparkled the waves in ancient heliograph, and yet no one read it—though no one was inclined to pause that day. The Santa Maria, with Columbus aboard, was ready for departure, and the crew were already loosing her sails. The Pinta, commanded by Martin Pinzon, hastened to follow her example; the third vessel, Nin, was in command of Vincente Pinzon. There were three other pilots, a chief of armaments, a notary, and a sheriff, or alguazil, who took notes of all business matters in the fleet.

All was ready. Columbus and his friends having seen that so far everything possible had been provided for, proceeded to take the Holy Sacrament, and this solemn rite was regarded in silence by many spectators, all of whom looked upon the men as those going headlong to destruction. A feeling of pity, of sadness as for people who were to be martyred for their faith, pervaded the assembly. The commanders recognised the dangers to which they were voluntarily exposing themselves, so they confessed, put themselves under the protection of Heaven,

while tears and glood part and marked the sailors bewailed their hard the analysis of the way with the tomb alive in the presence of the part of the way a natural feeling of district, for this case, both as hitherto made any ocean voyages; and their analysis of the district of the way and been their experiences. Besides the way was a property of the constant of the constant of the way of the constant of the con

Having s ... ent and early-modern phases of the contract of the ep farther and take the or inimical to our early prevalence to agent only and voyagers dier, and later, centurieseven to the second discount alor is, almost proverbially, super this trait in his sail as heart in the search and he had likewise to encounter the provided that any or the second of the control of t A production of the way contended that the Earth was flat! harmonic as the know, had a very strong belief in the cona section in the interior to reach India, and to the day of such the semantical or ignorance of the true nature of the The name which he bestowed upon v. Marks - Wes Undies"—sufficiently indicates his impresso we want the lower sy he had hoped to reach, even after he in that they were not really Indies at all.

olumbus were really small caravels. They ts, and about forty hands each. They had re what were known as "round" ships. On the tor wo of them carried square sails, on the three other masts lateen sails, fore and aft castles were erected forward and astern, and they were about eighty to ninety feet in length. Quite small ships. The Nini seems to have had square sails.

The largest was called Sant. Maria, the second Pint., or Pinto, the third Niñ.. The Admiral himself commanded the first, Martin Pinzon the second, and Vincente Pinzon the third. The vessels were victualled for a year, and on a Friday morning, early, at about daybreak, on the 3rd of August, 1492, Columbus set sail.

The first contretemps, the unshipping of a rudder, appeared unfortunate, but Pinzon quickly managed to replace it, and the three vessels continued their course to the Canaries, whither some jealous Portuguese ships were getting ready to follow them.



THE THREE SHIPS OF COLUMBUS.

On Thursday, 9th August, Columbus started across the Ocean, and soon lost sight of land. Here began the trials of the commander. The sailors, who had been tranquil so long as they had remained within hail of the shore, now bemoaned their sad fate, and though Columbus tried to reassure them, and even reckoned the distance run less than it actually was so as to give them less cause for alarm, he only succeeded in calming the surface of the agitation.

Many marvels of the Ocean are related by the chroniclers. First, to the surprise of the crew, a vessel's mast was espied, and indicated a current in the locality. Then considerable alarm was occasioned by the behaviour of the compass. The needle had turned away from the North; this was an entirely new experience!

Again another phenomenon appeared on the fifteenth; a flame of fire fell into the sea—a meteor, presumably—and soon spots of weeds became visible. Thus for many days the ships sailed on, the men, and particularly Columbus, taking note of all that passed. Birds of various kinds saluted them, and cheered them with the prospect of a near approach to land, but no land appeared. Weeds and rack perplexed them; the wind even, by its continually favourable direction, gave them cause for uneasiness! Could the ships ever return to Spain, if the breeze held from the east when there was not a calm? The men began to fear.

But other signs tended to reassure them. A small crab resting, adrift, upon a clump of weed, a shore-bird, and other welcomed tokens helped to cheer the crews. They studied the vast expanse of sea and sky which extended on all sides; and in the clouds, or in the low-lying mists of morning, they discerned the land as surely as the traveller in the desert perceives the pool and the trees quivering on the plain, and dissolving into thin air even as he shouts to it his welcome.

Thus the voyage continued, and the imagination must fill in the details of it. We can scarcely realize the situation of the Admiral, his semi-mutinous crew, and the apparently hopeless character of the expedition, in waters perfectly unknown, untraversed, and full of strange possibilities and omens. If Columbus was enabled to calm the fears of his crew, he immediately took advantage of the intervals of grumbling to steer in the direction he most desired; but such periods of tranquillity did not last long.

The men began to talk of throwing him overboard: he had brought them out to die in the trackless ocean; they made

such accusations as the Israelites had made against Moses, and Columbus not being miraculously gifted, could not influence his men so completely as the Jewish law-giver had been enabled to do.

The soundings which were made gave no bottom, and the men were becoming more and more uneasy. Even the quiet aspect of the weather alarmed them, and the advent of a whale, or the passage of parrots or wagtails, did not reassure the crews, who made a fuss until the undulation of the Ocean in some unexpected manner calmed their fears. The calm sea they had regarded as ominous, as a condition tending to death by inanition; but the movement of the sea proved that a breeze was at hand.

The sca continuing almost calm, and the breeze favourable, the three vessels were enabled to sail in company. Columbus carried with him the chart which Toscanelli, the Florentine, had given him; and this "sca-chart" Columbus and Pinzon studied. It was sent on board the *Pinta* on that memorable 25th of September. Several islands were shown on this map, but soon after it had been again returned to Columbus, and even while he was contemplating it, the cry of "land" from the *Pinta* aroused all hands.

No announcement—not even the modern cry "man overboard"—could have created so great a sensation. Away in the south-west there lay a misty appearance, and Martin Pinzon asked for his reward. The men mounted the rigging, while Columbus knelt in thanksgiving; and at length the ships' companies became so urgent, that the Admiral felt compelled to put his vessels' heads to the south-west instead of keeping his proper course.

The supposed continent faded, however. The nearer the ships approached, the less defined became the "land," and it finally resolved itself into air! Pinzon had seen some birds on their course south-west, he had spied the cloud, and he had agreed that it was land.

"Something whispered to my heart that it was land," re-

THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS IN THE WEST INDIES.

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marked Pinzon; "that we must change our course." But if the vessels had not been put south-west, they would in all probability have reached Florida, and, as Washington Irving states, "a Spanish population would have inhabited the States instead of a British Protestant colony"; and things might have been different.

Notwithstanding all suggestions, the Admiral persisted in continuing his westerly course after the "land" had faded away in the starlight. Numerous tokens of land were perceived, but the men grew mutinous again, and only stern determination restrained them.

A branch with berries on it, a board, a carved staff, certain fish, and weeds, all of which were carefully observed, and picked up, gave positive proofs of the nearness of land. The crew were promised an additional reward if the land were discovered; but night fell, and with it the day's hopes of the navigators.

Night fell! The men could distinguish nothing, and yet they were almost sure that land was close at hand. Columbus in anxious expectation paced the deck till late, but it was ten o'clock before a gleam of light caught his eye. The light was moving!

"Pedro Gutierrez," he cried, "come hither. Look yonder; what call you that?" Don Pedro, a very distinguished member of the expedition, saw the light, but could not determine its origin.

Señor Rodrigo Sanchez, the king's reporter, was then summoned, but ere he could reach the prow of the vessel the light had disappeared.

"It seemed like a candle moving up and down," said Pedro.

"They have all disappeared," muttered the men, after a diligent search in the darkness. "There is nothing; or only an ignis fatuis, a witchcraft gleam to deceive us!"

It was two o'clock in the morning when the two other ships were aroused by a signal gun from the *Pinta*. Land had been seen! Rodrigo de Triaria had spied it, and was the winner of

the king's bounty, and of the added reward. The dawning day was Friday, 12th of October, 1492.

And let no one say that Friday is unlucky. On Friday the vessels sailed, and on Friday the expected *Eastern* land was discovered!

When morning dawned the beautiful island lay spread out before the enchanted gaze of the voyagers, cultivated, populous, and more welcome than ever was new land before. The



LANDING OF COLUMBUS IN THE NEW WORLD.

people came running to the shore to meet the new-comers, and beheld Columbus throw himself upon his knees and kiss the earth; then, rising, they saw him unfurl the Spanish royal standard and take possession of the island in the name of St. Salvador, and the King of Spain.

The simple natives, awe-struck by these rites, and believing that the strangers had descended from the skies on those monster wings of the great "birds" which lay at anchor, stared, and then timidly fled. Columbus and his armed men had impressed them, and the intruders were in turn impressed by the beauty of all things around them. The Admiral, believing that he had landed on some portion of India, called the people Indians, and that name has been since gradually applied to all the aboriginal natives of America in general.

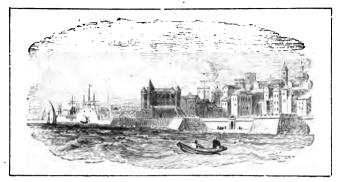
Modern research has sought to prove that the island on which Columbus first landed was not that known as St. Salvador, but as "Great Turk" Island; still, as most historians agree with Washington Irving, we may regard St. Salvador as the true island.\*

It was a charming end to the tedious, mutinous voyage. Every prospect delighted. Natives and Nature were kind and pleasing. Scenes of marvellous beauty welcomed the explorers. Woods, picturesque villages; pretty and kindly women and men offered produce, cool water, and luscious fruits. For two days the Spaniards remained exploring and resting, and on the evening of the 14th of October the ships quitted St. Salvador in search of Japan.

\* Watling Island.



THE ARMS OF SPAIN.



CADIZ.

## CHAPTER IX.

THE NAVIGATION REVIVED.—COLUMBUS'S FOUR VOYAGES.—
HIS DISCOVERIES, COLONIES, RULE.—HIS CRUELTIES AND
FAILURE.—SPANISH BARBARITY.—DEATH OF COLUMBUS.

HEN we consider the four voyages of the great Genoese Navigator, we cannot help continually remarking upon the extraordinary persistency with which Columbus and his associates regarded the West as India, or, collectively, Asia. While continually unveiling new lands, making discoveries of splendid and romantic territory, glorious scenery, and varied tribes of natives, Columbus was all the while working under a strange misapprehension.

The Spaniards took so much for granted in these expeditions, that even when a flock of white-winged cranes was seen on shore, the sailors hastened back to the ship with the news that white-robed traders were in sight, inhabitants of Cathay. They were looking continually for the countries described by Marco Polo, intent upon China Tartary and Japan; and, instead of reasoning from differences which were apparent, and tending towards real discovery in all directions, they rather sought to assimilate what they saw to descriptions of countries already

visited. They had expected to find Asia, Khans, Tartars, and Eastern surroundings, and they worked hard to prove that what they saw was what they had expected to see, although knowing full well that it was *not*.

It seems to me that this was the great drawback to the true success of Columbus as a discoverer. Clever and sagacious as he was, he never touched the spring of knowledge which bubbled at his feet. He drank in eagerly the information regarding the Golden Mountains, the River of Gold, and such places. He was enchanted by the people, and especially by the scenery through, or by, which he voyaged. But his mind was dead to the impressions which the differences of costume, manners, features, customs, rites, from those of which he had read, must or should have made on his senses. This is one of the greatest wonders of all the strange romances of exploration.

And even when Cuba was reached—an island said to be abounding in gold, and full of people, the name itself being accepted as synonymous with gold—what did the voyagers see? They named the island Juana, and landed, expecting to find Oriental splendour (*Oriental*, mind!). What did they find? No one; nobody! The "Asiatics" had disappeared in the distance.

Where, then, were the magnificent houses and palaces, the minarets and gilded roofs sparkling in the sunshine? Where were the richly attired inhabitants spoken of by the Venetian traveller? Why had these dignified and kindly people suddenly divested themselves of their garments and hidden themselves? Why, instead of the lofty pinnacles and glittering palaces, were there only two miserable huts visible, amid a vegetation so different from what Marco Polo had described?

Where were all the confidently anticipated features? Absent! Not all the delightfully romantic sailings and cruising round the island, which was believed to be the mainland of India, could remove the impression as to the locality, false as they were. The natives, too, should have undeceived him. His embassy could gain no information. The people—these "Easterns"—shook their heads at the specimens of Oriental pearls submitted

for their inspection; and as for gold, there was little of it so far as they were aware. Nothing was at all like the East, and yet Columbus and his companions never doubted that it was the East.

But if he were not fated to discover the western track to India, Columbus found some other novelties in the roots and plants. One day, while sailing up the coast, he discovered the batata or potato, being eaten by the natives; and on another occasion he found them smoking rolls, called "tobaccos," which the "Indians" seemed to enjoy smoking, and which the Spaniards described as "a dirty and savage habit." They admired and adopted the native swinging bed which, suspended from the ceiling, they called "hamals." These and other features were admired, but of Kublai Khan and the island of Cipanga they gained no glimpse whatever.

What an experience this voyage must have been. We who read of the West Indies may, with Charles Kingsley, long for a sight of them, and when we reach the fairy shores exclaim, "At last!" But to Columbus the sensation of the novel and romantic must have been overwhelming.

"I know not," says he, "where first to go, nor are my eyes ever weary of gazing on the beautiful verdure. Here are large lakes, and the groves about them are marvellous, and the herbage is as in April in Andalusia!

"The singing of the birds is such that it seems as if one would never desire to depart hence; there are flocks of parrots which obscure the sun. Other birds, large and small, of so many kinds, and so different from ours that it is wonderful, and besides there are trees of a thousand species, each having its particular fruit, and all of marvellous flavour. . . . As I arrived at this cape, there came thence a fragrance so good and soft of the flowers or trees of the land that it was the sweetest thing in the world."

These are refreshing extracts from the Navigator's journal, breathing as they do the scent of the vegetation, and the odour of new discoveries. Birds, trees, fish, even the clear deep water

of the lagoons, demanded and obtained admiration. Such light, such colour, such tints, such spicy breezes! Yes, we have surely reached the East at last!

But disappointment succeeded hope. The search for the Khan resulted in failure. Yet, trusting to signs, Columbus still continued the search. Bohio was the desired end; Bohio the Great Island. Thence to the main land of India was an easy trip. There the great Khan would be accessible, and armed with instructions from him, Columbus looked upon his return with rapture. He would have proved his theory.

It is curious to note how circumstances tended to confirm the commanders in their already fixed notions. One instance will suffice. Near the Cape of Palms, in Cuba—at the Laguna de Moron—three Indians told the Spanish chiefs that Cubanacan lay four days' journey away; that is, the centre (nacan) of Cuba was so far, and there was gold there in plenty. The voyagers at once grasped the sound, and not the sense, of the word Cubanacan—Kublai Khan, the Sovereign of Tartary. Just what Marco Polo said. Yes, we have certainly reached the East!

Under such circumstances the voyage was continued, but Columbus never knew that Cuba was an island. Had he proceeded some few leagues farther he would have made that discovery, and have toppled down his "castle in Spain"; but he never did. Mainland he believed it. He had embarked some of the savages with the praiseworthy object of training them in Spain, and by their means converting the remainder of the inhabitants. He did not reckon upon the force of example, and upon the almost certain results of the introduction of civilization, so-called, amongst simple minded, ignorant savages; disease and death, drunkenness, envy, hatred, and malice, and all "Christian" vices.

Splendid as the discovery of Hispaniola was, glorious as the island is, we cannot say that the results of the finding have been altogether pleasing; and the conduct of the Spaniards gives us little reason to credit them with toleration, nor is

Columbus—though he is not a Spaniard—to go unblamed. The islanders were as simple and honourable as possible, treated their visitors with respect, and were, at first, well treated in return.

Such a lovely climate! Birds sang there in December! Poor indeed were the people, but how rich the country! What charming scenes, the friendly people trading freely, generously, giving gold ornaments for little hawks'-bells, and welcoming the celestial beings who in the guise of men had come from the blue firmament with white, out-spread wings in queer shipshaped canoes!

And when one of these "celestial" vessels was run ashore, how kind they were! Columbus was asleep. He had been coasting diligently, wide awake for many days and nights; the vessel was resting in the bay in a dead calm. He went below; the pilot went to sleep, and left a lad in charge; the lad followed the example of the pilot, and the Santa Maria drifted ashore on the current.

There rose a cry, "The ship is wrecked!" The sleepy master rushed up, followed by his sleepy mariners. Columbus was already on deck. He gave orders which were not obeyed, and the vessel drifted broadside on and became a wreck. The "Indians" helped the visitors, and not one article was purloined.

This incident illustrates the character of the natives; but it is not our intention to write a complete history of Columbus and his followers. There is no space for another volume of these voyagers' exploits. So let us hurry to the end, chiefly with reference to Hispaniola, which, as being so closely connected with the second portion of our narrative, should be considered.

At length the expedition turned homewards. The ships—there were but two then—got separated on the voyage, which we need not describe. The Santa Maria reached Lisbon, and subsequently Palos, in safety, after many trials; and Columbus

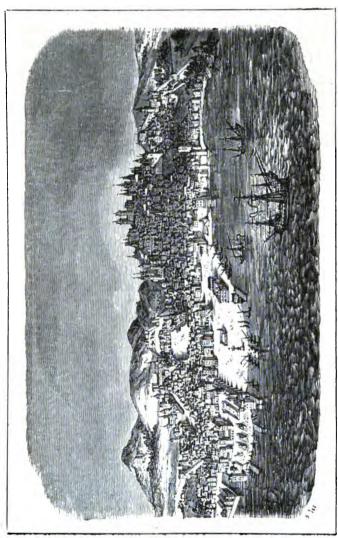
received a royal welcome at the hands of king, queen, and people.

On the very evening, while the bells were welcoming Columbus at Palos, the *Pinta* and her commander and crew came into port also. The ships had been absent nearly seven months, for they had quitted Palos in August, 1492. The appearance of the *Niña* had given rise to such excitement as the port had never known, and the intelligence of the return of Columbus spread like the beacon-fires around the coast, and inland. But Pinzon, either from jealousy or shame, did not appear. He landed, and hid himself until after Columbus had been summoned to Court, whither Martin Pinzon was forbidden to follow him.

The journey of Columbus to Barcelona was probably unique in its surroundings and aspects. He was accompanied by his Indian captives as evidences of his success, and the procession must have been a curious one. The savages in picturesque costume, decked out with feathers and bells, must have looked a truly strange group as they stood near their leader. The cavalcade must have been very striking, and we may be sure that along all the route the people turned out in thousands to cheer and welcome the enterprising voyager, to gaze upon his dusky captives and his spoils.

The reception granted by Ferdinand and Isabella was in keeping with the merits of the occasion. As Columbus came into their presence, they invited him to be scated near them, and then the sailor told his story. He related all the wonderful and romantic events which had occurred; and, as evidence, produced the native hostages, who confirmed as far as possible the statements of the leader. At the close of the ceremony the whole assembly "knelt down and chanted 'Te Deum Laudamus.' Their souls were borne up to Heaven," says Las Casas.

The excitement created by this public announcement and the recital of the discoveries of Columbus ran like wild-fire



LISBON IN THE 16TH CENTURY.

throughout civilized Europe, and was destined to have very important consequences, for the tale came quickly and forcibly to the ears of Cabot—Sebastian Cabot—in London, and he made up his mind to rival the Genoese mariner.

We must, however, continue a little longer with Columbus, whose great ambitions lay in being regarded as the discoverer of the new land—the New Indies—and he actually was the recipient of the pension promised by the king to the person who would first descry land. Certainly Columbus was not the man, and he clearly should not have received the reward due to a common sailor.

It is impossible for us in these days, when there are no worlds left to conquer, when the mountaineer is compelled to travel thousands of miles in search of a first sensation—to the Himalayas or the Andes—it is impossible, we say, to understand the sensation created by the discovery of a New World, with all its novel features of natural production and native races. And most curious to us now is the reflection that no one at that time understood the true significance of the discovery! The romantic surroundings of the narrative were accepted; the curious land had been annexed to Spain, but no one imagined that an absolutely new and hitherto unexplored world had been seized.

"To Castile and Leon Columbus gave a New World,"

was the motto affixed to the arms of the explorer; but no one dreamt, much less believed, that the new world was aught but the farther side of India.

While at Barcelona on this famous visit, Columbus performed that trick with the egg which has been so universally associated with his name. None of those present could make the egg stand up till Columbus showed them how to do it, as the legend states; but whether or no the anecdote is authentic or one of those so continually attributed to the *ben trovato* series, we will not discuss here.

A second expedition was quickly entered upon, with a larger fleet, and the intelligence that Portugal was already making similar preparations gave rise to much discussion between the Spanish and Portuguese diplomatists. But Columbus merely busied himself in getting ready. Cattle, seeds, and such other cargo as would prove useful in the new kingdom, were embarked; and quite a small fleet took its departure in September, 1493, comprising some fifteen hundred men, in seventeen vessels, three large "carracks" being employed with fourteen caravels.

The scene of this second departure is limned for us in the graphic touches of the historian:—"On the 25th of September, at dawn of day, the Bay of Cadiz was whitened by his fleet." Cadiz, the Gades of old, where so many Carthaginian galleys had met, and whence so many darksome voyages had been made into the gloom of the ancient Atlantic tentatively, unsuccessfully. Now the commander who had braved its dangers, and wrenched from it its secrets, was once more about to penetrate its strongholds and compel it to yield its treasures.

Look down upon the Bay of Cadiz this clear autumn morning. Yonder lie three vessels of heavy burthen, their sails loose, their heavy, steep, sloping hulls, pooped and lanterned, bowing gently as the waves rode past them. In shore are fourteen smaller vessels, with flapping canvas, awaiting the signal to up-anchor. The cordage creaks, the hoarse cries of the sailors echo through the fleet, to and fro are gliding boats carrying on board, or hurrying away, sailors or their friends!

"There was the high-spirited cavalier bound on romantic enterprise; the hardy navigator, ambitious of acquiring laurels in those unknown seas; the roving adventurer, who anticipates everything from change of place and distance; the keen, calculating speculator, eager to profit by the ignorance of savage tribes; and the pale missionary from the cloister, anxious to extend the domination of the Church, or devoutly zealous for the propagation of the faith."

All these, impelled by their various tastes or passions, led

by Columbus, embarked. His sons witnessed his departure, excited by the deference and the honour paid to that so lately ridiculed and despised father, who ere long was destined to be the victim of jealousy and suspicion—a prisoner in chains.

For a while the adventurers were in pleasant waters. The trade wind assisted them, and for four hundred and fifty leagues they sailed out west scarcely altering a brace. No longer was Columbus compelled to conceal the "log" from his men; no longer was he obliged to hide the daily run and "cook" his account of distance. The more he gave them the better pleased were they; the farther from home the nearer to the Golden Land of Romance.

But now arises the storm-cloud. The thunder and rain beat down upon the ships as the waves rush upwards. Blue and vivid gleams of light perch themselves upon the masts and yards, and lambent flames enwrap the sheets and shrouds. St. Elmo's fire, the seven holy tapers are all lighted; and when the tempest had passed, the evening being calm and serene, Columbus discovered many signs of the nearness of land and kept a bright look out.

Sunday, 3rd November, dawned, and an island was revealed to the navigators. They called it Dominica, or Sunday Isle, and the whole group of islands was named The Antilles. The reason for this name appears to have been because such a cluster was supposed to be existent somewhere off the Asiatic coast, and the voyagers fancied that they had hit upon it.

But as they could not land or anchor at Dominica, the vessels proceeded to another island, where the sailors landed. The terrified inhabitants hurried off, even leaving their infants; but the Spaniards were also tender, and gave the little savages presents. Seeking further, the voyagers came upon many curious things, and a delicious fruit named anana pine-apple, which immediately became popular.

Some of the explorers had stumbled into a house, and were now standing in astonishment at its contents. In front stood the sternpost of a ship! Whence had it come? No vessels

had, they believed, ever previously penetrated those seas; whence, then, came this portion of the vessel? In vain the visitors speculated on its origin and wondered, even as Crusoe might have wondered, at the footprint, how such a token of civilization could have reached a savage and, as they imagined, an unknown island.

Turning from the contemplation of this puzzling evidence of



SPANISH SOLDIER OF THE 16TH CENTURY.

some correspondence with the outer world, the Spaniards shuddered, bold and unscrupulous as they were, at beholding human bones strewn upon the floor, and skulls dependent from the roof! These tokens could have been supplied by none but cannibals; and this discovery alarmed the explorers, who returned to their ships, having witnessed human limbs hanging beams to "cure," as Europeans cure hams.

At this time Columbus was much distressed at the loss of a captain and eight men who had gone ashore and must have lost their way or have been killed. For several days the men were

sought, and at length, when hope had fled, they came down to the boat in pitiable plight. When the men had been rescued, the admiral continued his cruise; and after an encounter with some native men and women, who fought desperately, landed again at Hispaniola, where a garrison had been left the previous year.

Alas! the garrison had disappeared. Some, the natives declared, had died from fevers, some in quarrels, others had settled in distant places; the friendly cacique had been attacked by other natives, and matters looked gloomy.

The fortress had been destroyed; all the expected treasure was missing; the cacique came on board the ship and related the occurrences, but suspicions were aroused when the following incident occurred.

The Spaniards had carried off some Carib ladies, one of whom was particularly striking. These natives were kept as trophies to be carried to Spain; but when the native cacique saw them he spoke to them, and particularly addressed the handsome woman whom the Spaniards named Catalina. The chief was regarded with suspicion, and next day, instead of coming himself to the ship, he sent a messenger. The result was that at midnight the captive females made an attempt to escape. They leaped into the rough sea and swam in the direction of the shore, three miles away, baffling their would-be captors who manned a boat and pursued them. But the women, accustomed to swimming, held their own, and disappeared on shore before the boat could land. Next day it was found out that the cacique, so friendly as he had been, had moved off with his new bride and her companions.

Thus suspicion of the cacique was fixed in the minds of the Spaniards, and from that time we may date the commencement of the horrible cruelties which, in later days, disgraced the voyagers. The climate depressed them; they fell ill. Though a city was built it afforded no safeguard. Columbus fell ill; he was harassed in mind and body. Gold was sought with some success and mines were prospected. Several vessels were returned to Spain with some captives and specimens of ore and plants. By this trading, Columbus virtually initiated the slave trade.

Still the rule of Columbus was disturbed at his city of Isabella. Mutiny arose and was punished, great dissatisfaction being exhibited. The explorer returned to Europe after

making an expedition in search of gold and penetrating into the interior.

Save in remote districts, the natives had such fear and horror of the Spaniards that they fled from them. Scarce an Indian could be seen. The gloss of the Indies was wearing off. Discontent had already shown itself, and Columbus decided to make an effort to obtain something worth sending home.

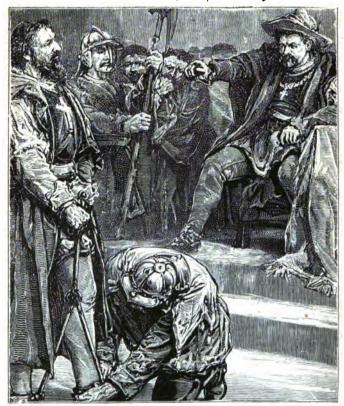
So an expedition to the interior was made, and sanguine hopes assisted it. Columbus sent a glowing picture to the Queen of Spain, but his imagination filled in the details. He then started up the country in search of gold, by the Golden River, and so on to the Golden Mountains of Cibas, where the glittering grains were found and a fortress was erected. . . .

This desire for gold, "this cursed hunger," was the cause of much misery. Violence succeeded search, and war was imminent. So Columbus decided to clip the wings of the natives ere he sailed home for the third time. For his treachery little excuse can be made. He knew the character of the people, so his treachery and cruelty are big blots upon his character.

The manner in which he caught Coanabo the cacique was mean. There was a fine bell in the church tower in the town of Isabella, and this was the delight and admiration of the "Indians," who would linger to listen to its reverberating tones. One day Columbus sent to promise this bell to Coanabo if he would aid the Spaniards and come, meanwhile, to confer with Columbus in the town.

The cacique came, under promises, but no sooner had he arrived than he was made prisoner. Already his wily captor had handcuffed him under the pretence of doing him honour and decking him with bracelets. Then the duped cacique was thrown into prison. Is it astonishing that the natives rose in arms? But mail-clad soldiers, horses, which the natives regarded with terror, bloodhounds and firearms, did their bloody work, and Spanish "honour" was vindicated. Subsequently, as Columbus had no treasure to send home, he sent kidnapped natives for slaves. Oh, great Columbus!

Then came a massacre of the miserable people. Columbus took the field in person. Many seek to excuse him; but as he was enlightened he should have been generous. Bloodhounds



COLUMBUS PLACED UNDER ARREST.

and steel-plated "dragoons" were not fair adversaries, and pitiless murder no just punishment for those who supported a chief lured treacherously to captivity.

It is true that the Spanish Queen set her face against such proceedings, but Columbus was none the less guilty of cruelty and treachery, and meanness inexcusable. This "God-fearing man," as he is described, might have been good and pious when his interests were not involved, but he acted very harshly.

What wonder that "difficulties beset his path" after such experiences! His third voyage was begun in great trial, and it was fortunate that Trinidad appeared when it did. Only one water-cask remained in each ship, and all the meat was putrid by that time.

On that voyage he sighted South America, which he believed was an island. Cabot had already discovered North America—about a year before. But Columbus, weary and half-blind, continued his search. Seeking rest, and finding none, he sailed for Hispaniola and discovered Pandemonium! The dregs of Spanish towns, in the guise of sailors, had been sent over in Spanish vessels, and murders, with other evil crimes, were rampant.

The results were what may have been anticipated. Columbus was deposed and sent home in chains, a miserable plight, but not undeserved. Bobadilla was the agent, and though Columbus is reported to have behaved with dignity under the circumstances, he could hardly complain of treachery when he remembered Coanabo.

The severe measures meeted out by Bobadilla, and his treatment of the natives, produced a reaction in favour of Columbus. Another ruler was despatched to St. Domingo, and Columbus got ready for another expedition. The mines were closed temporarily, and the natives of Hayti were less oppressed. But this state of affairs did not long continue. The new governor, Ovando, took the same brutal course as his predecessor after a while, and the natives were mercilessly treated. Wholesale slaughter was ordered, and a massacre of defenceless men and women resulted. In 1507, thanks to this enlightened Christian policy, the natives had been reduced in numbers from a million to sixty thousand! That is, in fifteen



COLUMBUS IN CHAINS.

years of the Spanish rule, nine hundred and forty thousand natives had been slain; sent away as slaves, or worked to death in the mines, torn by hounds, or otherwise put out of the way!

So much for the benefits of Spanish discovery and civilization! In 1514 the number of natives was reckoned at 14,000. But, luckily, the people found a leader, and independence from an intolerable and intolerant yoke, in later years.

Columbus could not prevent, and he certainly did not sanction, the acts of the brutal Ovando. The Spaniards had not come off scot-free; hundreds died in misery, richly deserved, for "demons could have inflicted no greater cruelties" than did these men. We read how Columbus was shipwrecked on his fourth voyage, and of the mutiny of his men. The romance had been pretty well taken out of his navigation and discovery by that time. He was an unhappy, sickly man; impotent to redress the evils he perceived and condemned. So he returned home, saddened and poor.

In December, 1504, the voyager—now himself almost a wreck—arrived in Spain once more. Isabella, his friend, was dead. Ferdinand ignored him. Columbus was actually a beggar! He could obtain no revenues; he had no home; he could but resort to an inn, where, he says, "for the most time I have not the wherewithal to pay my bill!"

Neglected by the Court, Columbus, whose name has been handed down, and will continue to be handed down, to posterity as one of the greatest of navigators, died in poverty and in pain, aged seventy, on the 20th of May, 1506. His remains, after many removals, were finally deposited in the cathedral of Havana in Cuba.

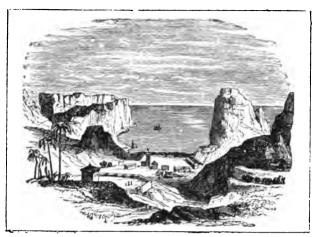
We have been thus brief in recording the career of this great, but in a sense mistaken, voyager, because his discoveries, though important, were the cause of cruelty and oppression, of wars and interminable discord. The peaceful navigator, the discoverer, is worthy of all praise; the oppressor, the seeker after knowledge for villainous or low purposes, should have little place in a book whose raison d'être is romance and re-

search for the benefit, not the destruction, of our fellow-creatures.

It is a curious commentary upon the important discoveries of Columbus and his friends, that until after his death none of them knew really what they had discovered. He died in ignorance of the importance of his work, and no one even called the places he had discovered after his name! A small town in Panama, and a few places in the United States, are all that testify to Christopher Columbus, who never recognised the value of his own discoveries, and the New World to which he led the way was never called by the name of the great explorer.



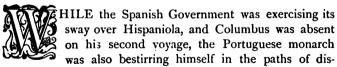
SPANISH FLEET.



ST. HELENA.

## CHAPTER X.

PORTUGUESE EXPLORATION. — VASCO DA GAMA ROUNDS THE CAPE.—HIS ADVENTURES.—CROSSES THE INDIAN OCEAN.
— HIS SEIZURE BY THE NATIVE KING. — RELEASE. — ENCOUNTERS THE PIRATES AND OUTWITS THEM. — HIS RETURN, AND LATER CAREER.



covery. We have read how by the efforts of Henry, Prince of Navigators, the forbidding Cape "No," or Nao, had been rounded, and Bojador passed. We have glanced at the vessels of Diaz plunging in the stormy seas beyond El Cabo Tormentoso, and beheld the explorer's surprise when he found out that he had unwittingly rounded the Cape of Good Hope.

The King, under whose encouraging sway these feats had been accomplished, died; and his successor, Dom Manuel

a 1

(Emmanuel), while determining to succeed in the same direction, was cautious. He would have authority from the stars, which in those days played a considerable part in the theatre of humanity. Therefore, Zocato, a Jewish astrologer, was summoned and questioned regarding the probable results of the expedition.

The astrologer listened to the King, who could not understand why storms and fine weather should be found at different periods in the same latitudes. Was not the Cape of Storms always stormy? Very well. Why, then, are not other places always fine? They change—why is that so?

Zocato replied respectfully, that according to season so will the weather be. Some captains had passed a certain latitude in winter, others in the summer of that latitude: therefore the ships encountered different weather.

The King accepted this, to us, obvious explanation, and inquired how the certainty could be assured. So ignorant were even kings then as regarded weather, etc

"By experience," replied the astrologer. "Experience will teach us when to sail, so as to find summer yonder."

This sounded fair. The King hurried forward the building of the vessels which Dom John had commanded, and every needful or suggested article or appurtenance was provided. Merchandise, presents, arms, and munitions of all kinds, were stowed away, the crews of the three ships were instructed in useful trades, the selected pilots and masters were supplied with maps and charts, as far as obtainable: the curious and invaluable compass was provided, and everything which could tend to success was contributed freely.

The Portuguese were moved by the true spirit of discovery. They were far from disdaining the results, and the acquisitions, but they went about their business in a less "haggling" mood than the Spanish Court, and in a less cold-blooded fashion than Ferdinand.

While these preparations were being made, the king of Portugal was searching for a leader of the expedition. He required a brave cavalier, a sailor too--a nobleman to command, and one who could command himself—to traffic with the natives; for whom interpreters had been procured, and to account to him, the King, for the territory and riches obtained. In a corrupt age such a character was not an every-day appearance. But at length the royal choice rested upon VASCO DA GAMA.

A household word is Da Gama now. In those days (1497-8) he was known at the Portuguese Court as a noble, a sailor, son of a nobleman in favour with the King's ancestor. To him was the royal command conveyed. He came into the presence, and, having heard the offer, respectfully accepted it.

The King then desired to hear how he proposed to proceed, and what men he would select.

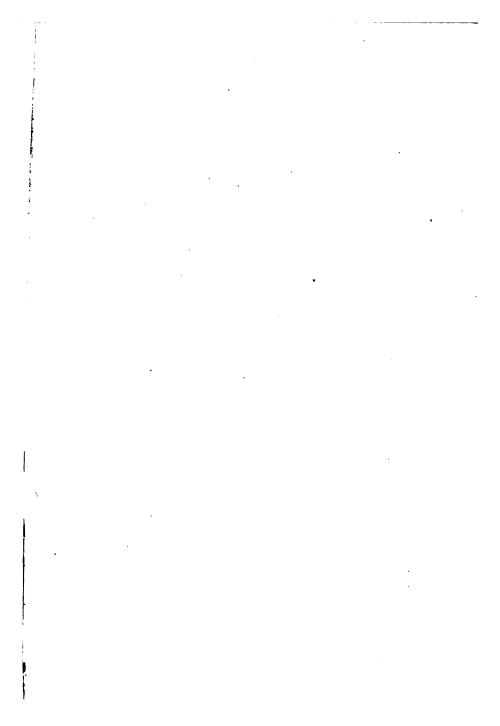
Vasco suggested that his brother Paolo should be associated with him, and as Paolo was the elder he stipulated that he should fly the royal standard and be styled "Captain-major."

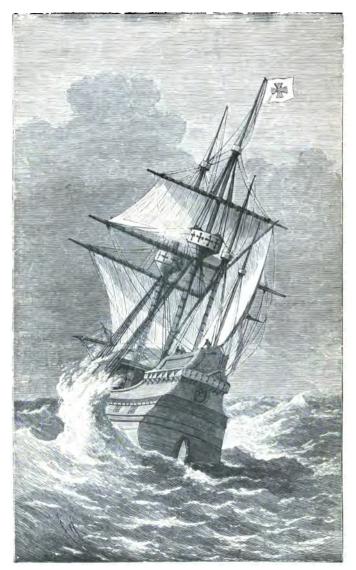
The King was pleased with this modesty in his captain, but he let him clearly understand that the captain-major was not to be the commander-in-chief, nor the flag-ship the Admiral's vessel. To Vasco, and to Vasco alone, did he look for the proper carrying out of his instructions, and he must be the leading spirit of the expedition!

Greatly flattered, Vasco da Gama agreed, and petitioned the King that certain offences and debts might be cancelled, so that he might be free to quit the city. The monarch took the law to task; and, as needs must when a king drives, the embargo was removed from the courtier; he was free to roam once more.

The departure of the expedition round Africa was marked with considerable ceremony. There were three vessels, named after Saint Michael, Saint Gabriel, and Saint Raphael. The third commander was selected by the brothers Da Gama, Nicholas Coelho by name, who was appointed skipper of the Saint Michael,\* while Vasco and Paolo assumed command respectively of the Saint Raphael and the Saint Gabriel.

<sup>\*</sup> Called Birris by one writer.





THE SAN GABRIEL.

On Saturday, 8th July, 1497, the procession of monks and people, carrying lighted tapers and chanting litany and responses, wound down to the harbour. The Tagus was alive with shipping, the quays lined with spectators. The crews and captains had embarked, and then came a posse of criminals, eighteen desperados cast for death, or imprisonment, six of whom were placed on board each vessel.

This curious contingent gave rise to much speculation. Why were criminals embarked? Why? Only to save the lives of better men! By a quaint decree these men had a chance of saving their lives, as a present-day Irishman might put it, by sacrificing themselves. Their doom was to be landed on some dangerous coasts, and if the natives were hostile to the strangers, the criminal would be the first to find it out! If not, his life would be prolonged, perhaps spared.

A curious method of dealing with such delinquents! But after all they were only doing by compulsion what the other voyagers were voluntarily submitting to, though there was the ultimate sentence to be faced and chanced on return to Lisbon, to be sure.

The three 120 "tonners," carrying about eighty men and officers apiece, and accompanied by a store-ship, sailed away gaily for the Verde Islands, where the rendezvous was arranged. A storm separated them, but Fate reunited them after a while. Then in company they pushed out into the Atlantic, nor did they cease from travelling, or were they at rest, for full five months, when they reached a bay in a strange island, which bay they named Saint Elena.

Here, while taking observations, some of the crew captured a native, who was frightened nearly to death. But he recovered when he was presented with bright beads and a cap and bells, of which he was unreasonably proud, being happily ignorant of the signification of the head-gear in Europe.

But matters did not mend, and a fight subsequently occurred before any definite information had been arrived at concerning the island, or the intended course of the ships. The weather became very bad, and the sailors began to grumble, declaring that the land did not exist beyond the sea. Tack and "ply" as they would, the ships could not make the land The pilots stood away, and at length it dawned upon Vasco da Gama that they had got around the Cape! Surely, the weather had been sufficiently stormy, even for Cabo Tormentoso! A reckoning was made, and the joyful fact established. Vasco da Gama had "doubled" the Cape!

But the storms redoubled. Fierce came the winds and seas, as the squadron coasted the eastern side of the continent. Mutiny broke out. Return was demanded, and Vasco da Gama appeared willing to go back, if the mutineers would sign a document to exonerate him.

The ringleaders and pilots agreed. One by one the defaulters descended into Da Gama's cabin to sign, but they did not re-appear. The others perceived them enter the cabin, but they did not see the exit. Still, it behoved them to support their comrades, and one by one they continued to descend to sign, and after they had signed they stared in astonishment, for they were seized in turn and shackled!

This accounted for the non-appearance of the others. Vasco da Gama had put the mutinous ones in irons!

Then to the consternation of all who witnessed the action, the admiral threw all the nautical instruments into the sea!

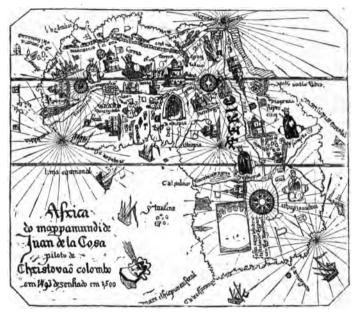
"I need no pilot, save God," he said, "I will henceforward direct the ship's course."

Navigating instruments in those days, and for many years after, were of the most primitive description. The astrolabe was in use, and we read of the manner of setting it up, "an astrolabe of wood, three spans in diameter, mounted on three poles, like to shears" to ascertain the altitude of the sun. Latitude, but latitude alone, could be ascertained.

Or, says a well-known author, "they took a 'departure,' as it was called, from any point of land, and calculated meridians by the log." Or, "another way," as cookery-books say. "The early navigators employed lead reckoning," as still practised;

"they found out a vessel's place on the chart by putting down her rate of sailing as it was to be ascertained by reading the log, and by allowing for leeway and difference of courses."

From these extracts it will be perceived that, as already pointed out, our early navigators must have had fine pluck and brave hearts to cross the seas in such small, cumbersome,



MAP OF AFRICA IN 15TH CENTURY.

high-pooped, heavy-"topped" craft. Vessels which would not beat to windward! Could any greater proof of this be advanced than by Vasco da Gama's record of five months beating down the African coast to St. Helena?

Bearing all this in mind, we may arrive at a just estimate of Da Gama's resolution and self reliance, when he put his pilots in irons, and threw their instruments overboard! The best chart was a puzzle. The compass was a new instrument subject to variations that were most imperfectly understood. The declination of the needle was almost, if not entirely, a mystery, and only the Great Bear and the Polar Star could be "depended on," and they were not always visible.

We think a great deal of the responsibility of a pilot or a captain in these days, when every instrument and splendid charts are at his hand. What can we think—if we think seriously at all—of Cabot, Columbus, Da Gama, not to mention others, mere adventurers, who sailed the South Seas bravely, trusting to their own judgment and small experience, a trust not often misplaced!

Under such conditions did Vasco da Gama proceed. He succeeded in calming his men, and when the weather moderated, he led the way, standing in shore about Christmas Day, 1497.

The season of Christmas had arrived—a joyful time known as Natal in Portugal. Land was seen, and promptly called by the Christmas name, as the vessels sailed in thankfully.

They brought up within the banks of a stream which the men called the River of Mercy, to "careen" and repair the vessels. The prisoners were here liberated, wiser and better men.

The result of the inspection was the breaking up of one vessel, the St. Michael, and the repairing of the others. The natives became friendly, and when a pillar had been erected to mark the discovery, and the ships made ready, Da Gama departed, having spent two months in the place.

On the voyage up the coast a Moorish vessel was overhauled, and Mozambique was reached in March. Thenceforward the navigators had many strange experiences, and some narrow escapes. The Sheikh of the country turned out anything but a straightforward ruler, and trouble ensued.

When he went on board the Portuguese vessel to satisfy his curiosity, he came in two canoes lashed together, as being more imposing. To increase his little dignity he had a canopy

held over his head, which bore a turban, parti-coloured to an extent which would have made Joseph's coat pale, and he was armed lavishly.

No doubt mutual curiosity was exhibited. The Sheikh made numerous inquiries. The captains explained. They were cruising, and were open to trade and exchange merchandise.

The Mussulman who had piloted the Portuguese to Mozambique, was interpreter on this occasion, and satisfied the Sheikh as to the arms and the value of the cargo of the Portuguese and their ships.

"But suppose you do not find the land you seek," asked the Sheikh.

"Then we must sail over the sea until we do find it," replied Vasco da Gama; "because," he added, "if we do not bring home the desired merchandise, our king will cut off our heads!"

"Let me see the kind of merchandise you are in search of," asked the ruler.

Spices were exhibited, and the Sheikh laughed, saying he would send them pilots to the proper place. Then having satisfied himself respecting the barter, the silver and gold, and having received a present, he returned to instruct his pilot and to lay his plans.

For he had made up his crooked mind to seize the crews and plunder the ships, to put an end to this trading business, and enrich himself. But the Mussulman pilot, already referred to, was faithful. Vasco da Gama armed his men, erected a screen, and placed guns in the boats. The chief's pilot carried out his orders, and all night sought the landing-place, seeking opportunity to wreck the vessels; but he did not succeed. The Portuguese were vigilant and when day dawned the traitor threw himself into the sea.

The boat pulled after him, but did not succeed in reaching him before the crew was assailed with a shower of arrows from the shore. The boat returned to the ship, and the admiral determined to make sail. The Sheikh, however, sent and demanded an account of his pilot with a flag of truce. Here arose an opportunity to use a criminal. One of the convicts was accordingly sent ashore to explain, and was detained a captive, greatly to his subsequent advantage. Thus one felon was comfortably provided for.

We must only trace our voyagers to Melinda, merely hinting at their favourable reception there by the king, and pass on to Calicut, where Da Gama was anxious to land. At each important place a pillar was set up, and thus the early voyagers left their landmarks, and called the lands after their own names. The King of Melinda proved to be very friendly; he welcomed the coming and sped the parting visitors, and assisted them to set up the marble pillar or landmark. Here another convenient convict was dropped, so that if any Portuguese vessels should touch at Melinda in after years, they would find a friend and interpreter. This was much better than wasting the raw material in a prison of Portugal.

When the day for parting arrived, we read that the vessels were dressed in flags, that the trumpets sounded, the anchors were got up, and the sails hoisted while the men united in praises to Heaven. This singing of hymns is, no doubt, the origin of the songs sung by modern sailors when weighing anchor. Though Da Gama's crew had many mercies to be thankful for, they had encountered much sickness. An unknown malady stalked through the little squadron, killing and disfiguring its victims; and no fresh provisions were at hand. The scourge was not then known as "scurvy."

Away, with favouring breeze for Cananor; away across the ocean, lurching through the waves in tropic heat, and marking the new track across the sea by the dead bodies of the victims of the Scourge, as they were dropped overboard. Four of the priests had been called to their account ere the look-out sighted Rat Mountain, in the Bay of Cananor, in Hindostan.

Coasting along, the vessels reached Calicut, having crossed

the Indian Ocean safely in company. Da Gama had then to wait awhile, until the king sent to him which, after a few days' consideration, he did. But the king, like most Orientals, was inclined to be treacherous when he thought he could be so with impunity. He had a Castilian in his service, and this man was intrusted with his master's plans, to betray the Europeans.

Fortunately this fellow, although he actually went on board determined to act the Judas part, relented in time. He was influenced by the kindness of the Portuguese, who appear, in this expedition at any rate, to have behaved well, and with much more consideration than the Spaniards under Columbus had done in the West.

The king of Calicut was, however, obliged to send hostages on board before Da Gama would trust himself on shore. This was done in consequence of the advice of the repentant Castilian servant aforesaid.

But even these precautions did not save the commander from indignity. Trade was flourishing, and business, though carried on dishonestly by the natives, was brisk, when the king one day requested the presence of Da Gama and his suite at the country palace. Suspecting nothing, the commander was surprised and somewhat alarmed when the Castilian whispered:

" Endure; complain not."

Immediately he passed on mysteriously, and Da Gama with his friends were led up country and confined in huts on the pretence that they were pirates, whose merchandise must be confiscated, and whose vessels should be seized, unless the strangers told the truth and confessed their evil intentions.

Meantime, Paolo Da Gama was anxious, and when he received a message from his brother, he sent in some merchandise to purchase his freedom. But Vasco, seeing that it availed him not at all, wrote in the most noble manner to Paolo to weigh anchor, save the vessels, and return home.

"If you and the ships are destroyed, the country would never reap the benefits which had been already gained. Haste then, lose no time in departing hence, the Moors will send their vessels to attack you!"

Such words aroused the crews. They declared that without their commander they would not stir. Paolo sent for the hostages on board his ship, and putting the question to them, they confessed that their lives were forfeit if Vasco da Gama were not sent back unharmed.

Here Paolo da Gama displayed great tact. He dismissed the hostages unharmed, only stipulating that they would intercede with the king. Then, having made them handsome presents, he sent them on shore.

Such unexpected treatment softened the hearts of the hostages. They went ashore loud in their praises of the Portuguese, and their representations influenced the king. He had previously been interviewed by his prime minister, and their additional testimony set Vasco da Gama free. But such tardy justice did not please the explorer; he shook the sand from off his feet at Calicut, and threatened the king with his vengeance and the vengeance of the king of Portugal, ere he departed from Cananor.

When the vessels quitted the latter port on the 20th November, 1498, it was for the Tagus. Some great discoveries had been made. Vasco da Gama had rounded the Cape and had crossed the Indian Ocean.

The commander rewarded his faithful allies, and gave the Moorish pilot who had remained with him, a testimonial. So he struck for home in high spirits; but meeting with contrary winds the ships ran for Angediva, inhabited by a "solitary" hermit, whose subsistence greatly depended upon ships which put in for wood and water.

In the description of this island and of the vessels from neighbouring place which put in there, we have confirmation of the description of the ancient style of craft. The Portuguese found the native boats "tied together with coir-rope;" others were fastened with tree-nails; the former were keeled boats, the latter flat-bottomed. They carried a mast and lateen sails of matting; the anchors were of wood weighted with stone, a most primitive arrangement, but the vessels sailed well, and could beat the Portuguese ships on a wind, easily.

The natives and their visitors became very friendly. The narrative treats us to various glimpses of life of these simple fishermen, who regarded the Portuguese with much favour, and were the means of saving them from untoward consequences of a treacherous adventure, as follows:—

One day when the ships were being refitted, a very curious object was seen to be approaching from the mainland. It was floating, covered with the branches of trees, and appeared to be moving fast, yet without any apparent means of propulsion. Was there a current there; and if so, why had such an object never been beheld before? Vasco da Gama watched it, and then perceiving something suspicious in this silently approaching grove, which was as ominous as Birnam Wood to Macbeth, made inquiry of some fishermen.

To his surprise they immediately confessed that the suspicious object was no tree, but a small fleet of low rafts, bound together and covered with boughs, a ruse of a pirate chief, who no doubt intended to capture the ships.

This was unexpected information; why the innocent natives had not voluntarily warned the commander they did not explain, nor did Da Gama wait to hear. He speedily took measures to attack the ambushed pirates, fired on them, and the "grove" speedily resolved itself into its component parts in leafy confusion.

But the snake was only scotched, not killed. Tinioja was the pirate's name, and having failed in his stratagem, he made an attempt to succeed by force. One day when the scare had quite subsided, and just as the Portuguese were about to leave the island, a swift-sailing and roving boat (fusta) came bearing down. Warned by the fishers the Portuguese were prepared. A numbers of "fustas" had been hidden away during the night, and a certain Jew was in command; he hailed from Goa, and had the idea of carrying the strange ships thither. With this object the venerable-looking sinner came alongside, looking as peaceful as a lamb, and innocently requested safe conduct.

His speech, in fair Castilian, seemed to please the Portuguese, who welcomed him, sat him upon a chair on deck, and told off some men to attend upon him. Meantime Captain Coelho quietly came round to windward, and ran alongside the greybeard's launch. In a few moments the "fusta" was seized, and the old Jew commander bound, with the pleasing assurance that if he did not confess his plot and his intentions, a little punishment, in which boiling oil-drops would play a conspicuous part, would be his portion!

The lean and craven Jew could not endure the prospect of the hot grease upon his skin, and after confessing his guilt, begged sympathy on account of his white hairs. Da Gama listened to the hoary villain, and gave him hopes, and when he had made a clean breast of his intention to seize the ships, he turned round and calmly offered to betray all his master's vessels to the Portuguese!

This rascally offer was accepted. The arrangements were made. The Jew led the way, boats followed. When challenged the traitor succeeded in passing, and the attack was quite successful. Nearly all the pirate crews were slain by the attacking parties, or drowned. The Jew was in a terrible fright, but he was only kept a prisoner.

Of the subsequent incidents of this voyage we have not space to say much. Many very handsome presents and prizes were bestowed and made. The Cape of Storms was passed without adventure, but the region of "The Doldrums" tried the ships and crews very much. Paolo da Gama fell sick here, and many men died. The ships rolled and leaked, or sat motionless upon a glassy sea, with opening seams, the pumps clanking, and the sailors almost fainting from exhaustion. But

the breeze came to the rescue, and impelled the straining vessels through the water and the wonderful Sargasso Sea of green and seaweed, the floatage of the Gulf Stream.<sup>1</sup>

Many anxious eyes were strained aloft to note the altitude of the Polar Star, for the hardy navigators knew that by its position they could assure themselves of being close at home. With prows pointing to the pole, the rolling, leaking ships plunged on, and at length anchored outside Angra in the Isle of Terceira, a far from successful-looking company.

Were these sickly, impoverished, battered men the triumphant voyagers expected? Was this sadly-reduced crew all who remained of the gallant ships' company, who in 1497—nearly three years previously, had set sail so boldly for the unknown East? Yes, these are all! And as they come ashore, some carried by their companions, some staggering under the attacks of scurvy, they drooped. Some of them never rallied, and even the brave Paolo da Gama—as men will do when sick at sea, and nearing the land—succumbed at last. He was laid in the Campo Santo of the Monastery.

Scarce sixty "hands" were left to man the two vessels (the Saint Michael had been laid to rest long ago), and the authorities of the island of Terceira wished to unload the Raphael and Gabriel, transfer their contents and their crews to other ships, and send the survivors safely home. But to this bold Vasco would not agree. He had weathered many storms in these old barks, and, please Heaven, he would return as he had set out in them.

Alas! not so. Patched and cranky, half manned, yet triumphant, the victorious vessels put into the Tagus on the 18th of September, 1479. Vasco da Gama, hardly recognisable, after nearly three years, his long beard untrimmed since he had quitted Lisbon, went ashore. But ere he presented himself to the king, the flowing beard was cut and trimmed; the ragged dress was exchanged for gala garments; the tear-

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Sargasso from Sargaço, a grape-leaf "Nasturtium" of a certain species, which the floating masses resemble. A sea-wrack.

dimmed eyes were raised to Heaven in true thankfulness for preservation when so many brave fellows, including a well-loved brother, had been snatched away by Death.

Royal thanks and royal presents showered upon Vasco da Gama and his mates. They had accomplished a splendid success; had opened the markets of the East to Portugal, and had crossed an Eastern Indian Ocean, while Columbus was exploring, unknown to himself, the Western World. Vasco da Gama, by his bravery and resolution, had accomplished a hitherto novel feat. His ships had crossed what was to Europeans an unknown sea. India, the great aim and object of Europeans, had been visited with no other assistance than the astrolabe, the imperfect compass, and a knowledge of the stars!

The mutinous pilots and the treacherous Jew were pardoned by the king. The Moors who had been carried off repented and were converted. The Jew crowned the edifice of his sins and treacheries by renouncing his ancient faith. He called himself a Christian, and was known as Gaspar da Gama of the Indies. For years he remained a persona grata at the Portuguese court. There is no accounting for royal tastes.

The king was liberal. He rewarded all the survivors (only fifty-five out of the hundred and fifty bold sailors who had started from home), and provided for the families of those who had perished on duty.

Vasco da Gama soon organised another expedition to the Indies. But this was less a trading affair than a matter of reprisal for the ill-reception he had met with at Calicut. The Portuguese monarch fully entered into the (revengeful) spirit of the suggestion. Fifteen vessels were supplied, heavily armed, and of considerable tonnage.<sup>1</sup>

As the king of Calicut had insulted the most Christian King, it was meet that the ships should bear the emblem of Christianity. The cross was, therefore, emblazoned on the

<sup>1</sup> Tonnage was literally tun-age, calculated upon the number of "pipes" of wine a vessel could stow. One hundred pipes equalled about 100 tons measurement.

sails, and the message was apparently one of peace. But once out of sight of Europe the Christian commander quickly abandoned his principles. He proceeded to Mozambique and Quiloa, thence to Calicut, where, in the most shamelessly cruel and treacherous manner, he tortured and punished the envoys he had engaged to respect, and murdered the natives wholesale.

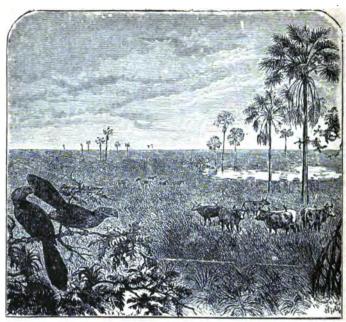
On one, and by no means isolated, occasion, this brave and honourable gentleman of Portugal, who had received an "ambassador" from the king of Calicut under promise of safe conduct, cut off his nose, ears and hands, tied the ears round his neck with the Portuguese reply to the message from the king, and sent him ashore, in a boat, by himself.

The treatment of this man was exceeded in barbarity by that inflicted upon some sailors, whose noses, ears and hands were all cut off, their teeth knocked out, their feet tied together, and then the whole number of them were bundled head foremost into a boat, a mass of bleeding, suffering humanity, to drift ashore. Sometimes the lips were cut off, and the poor wretches thrown overboard.

By such horrible and fiendish cruelties did the Portuguese inaugurate their Christian rule in India; and by such deeds did Vasco da Gama sully his name and fame as a discoverer and explorer, though he could never attain to the eminence of Columbus. He returned home laden with plunder from this expedition of vengeance, and went out in 1524 as Viceroy of India.

His rule was resolute and even cruel. He was as firm and stern in his dealings with his countrymen as with the native population. But his sway ended very suddenly. He died in December of the same year, at Goa.

Vasco da Gama will be chiefly remembered for his first expedition, by which he proved himself a man of nerve, of self-reliance and resolution, qualities which were permitted to degenerate into cruelty and tyranny when he was invested with supreme and irresponsible authority. We would rather think of him as a sailor than as an admiral or viceroy.



SCENE IN VENEZUELA.

## CHAPTER XI.

FURTHER SPANISH VENTURES.—OJEDA'S VOYAGES.—THE STORY OF VASCO NUÑEZ.—DISCOVERY OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN.—FATE OF THE DISCOVERER.



HE sad fate of Columbus, his trials, misfortunes, and death in poverty, did not deter other brave spirits from prosecuting discovery. Amongst these were Ojeda, and Vespucci, a Florentine

merchant. The Christian name of the latter has been bestowed upon the continent which Cabot and Columbus had been the means of discovering.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Amerigo Vespucci was a ruined man when he sailed with Ojeda to seck his fortune, in 1499.



Alonzo de Ojeda had been already voyaging to Hispaniola, and had been the treacherous ambassador of Columbus, who offered the church bell of Isabella to the Cacique. He reached the South American continent much farther south than Columbus had penetrated. According to the record of Vespucci, he came to an island inhabited by giants; but still the discoverer believed himself in the East.

One incident is interesting in this voyage. We often read and speak of Venezuela, but few of us recognise the derivation of the name. It was bestowed by Ojeda in this voyage. One day his ship reached "a vast deep gulf resembling a tranquil lake; entering which he beheld on the eastern side a village," consisting of twenty bell-shaped houses, built on piles. Each house had its drawbridge and canoes, by which communications were maintained. This seemed to the voyager so like Venice, that he named the place "Little Venice," or "Venezuela." After much friendly intercourse with the natives, Ojeda returned, but made no great profit by his expedition, though Pedro Nino had reaped an abundant harvest meantime, and brought home a rich freight.

Amongst these adventurers and private explorers we find some celebrated names, such as La Cosa, Pizarro, who afterwards conquered Peru, and Cortez. Ojeda passed through many perils and led a most adventurous life. He was a very pugnacious soldier as well as a bold sailor, a duplicate rôle often played in those days. His attempts to colonise the coast of Carthagena, and his falling into the hands of the pirate Talavera, are quite romantic incidents. He was accounted by the "Indians" to have a charmed life for the following reason.

In an encounter with the Indians, this voyager was desperately wounded by the poisoned arrows of the natives, one of which quite pierced his thigh. The Indians were delighted; the charm was broken. Many a time he had fought, but had always escaped injury. The chill of the poison thrilled his wounded limb, and Ojeda devised a fearful remedy.

He caused two iron plates to be heated, and directed the

surgeon to place them one on each side of the wound. The surgeon refused, declaring that the result would be fatal; he did not dare.

"Then," replied the wounded commander, "unless you do, I vow to Heaven, that I will hang you from yon tree!"

This gentle persuasion succeeded where perhaps force would have failed. The plates were served up hot, and the commander endured the horrible torture without a murmur. The whole body was terribly inflamed, and the sufferer was wrapped in sheets soaked in vinegar. He recovered, though there is no evidence to prove that the arrow was poisoned at all.

It was while lying helpless after this ordeal, that relief, in the shape of a privateer vessel, from Hispaniola, appeared. The ship had been seized by Talavera, and though the thieves had no knowledge of navigation, they put to sea on trust, and, luckily for Ojeda, were driven or carried to St. Sebastian, where he lay ill.

A bargain was made for food, which was supplied for a consideration; but the colonist garrison was discontented, and finally Ojeda offered to go to Hispaniola and bring supplies thence. He was taken at his word, and accordingly he embarked with Talavera.

Accustomed to command, Ojeda at once assumed authority. To this the captain objected, and a quarrel ensued. Ojeda was put in irons, till a storm arose, when by arrangement he was released to pilot the vessel. But his release came too late to enable him to reach San Domingo, and he was constrained by the storm to run for Cuba, where they all landed, and endured much privation. Only half their number survived the fearful journey through the morass and quagmires, and mangrove swamps.

The survivors were well treated by the natives when terra firma was at length reached, and after several adventures Ojeda reached San Domingo, where he subsequently died, a mere shadow of his former self.

Such is a sample of the material which undertook, and the

adventures which befel, the successors of Columbus in the West Indies and South America. The men were brave, unscrupulous, daring—soldiers careless of danger and of the lives of others as well as of their own. Whole volumes could be compiled of the escapes and exploits of these men. Turn which way we will, we find the explorers, trusting to primitive maps, or with no maps at all, cruising and colonizing; holding their lives in their hands, plunging into lagoons and swamps, encountering Indians, living upon herbs and roots, starving at times, destitute of shoes and clothes, and of almost every necessary, in hostile territory.

Whether we look at Nicuesa living with his crew upon a desolate island, where by degrees the men sank, and all would have died had not a boat fortunately approached, or whether we follow "the bachelor Enciso" in his search for Ojeda shipwrecked, we shall find the same characteristics displayed; bravery under sufferings, courage in difficulties, scorn in the midst of mutiny and treachery, and resignation in disappointments! Though ready to supplant each other, they seemed equally willing to go to each other's rescue, when necessary; but the fate of Nicuesa was pitiable.

He had been rescued and carried to Darien as Governor, but was deposed by Vasco Nuñez. He was then, with seventeen adherents, expelled from the colony. The men who accompanied him in this voyage of forlorn hope, in a cranky vessel of small tonnage, were all volunteers. On one side ingratitude and revolt, on the other true devotion, to death even.

On the 1st of March, 1511, the last act of the tragedy began. The vessel scantily supplied was sent to sea to find Hispaniola, if the elements so willed it. The brigantine was old and crazy; the most rotten vessel in the harbour was that selected for the deposed governor. It put to sea, but was never seen again.

What became of her and her crew no one knew, nor ever will know! She may have foundered in the ocean, or may have been driven ashore and knocked to pieces. At any rate, of

Nicuesa and his devoted friends and servants there has never been found a trace!

Perhaps of these navigators and explorers of the early years of the sixteenth century (1501-11), the most remarkable was the commander just mentioned, Vasco Nuñez; but his career was not eventually more fortunate in its termination than were those of his predecessors. It will be remembered that Nuñez remained in Darien after he had banished Nicuesa. He repented, when too late, of having been the cause of Nicuesa's banishment; but when he had seen the last of him he put himself forward to rule, and being a favourite with the populace, was not long in having his claims ratified. He made an expedition and in somewhat remarkable circumstances took to wife the fair daughter of a Cacique, whose stock of provisions he had previously seized for his ships.

This was a treacherous act, but the peace was ratified by the alliance with the chieftain's daughter. Nevertheless, it is curious to note that this damsel, through his affections, was greatly the cause of the Spaniard's downfall.

The natives perceived that the visitors desired riches, and chiefly gold. The sons of the Cacique were fine fellows, and they brought a quantity of the precious metal in ornaments. Nuñez set apart a certain portion for the Spanish Crown, as usual, and was engaged in weighing it, when the eldest son of the Cacique struck the rude scales roughly, exclaiming—

"Why should you dispute about such trifles? If this gold is so precious that for it you are willing to abandon home and country, and to endure such perils, I will tell you of a region where your desires may be gratified."

Then, looking round upon the astonished Spaniards, who had been surprised at the action and the address of the young native, he continued:—

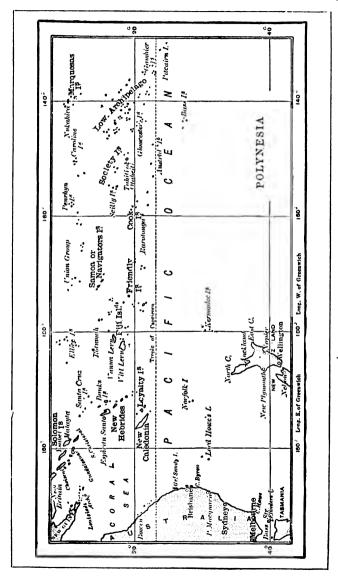
"Behold those lofty mountains! beyond them lies a mighty sea, which can be viewed from their summits. It is navigated by people who have ships like yours, furnished with sails and oars. All the streams on that side abound in gold: the kings there eat and drink out of golden vessels. Gold is as common as is iron amongst you Spaniards!"

This was indeed a new idea, and one which Nuñez determined to make the most of. It was scarcely a discovery for him, but if he could only prove the existence of that new ocean his name would be handed down to posterity by fame. Some time elapsed ere he could undertake the longed-for expedition, but at length he chose a party to accompany him, and set forth on the 1st of September, 1515, in quest of the Southern Sea.

He embarked in a brigantine, and followed by nine large canoes full of men, the commander reached Coyba, where he had previously found a wife. Her father, the Cacique, received Nuñez with open arms, and assisted him on his journey, which proved difficult to the heavily equipped Spaniards. The paths were steep, the natives, latterly, hostile; but after some struggles and at least one battle, some sixty-seven explorers remained to try the concluding ascent of the mountain.

At ten o'clock in the morning the little band emerged from the forest and stood upon the last slopes. Beyond the ridge and the peaks lay—what? The Ocean? The extensive sea which Nuñez so greatly desired to sail upon? He bade his men stand back, and mounting alone, reached the ridge. From the arid mountain summit he beheld a panorama excelling everything he had dreamed of. There lay the mighty sea—the smiling, calm, and Pacific Ocean. Nuñez knelt down in fervent thanksgiving at the sight.

It was the 26th September, 1515, a memorable date. Nuñez took possession of it and all the surrounding country, and then followed the slopes to seek for the expected gold. In this search he had many adventures, not the least alarming of which was the unexpected rising of the tide, to which they were unaccustomed to such an extent. When exploring a certain gulf the waves compelled the party to land. They did so, and lay down to obtain some sleep, oblivious, indeed regardless, of any danger.



MAP OF THE PACIFIC.

But the ocean was not a respecter of explorers or discoverers. The canoes had been hauled up, but they were quickly afloat. The roaring waves dashed wreaths of hissing foam around and upon the sleeping discoverers. Higher and higher the water rose, the men retreated farther and farther inland. To make matters worse, they now discovered that their resting-place was only a small island, and the Ocean was compassing them on every side.

This was sorry gratitude for their discovery! Was this the revenge of the sea? Nuñez gazed up to the heavens. His star was not in a dangerous position, and he was satisfied; nevertheless the sea had advanced, had covered rocks and sandhills, and was gradually rising over the boots of the refugees.

This was very unpleasant, but Nuñez had faith in his "star." It had happened that while at Darien the governor had had his horoscope cast, and the astrologer had indicated a certain star, and had said—

"When yonder star reaches a point in the heavens over against you, your life will be in deadly peril. Remember this, and beware!"

But here, in the midst of the waters, the star was in a position assuring of safety, so Nuñez was not greatly alarmed. As it happened the tide receded soon, and the worst the Spaniards had to complain of was a wetting.

But at daybreak the sight of their canoes was pitiable. Many were wrecked; from others the supplies of food and clothing had been washed, and replaced by shells, pebbles, and sand. A nice welcome, truly, from the mild Pacific Ocean! What remained, but death? Homeless, drenched to the skin, and starving, without means to quit the islet—what could be done?

Vasco Nuñez was not the man to give way to despair, however. He rallied his men, and induced them to repair the canoes. He managed to float the little barks, and made an attempt to reach another part of the coast. The trip was risky; the canoes were lifted and tossed by the sea, while the water lapped in over the weighted sides. But fortune favoured the brave: Nuñez and his men landed in safety, and made friends with the local potentate.

This Cacique found them pearls in plenty and supplies of gold. Nuñez seems to have exercised his usual influence over the natives; for the chiefs willingly helped him, and gave him and his men an escort over the mountains on his way back to Darien.

But ere they reached it, the star was noticed to be approaching the dangerous portion of the heavens, and Nuñez was on his guard. He was attacked by "Indians," but beat them off, and proceeded manfully, almost unharmed.

There was nothing very alarming in the skirmish with the natives. Nuñez and his companions reached Darien, and soon heard that Don Pedrarias D'Avila had been appointed governor to supersede him, in consequence of reports which had reached Spain through Encisco. But when the news of his discovery of the Ocean reached the king, he directed that Nuñez should be decorated and rewarded.

The new governor with friendly mask did all in his power to ruin the brave soldier, but unsuccessfully. The Bishop of Darien assisted Nuñez, and he received his reward. By the bishop's intercession an alliance was suggested between Vasco Nuñez and the governor's eldest daughter. All circumstances seemed fortunate; yet when the soldier consulted the sky, the ridiculous "star" was even nearer to the danger point than before.

Nevertheless he continued in favour. He set to to construct vessels, and had timber carried over the mountains to the South Sea, or rather to the river which ran down to it. On the banks of this river he built his ships, and launched them, after incredible difficulties encountered and overcome. By sheer dogged perseverance he had gained his purpose. His dauntless courage and ready resource had overcome every obstacle.

"None but Spaniards," exclaims an old chronicler, "could

have conceived or persisted in such an undertaking, and no commander in the New World but Vasco Nuñez could have conducted it to a successful issue."

Thus the hero-navigator succeeded, and launched his vessels



FRANCIS PIZARRO.

upon the Pacific, though the star was still approaching the threatening point in the sky.

During the absence of Nuñez, a mischief-maker, who had been sent to Acla, discovered the devotion of Nuñez to the

Cacique's daughter, and had informed the governor to that effect, adding that Nuñez would never perform his promise, the Indian girl, who was not legally his wife, having his whole heart. This put the governor in a passion, and he schemed to get Nuñez into his hands at Acla.

People were afraid to warn Nuñez, who, when the returned messenger reached him, was resting comfortably with his officers on the shore of Isla Rica. He had sent a message to the governor; the man had betrayed him, and accused him. This man was returning, the bearer of a treacherous letter from D'Avila. The messenger was one of Nuñez's men who had spread the reports concerning him.

Even while, unknown to the commander, the traitor was drawing nigh, Nuñez said laughingly to his companions—

"Behold the wisdom of soothsayers! See the wisdom of those who believe in them, and especially in Micer Codro. According to his prophecy, I should now be in imminent peril of my life; yet here I am, within reach of all my wishes, sound in health, with four brigantines and three hundred men under my command, and on the point of exploring this great Southern Ocean."

The captain looked up, his officers did so too, and beheld the star in the part of the firmament which the astrologer had foretold would be dangerous. His hearers laughed.

"Who would trust an astrologer," they said, "after such an experience as this? You are safe with friends and comrades."

Almost immediately arrived the traitor messenger, and the false epistle of Pedrarias D'Avila. Nuñez read it, and decided to acquiesce in the wishes of the governor. He would return to Acla, to consult with him about an expedition. He started immediately.

An escort had been thoughtfully provided for his rank. The men knew what awaited him, but for a while forebore to reveal the danger. At length they could no longer keep silence. As they neared the city they told their fears, the

anger of the governor, the reports of the Indian woman, and begged Nuñez not to proceed.

But the frank soldier could not credit such perfidy. He determined to proceed, and was arrested by his old comrade, Francisco Pizarro, on arrival in Acla. The betrayed officer was thrown into prison, and brought to trial on a charge of treasonable conspiracy.

The trial was not heartily continued. Nuñez was a favourite, and no one wished him ill. The alcalde was constrained to record a technical verdict of guilty, but he recommended him to mercy so strongly, that any unbiassed governor must have listened to the plea, knowing, as he knew, the truth.

But Pedrarias took the opposite course.

"If he be guilty, let him die," he said. "If he has merited death, he must suffer death."

So he sentenced Nuñez, the noble, to death by the axe, with several of his officers. The informer was released.

That was a sad and gloomy day at Acla, says the historian, when Nuñez and his companions were led forth to execution. The scene was impressive. Before Nuñez, who was the first to suffer, walked the public crier, proclaiming him a traitor, and enlarging on the justice of his punishment.

"It is false," cried Nuñez. "I ever served my king with loyalty."

But this was of no avail. The die was cast. The headsman was awaiting his victims in the public square, and slowly they came to the block. Nuñez, after confession and having partaken of the sacrament, delivered himself up, and died as bravely as he had lived. Three others succeeded—Valderrabano, Botello, and Herman Muños, and died as bravely. Last of all came Arguello, innocent of any crime save of writing an intercepted-letter.

Darkness had suddenly fallen on the town. The "star" was in its dangerous place. The people begged the governor to spare the last victim.

"Heaven has interceded; it is dark. Let him live," they cried.

"No," thandcred the cruel D'Avila. "I would rather die myself than spare one of them."

And in the dark the execution was finished.



THE ARMS OF COLUMBUS.



SCENE IN THE BRAZILS.

## CHAPTER XII.

DIVISION OF NEW LANDS BY THE POPES—MAGELHANES AND HIS SQUADRON—MUTINY AND ITS PUNISHMENT—THE SEARCH FOR THE STRAITS—DEFECTION—SUCCESS.



E now have arrived at a very important period in the history of discovery, for at the time we intend to treat of, the first voyage round the world was initiated by the Spanish under a Portuguese

commander, but never completed by him.

Before we commence this romantic and interesting history, we must glance at the condition of discovery in the "South Sea," as the Pacific was called, and at the jealousies of the Spanish and Portuguese. The former had been granted the

territories to the West, and the latter the discoveries to the East. The Pope, Alexander VI., and his predecessor, who had so liberally made these grants, had ordained that a line should be drawn from pole to pole 100 leagues to the west of the Azores; all lands 180 degrees west to belong to the Spaniards, and countries the same distance castward were to be the property of the Portuguese.

Another arrangement was subsequently made by which the line was moved to 370 leagues west of the Azores. The Spaniards had diligently been opening up the Western World, the Brazils, Florida, Campeachy, and had observed the continent to many places from Rio de la Plata to Florida. Juan de Solis had in 1512 discovered the "Plate," so called because of the quantity of silver there.

We have shown how Nuñez was the discoverer of the South Sea, as he called it, because he had viewed it from the northern standpoint. No sooner had this discovery become known than explorers began to ask themselves whether there was any strait or connection between the South and North Seas, in other words, between the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans.

In 1515, therefore, Ferdinand of Spain sent De Solis out to discover a route to the Spice Islands or Moluccas, round Southern America. But this leader was killed, and the expedition, which had reached La Plata, did not proceed. Still the Spaniards made attempts from the shore of the Pacific itself; but here again they were foiled by the circumstance of the wood of which the vessels were built being attacked by "sea worms," and so riddled as to be unfit for service within a few weeks.

While these vessels were being built and destroyed, a gentleman—a sailor—made an application to the Portuguese Court to authorize an expedition into the South Sea from the Atlantic. This applicant was of good family and attainments. He had served under the great Albuquerque in India, but his application for recompense or reward for his services did not

"find favour" in the eyes of the Portuguese monarch, so he quitted his service.

In those days when so much rivalry was rife there was always a chance of employment at one Court or the other. Spain or England would, perhaps, employ this brave fellow, whose name, as will be guessed, was Don Ferdinand Magellan, or more correctly, Don Fernando Magelhanes, a Portuguese by birth. He came accompanied by a friend, an astrologer, Falero, to prove to the Emperor Charles of Spain that the Spice Islands really belonged to the district which Pope Alexander had assigned to Ferdinand, and suggested that he should go and find a new way to the Moluccas.

Charles the Fifth lent a willing ear to the geographer and the explorer, Falero and Magelhanes. That the minister of Portugal should have remonstrated was only natural. He saw Magelhanes, and made certain promises. But the explorer remembered the treatment which Portuguese kings had already meted out to discoverers. He recollected that Columbus had been anticipated, or that King John had sought to anticipate him, by the "confidence trick," and declined the invitations of the Portuguese ambassador. Nor did he mark in his globe, made by Falero, where the expected strait lay, according to his calculation. He said it was south of La Plata, at any rate, and so much he could safely assert without any danger.

Notwithstanding the determined opposition of the king of Portugal, Magelhanes obtained the appointment of Admiral, but it was agreed that the other ships should be commanded by Spaniards, and that frequent consultations between the admiral and his second in command should take place; so jealous were the Portuguese and Spaniards of each other.

There were five ships fitted out for service: the *Trinidad*, the *St. Antonio*, the *Vitoria*, the *Concepcion*, and the *Santiago*. The first-named was of 130 tons, had several guns, and a strong crew, Magellan, as we shall call him in future, being captain.

The St. Antonio was of the same size, and was under the command of a Spanish captain, Cartagena, second in command, by whom and Magellan in consultation the voyage was to be made. The Vitoria was of 80, and the Concepcion of 90 tons. The Santiago was only 60 tons. These three were respectively commanded by Mendoza and Quesada, Spaniards, and by a Portuguese, Serrano.

In the year 1518, there had come to Seville in search of some employment, a navigator named Sebastian del Cano. He had been employed in the Mediterranean, but having been guilty of a "heinous offence," namely of selling his ship to pay his debts, he was dismissed, and had come to the banks of the Guadalquivir to see whether there was anything "in his line" to be done. He saw the expedition fitting out, and succeeded in obtaining a post as pilot in the *Conception*.

The arrangements were completed. A grand service in the cathedral was held; the oath of fidelity was administered to the commanders, mass was celebrated, and every one confessed, and swore to obey the admiral, who kept his own counsel as to his intentions, but he was certainly unfitted for command, being wilful and passionate.

Behold, then, the ships dropping down to St. Lucar, on the 10th August, 1519, where the commander made many excellent arrangements for the proper signalling and discipline of the ships. These rules are interesting reading, as they give us a glimpse of the manner in which navigation was carried on in the early years of the sixteenth century.

The "General's" ship led the way, and in order that the other vessels should not lose the line of sailing, a light—a torch of wood called a "faroe"—was kept burning all night on the poop or "hind-castle." This term hind-castle has completely disappeared from nautical vocabularies, but the "fore-castle" is still preserved.

There was another signal. Thus, if the captain-general lighted a lantern, "or a rope made of rushes," the other ships were to do likewise. When he showed two lights without the

torch or faroe, it was an intimation to the ships following to alter their course.

If three lights were exhibited the fleet was to lower the sail known as the "bonnet" or stay-sail, "fixed beneath the main sail in fine weather." Four lights was a warning to take in

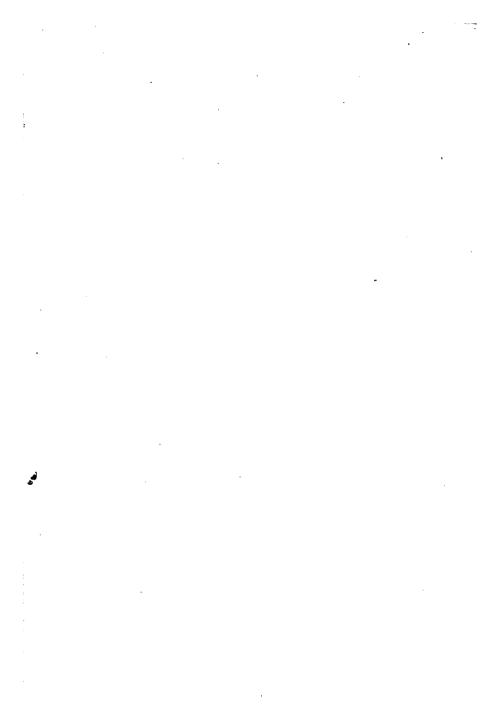


FERDINAND DE MAGELLAN.

all the sails, unless they happened to be already furled. when the lights meant the contrary, and sail was to be made. And so on. The discharge bomb, or perhaps a gun, was a warning signal for shallows, and a galaxy of lanterns was to be understood as an approach to land.

The night watches on board the ships were divided into three. The first was at the beginning of the night; the second was called "medora," and

began at the mid-hour of the night; the third "towards the morning;" but we may conclude that each watch lasted for four hours, and the crew seem to have been divided into three divisions, not two as at present, for the "dog-watch" does not appear to have been thought of. The captain, the pilot, and



VIEW ON THE RIO DE LA PLATA.

the master, respectively are named as in command of the three divisions.

It is presumed, though it is not stated, that the day-time was also sub divided into reliefs.

The arrangements made, the ships sailed on the 20th of September. The first place touched at was Teneriffe, and thence the "General," as Magellan was called, and his ship the Capitana, sailed south and south by west. This being contrary to arrangements, the Spanish captains remonstrated; but Magellan's arbitrary temper revealed itself in his reply, that obedience to his orders, not criticism, was their duty.

This deflection brought the ships into the region of calms, and later, bad weather set in, but St. Elmo appeared at the mast head and greatly comforted the sailors, who considered that the flame was an assurance of safety at sea.

At length having weathered the calms and storms, on the 8th of December the fleet made the coast of Brazil, and on the 13th of the month anchored in the Bay of St. Lucia, which some identify with Rio Janeiro. Here the natives came out to them in canoes, and brought supplies, not merely "for a song," but for "a card," for in exchange "for the King of Spades out of a pack of cards," says the historian, "the simple natives gave six fowls, and then believed they had made a good bargain! For a hatchet a slave was proffered."

The Brazilians certainly seem to have been simple and imaginative. They were cannibals, but Pigafetta adds, "they eat only enemies." They imagined the boats to be "ships' babies" at first, seeing that they remained close alongside and followed astern of the large ships.

On 11th of January the expedition reached Cape Santa Maria, Rio de la Plata, where the explorer De Solis had been

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> A curious tradition, a "phenomena," Pigafetta calls it, was related to the voyagers there. They were informed that it never rains in the island, wherein there is no spring nor river, but in lieu thereof, there is a large tree whose leaves distil excellent water. This is collected at the foot of the tree, and thither all the people and the animals go to fetch water, or to drink.

slain. No one appeared, but the ships supplied themselves with wood and water and fish in the absence of the natives, who feared to encounter the white men. Only one man ventured on board, but he did not come a second time.

For a long while the La Plata was examined, the "general" hoping to find a course through the continent there, but he could not penetrate it. The river was called by the natives Parana-Guacu, or Great Water, and this led Magellan to hope that it extended across as a strait.

Sailing southward, the vessels touched at many places, sometimes in danger too. On this cruise Magellan put Captain Cartagena under arrest for alleged insubordination, and appointed Mezquita, a relation of his own, in his place. When the vessels at length anchored at San Julian on Easter Day, another grievance was created in consequence of the captains of the *Vitoria* and *Concepcion* refusing to attend mass with Magellan.

These were the straws of mutiny which indicated the direction of the winds of dissatisfaction in the ships. Magellan was too over-bearing and tactless for a leader of such an expedition.

The unpleasant feeling was accentuated by the climate, which was very cold, and by the hardships which the sailors had to endure in the reduction of their rations. The "general" had determined to winter there, and by accustoming his crew to live on fish, he hoped to husband his provisions. But the men murmured, and demanded the usual fare, or to return home.

"It is not the king's design that we should endeavour after impossibilities," they said. "It is enough! We have reached farther than any other has ventured, and if we proceed nearer to the pole, some tempest may place us in a position from which escape will be impossible."

It is needless to repeat the "general's" reply. He was firm in his determination to remain or to press on, until he met

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Perhaps Paraguay is derived from this native term.



with the cape or with a strait; and he solaced his crews with praises and promises. Still, it was not with the crew that the greatest discontent existed, the officers were deeply implicated. Of course there were many adherents to Magellan on board the vessels, and the contest was brought to a head by the conduct of those on board the St. Antonio, the ship of the second in command.

The mutiny broke out in the following way. A boat proceeding from the flag ship to the shore had orders to call on the St. Antonio, but when approaching that vessel the boat was hailed, and commanded to stand off, as "Gaspar de Quesada was in command" on board.

It then transpired that this captain of the Concepcion had boarded the other vessel during the night, had put the relative of Magellan in irons, and had released Captain Cartagena. The latter was then sent on board the Concepcion, while Quesada remained in command of the Antonio.

This change of officers was an error, as the original narrator remarks, because neither commander could hope to succeed with a new crew and men to whom he was quite a stranger. But the word went round the fleet that Magellan was a tyrant, and the vessels had mutined. The *Vitoria* then threw in her lot with the others, although many adherents of Magellan were on board of her.

Magellan had now a formidable *émeute* to deal with, but he grappled with the difficulty in his usual decisive and unscrupulous manner. He sent a small boat with a letter on board the *Vitoria*, and after it, at a little distance, an armed boat. The messenger had instructions to deliver the letter to Captain Mendoza, and to perform a certain action, in which he would be supported by the long-boat.

The man, Espinosa, carried out his instructions to the letter. He boarded the *Vi'oria*, and presented the note to the unsuspecting captain, who took it in good faith. As he was reading it, the messenger, resolutely carrying out his orders, stabbed him to the heart unawares. He fell dead on the

poop, and a clamour arose, but it was silenced by the appearance of the armed boat. Thus the *Vitoria* was gained over by the "general," and the opposition was reduced.

The fates favoured Magellan in his next step. He made ready both his vessels, and loaded the guns; then, all being prepared for action, he awaited events till daylight should unfold them. But in the dead of night the watch gave notice that the St. Antonio was bearing down upon the Trinidad!

The word to stand to the guns was given, and the men awaited the expected struggle at quarters. But the *Trinidal* did not wait to be attacked. She gave her consort a "peppering." Quesada rushed on deck and shouted to his crew; they stood aloof; and then the general boarded without resistance, and secured the mutineers. The fact was then ascertained that the *St. Antonio* was only involuntarily dragging her anchors, and had not intended any such attack as had been anticipated.

The Concepcion, left alone, wisely surrendered, and the mutiny came to an end. Gaspar I de Quesada was sentenced to death by strangulation, and his servant was to be hanged; but the latter escaped punishment on condition of strangling his master, an alternative he preferred. Juan Cartagena, and an accomplice, a priest, were put ashore to die by starvation. The remainder of the mutineers were pardoned, being necessary to navigation. The ships were put in other hands, and Del Cano was lucky enough to remain pilot in the Concepcion, unpunished.

The mutiny having been effectually quelled, and authority re-established, the *Santiago* was despatched on a separate cruise, during which she found out a river, which was named Santa Cruz; but she did not proceed very far, as the weather was bad and winter was very boisterous.

Efforts were made to induce the natives to come on board, but to no purpose. The coast seemed to rise in terraces, and progress seemed easy, so the Spaniards landed, and called the place Patagon, from the terrace-like formation of the country.

Many writers affirm that the name of Patagonia is derived from the inhabitants, "big-footed," as they are; but Captain Markham declares that the name was applied with reference to the appearance of the land, and not to the formation of the feet of the "Indians" who inhabited it, though the tradition of the "Big Feet" still remains in circulation, because, as so many writers have stated, the inhabitants were possessed of big feet. The "Indians," when discovered, were named the Big Feet Indians, but it is very questionable whether Patagon means big-footed. Captain Markham, in remarking upon the derivation, distinctly repudiates the often-quoted origin of the name, and confirms the terrace theory.

Moreover, it would appear that the name was bestowed upon the land before the voyagers came into contact with the inhabitants, so we may, with some assurance, brush away the old theory of the nomenclature of Patagonia.

It was not till some time after the arrival of the squadron that the explorers, who had become tired of remaining idle on board, determined to land, notwithstanding the forbidding aspect of the country and the unfavourable weather. Icy blasts and chilling rain met the explorers, hail and sleet bit their faces; they could but compare the sunny climes above the line with the forbidding and tempestuous weather of these unknown seas. Even Columbus had not encountered such gales as these, when brains and limbs were equally chilled and numbed.

One day, then, the desire for discovery, or the necessity for exercise, induced a party to go ashore; and hardly had they landed when a peculiar individual was discerned in the distance. He appeared to be a very Orson, and his movements were curious. He began to dance in a grotesque manner, singing a strange chant. As he came nearer he indicated his subservience by casting earth on his head, and then in the same cheerful manner fearlessly approached.

The Spaniards stared at him with great curiosity and some surprise. He was tall and stout, clothedin skins; his face was

painted, his hands and arms discoloured. His weapons were a bow and flint-tipped arrows. As the Spaniards imitated his gesticulations, he seemed satisfied, and went on board the *Trinidad* with them, but he far surpassed even the tallest of the crew in height, for he overtopped him "from the waist upwards," says the chronicler.

Magellan gave the gigantic visitor food and drink, of which he partook, and seemed to relish them. The crew vied in supplying him with trumpery trinkets, which he accepted with



MAGELLAN'S VESSELS IN A STORM.

delight; but when one original genius held up a looking-glass for his inspection, the Patagonian fell back in terror and astonishment, and upset some of the men around him, on whom he may have trampled. This accident may have originated the belief in the "Big Feet" Indians by actual knowledge and experience of the race's peculiarities.

One other very interesting incident occurred when the crew shackled two of the Patagonians upon a subsequent occasion. The natives at first did not mind; but when they perceived that they were really prisoners, they shouted in alarm, and

called upon their god Selebos to deliver them. Selebos is familiar to readers of the Tempest, and it is presumed that Shakespeare had heard of this incident, and adopted the title in the play,—

## "O, Setebos, those be brave spirits indeed!"

Some others of the natives were secured, but with difficulty, and then only for a very brief period, for it took nine Europeans to bind one Patagonian, and even after that he broke his bonds and fled, escaping the missiles aimed at him by bounding sideways as he ran rapidly away. But two Patagonians were taken on board and carried away afterwards.

Magellan's squadron had been delayed five months in its winter quarters in St. Julian's Bay. We have a very meagre record of the manner in which the crews amused themselves during those chilly and tempestuous weeks, detained and ruled by the iron will and hands of their commander. He had made up his mind to explore every inlet and creek, for he was persuaded that some passage existed by means of which he would bring his vessels home around the world from the East.

Why he was so positive I cannot determine. Whether Behaim's maps or globe had inspired him I cannot say. Magellan is represented as having hidden a portion of the map from the Emperor Charles the Fifth, and it is certain that after the ships quitted St. Julian's, they searched diligently along the rocky coast, penetrating the inlets, doubling under headlands, but without any success: the same result—no thoroughfare.

Cape Fairweather must have been passed and the Gallagos River searched without any satisfactory result. Some fifty miles farther the white cliffs and another headland were seen arising from the swelling ocean. It was the day dedicated to St. Ursula and the eleven thousand Virgins when the farthest cape was sighted, and what more appropriate name than "Virgines" could be bestowed upon it.

So the commander set it down, and continued his voyage past the white cliffs, and where Dungeness Point imitates in the Southern Ocean the characteristics of the cliffs of Albion and the Kentish chalk.

A somewhat wide opening appealed to the daring Magellan. The wind being favourable, he entered the so-called bay and the "Narrows." The tide assisted him, for here the tides run with great force, and by his observations he began to feel more assured that the opening extended a great distance and caused a strong current.

The narrow channel widened after a while, and the water was found to be very deep. As night was approaching, the commander gave the signal for anchoring in the wide part of the strait; but the ships were compelled to run close in-shore for grappling ground, as the water still continued deeper in mid strait than had been anticipated.

As the vessels one by one brought up in the widened channel, the feelings of the crews must have been various. Landlocked by the desolate hills and by snow-clad mountains farther on; desolation, barrenness all around; the ocean behind them, in front a narrow unexplored channel full of dangers. Is it any wonder that the pilots, alarmed by the tides, counselled return to Spain.

"The provisions are running short," they pleaded; "the vessels are not seaworthy; the current is against us; let us go back."

This view was supported by others, and Magellan listened calmly to all that his men could advance that evening.

When they had had their say, he replied,—

"Ere I fail in my promise I will endure hardships far greater than any we have yet met with. I will eat the skins from the yards and the riggings. And, hearken! any of you who, in my hearing, speaks of returning to Spain by the way we have come hither, or who shall speak of returning because of the lack of food, shall be put to death!"

In this manner he replied, and dismissed the terrified deputation to wait for daylight.

When it appeared the vessels weighed and proceeded, amid

the grand and imposing scenery, westward. The mountains wreathed in snow, the rugged cliffs, the ever-varying width of the channel, narrowing until the explorers began to fear that it would close, then widening so that the despondents hailed the expanse as the ocean.

After this varied experience another opening was descried. Was it only another bay? To decide this question the "general" sent out two ships while he, with the others, remained at anchor, so undecided was he. His fears were aroused by a change in the weather which caused all the officers much anxiety. The storm raged, and as the messenger ships did not return, Magellan began to fear for their fate.

At length a column of smoke was observed to rise at some distance from the anchorage, and hopes were entertained that the crews of the pilot-ships had landed, and that there the survivors must be sought. Louder complaints and suggestions for the return were made. Why prolong such misery? The land was called "Tierra del Fuego" in consequence of the smoke they saw.

But in the midst of lamentation and despondency on account of their shipwrecked comrades the supposed lost vessels appeared, gaily decked in flags, and saluting the "general" with every indication of gladness. Hearts beat high. What did this portend but success? Had they seen a continued expanse at the end of the strait?

The joyful captains came on board the *Trinidad* and informed their commander that they had seen what they believed was open water, but had not penetrated so far. They preferred to return and tell the "general" of the discovery.

This was excellent news. The ships again sailed, and when the third bay which the pioneer ships had noticed had been gained, two channels were perceived, one opening to the southeast and the other to the south-west.

Magellan sent the St. Antonio and the Concepcion to ascertain if there existed any channel to the open sea, and the Antonio hurried off, seemingly very anxious to obey the orders

of the commander. But this was only a ruse on the part of the pilot, who, with his accomplices, as soon as he had got well away from the other ships, put the captain in irons and seized the vessel. The pilot, Emanuel Gomez, who had a grudge against Magellan, deserted him, and made his way back to Seville; but he gained nothing by his manœuvre.

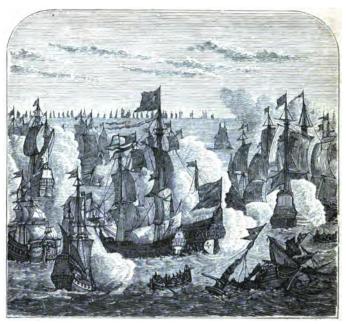
The Concepcion meantime kept a sharp look-out, cruising in the south-east channel, while the Trinidad and her other consort entered the south-western strait, and anchored in a river which Magellan named Sardine River. After a while, and hearing nothing from the missing vessels, a boat was despatched on a search, and the outlet of the channel into the ocean was thus discovered.

The boat gained the cape at the extremity of the channel, and passing it beheld the enormous expanse of the South Sea lying extended to the west and north and south. The strait had been passed; the communication between the openings had been at length established. Fortune had favoured them indeed!

The discoverers named the cape "Il Cabo Deseado," or the desired headland, and the narrator of the circumstance naïvely adds, "We wept for joy . . . for in truth we had long wished to see it." The headland is now known as Cape Pilar.

Great delight and a fervent thanksgiving resulted, but the sudden disappearance of the St. Antonio alarmed the crews and officers of the three ships, which searched diligently for their consort. A flag was hoisted in a prominent spot, and an indication of the course the ships had followed was added, but of course to no purpose. Then the three ships sailed in company out of the "Strait of the Patagonians," in which they had been struggling for about four weeks.





FLEET OF THE TIME OF CHARLES V

## CHAPTER XIII

THE SOUTH SEA CALLED THE PACIFIC.—A LONG VOYAGE.—THE LADRONES OR ROBBER ISLES. — DEATH OF MAGELLAN. — RETURN OF THE SHIPS.—LOYASADA'S EXPEDITION.

T last! The South Sea lay extended in placid beauty as far as the eyes of the delighted voyagers could reach! They could now bid farewell to the chilly, tempestuous climate in which they had been

scarching so long. The strait is reported to contain "at every half league a safe port with excellent water, cedar-wood, sardines, and a great abundance of shell-fish." But some later

experiences in the Straits of Magellan and Tierra del Fuego have been fearful, notwithstanding.

The ships sailed a northerly course in the ocean they called "Pacific," though their first day's experiences were not pleasant. However, the general features of the sea were smooth enough to merit the title, and the sea was crossed until a small solitary and deserted island was sighted, January, 1521.

In the Ocean, remarks Pigafetta, "we sailed the space of three months and twenty days without tasting any fresh provisions." The stores had dwindled, and become almost uneatable. The biscuit was "dust," "the worms" (weevils) "having consumed the substance." The "water we were obliged to drink was also putrid and offensive." To such extremities were the people reduced, that the leather coverings of the sails, as Magellan had threatened, and even the mice in the hold, were devoured with avidity, if not with relish, and the mice sold for half a ducat a-piece!

Then, to make matters worse, scurvy set in and several men died; the Patagonian giant who had been retained on board ship also succumbed, and was baptized Pablo. In his memory the islet, just mentioned, was named. In the voyage of four thousand leagues only two desert islands were discovered, and they were called "The Unfortunate Islands," though many leagues separated them.

The expedition seems to have made about sixty leagues a day, but their sufferings were so great that the narrator thinks "that no one for the future will venture upon such a voyage"; but Loyasa in 1526, and, half a century afterwards, Drake, crossed the Pacific, with their squadrons.

It was the 6th of March, three months and twenty days after the miserable crews had passed out of the Patagonian strait into even greater straits upon the Ocean. On that redletter day the look-out men discerned three small islands, a welcome cluster of pearls set in the sapphire sea.

A thrill of delight pervaded the unhappy Spaniards as the vessels, heading for the land, enabled them to perceive huts

and trees. The islands were inhabited! Those who could no longer masticate wiped their gum-grown teeth and parched white lips, for vegetables and fruits would soon be in their grasp.

Three pretty islands! The signal to anchor was displayed, and under shelter of the largest isle the three ships lay to, while canoes came in numbers, filled with naked natives bringing yams and cocoa-nuts and rice. The canoes were of planks sewn together with a fibre, and supported by outriggers; the sails were of broad leaves, and these primitive vessels were steered by a rudder fixed upon a pole.

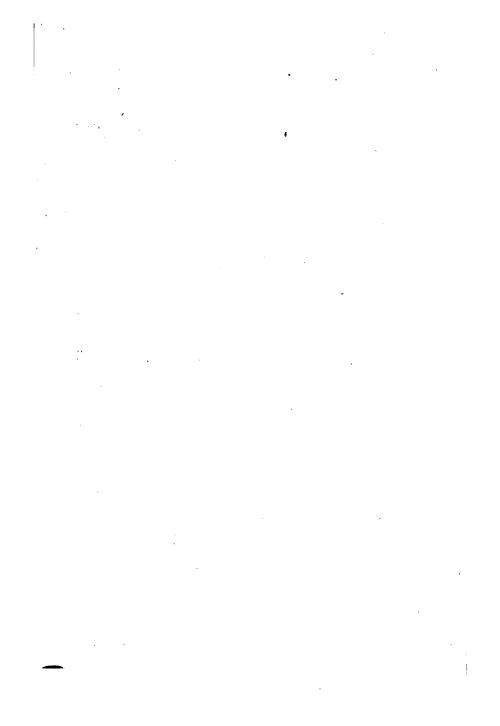
Satisfaction on one side was met by surprise on the other. The Spaniards landed, and were well received; the natives boarded the ships, and exhibited a strong disposition to appropriate the property of the visitors. In vain the Europeans endeavoured to impress upon them the difference between meum and tuum, in vain the pilfered articles were forcibly taken from the natives. Many things were stolen in the most innocently artful manner, and the Spaniards soon perceived that "picking and stealing" was the most natural, if not the most original, sin of the islanders!

The Spaniards—particularly the Spaniards of old Spain—were not exactly "worms," and they soon turned. The cool impudence of the islanders in stealing a ship's boat brought matters to a crisis. Hospitality was one thing, but robbery wholesale by hosts was another, so Magellan discovered a way to punish the natives. He took a party ashore, burned some wooden huts and killed a few thieves.

This caused a disagreement, and after a while the ships weighed anchor, and quitted the islands, to which they gave the name of Ladrones, or Islands of Robbers, by which name they are known unto this day.

Once again at sea, they came upon a charming island, which they named Good Signs. It was inhabited, but delightful, and cultivated, no doubt by the natives of other islands, who came to barter and to sell. These people were much better behaved

THE LADRONE ISLANDS,



than the Ladrones; they oiled and perfumed themselves, and were armed, so they had arrived at a certain pitch of civilization. The islands, then visited for the first time by Europeans, are a part of the Philippines, and that near which the squadron anchored was called Humuna.

Sailing to another island (Mazagua), the Spaniards became friendly with the Rajah, or ruler, who was astonished with the armour worn by the strangers. Magellan, who, like Columbus, was imbued with the idea of making the savages Christians, endeavoured with some success to proselytize these people; the Christian Rajah accompanied the Spaniards to another island (Zebu), where many men and women embraced Christianity, and were re-named by the Spaniards. In addition to this, they paid a tribute to the Spanish King, and acknowledged him as their sovereign. Those who did not do so were dealt with as all fanatics who howl for "liberty" and "toleration" deal with their opponents—they attacked and cowed them by superior force, like Templars.

Unfortunately for Magellan, the Rajah of Matan, an island not very far from Zebu, did not care to recognise the authority of the strangers to interfere with him. He preferred to manage his business for himself, though perfectly polite and hospitable.

But this did not suit the Spanish people nor their Portuguese leader. Magellan determined to teach the Rajah a lesson in old-world politeness, and though repeatedly warned by his officers of the danger of provoking a conflict, the commander insisted on his own way. If the Matanians would not embrace his notions, they must be compelled to do so. Intolerance is a true characteristic of your bigot, be he what he may.

So Magellan attacked the natives with an armed force, but did not reckon upon such a stout resistance. The Spaniards were obliged to retreat. The natives, perceiving that the armour did not extend to the lower limbs of their enemies, aimed at their legs, and so rendered many hors-de-combat. At length Magellan himself, while bravely attempting to save his men, was severely wounded. A lance was thrust through his

visor, his right arm was disabled, and he was hurried off to the boats. But, as in the case of Captain Cook a couple of centuries later, he was severely wounded, and fell in the water. His companions either could not, or were afraid to, rescue him, and he was slain, his dead body being carried off by the savages. The Rajah of Zebu fortunately arrived with his canoes in time to rescue the survivors, whom they despised for having been beaten, and Christianity was at a discount after that time.

Thus died Ferdinand Magellan, a brave and able, if obstinate, man. But it must be remembered, if he be condemned for obstinacy, that this very quality had enabled him to persevere in the attempt to discover the strait which bears his name, and to control the passions of his crews. He seems to have acted honestly according to his light, and that is a good deal in his favour, though he paid the penalty of his unwarranted interference and fanaticism, which some think was a fate his intolerance richly merited then, and would deserve now.

The consequences were very nearly being fatal to the whole expedition, for the Rajah of Zebu, whose Christianity had received such a shock by the defeat of his allies, thought to outwit the foreigner. Instigated by an interpreter, the Rajah made ready a banquet, and bade Juan Serrano, the new chief of the expedition, and his officers, pilots, etc., to the feast. He had promised a handsome tribute to the Emperor Charles, so Serrano and his officers attended the summons, and went ashore.

The Rajah had made his preparations to seize the officers first, and the ships after, but as the party was ascending to the palace, one or two suspicious circumstances struck the pilots Carvalho and Del Cano. Conferring together, they determined to fall out, and to return on board; so they took their boats, and were pulled back to the ships—only just in time. For scarcely had they gained the deck, than the uproar on shore indicated conflict. The Europeans came back to the shore, retreating and fighting, surrounded by treacherous

natives. The ships' guns were brought to bear on them, as in the case of Drake and the Spaniards later, but with small effect, for the treacherous natives paid little attention to the cannonade. Whatever their loss of life, the unfortunate guests suffered more, for they were seized, and in many cases slain. Some were bound; amongst them was Serrano, one of the captains, who was kept as a hostage, and hurried down to the beach to cry to his comrades on board the ships for rescue.

But they paid no attention to that. The terms included the surrender of the guns and ammunition, thus rendering themselves practically helpless. To this the pilots would not agree; they turned a deaf ear to their unfortunate commander, and made preparations for weighing anchor. In vain Juan Sorrano shouted to the ships; Carvalho and Del Cano could not possibly comply with the terms demanded. There was no guarantee either that the Rajah would carry out any conditions made; so, overpowered, they sailed away, leaving their chief in the hands of the Rajah of Zebu, as the late commander had been left in the hands of the Rajah of Matan.

The reasonable excuse for this desertion of the best sailor in the squadron was the diminished numbers of the crews. What became of the men who escaped death at the hands of the natives is not certain. There was a rumour that some Spaniards were sold as slaves in China a few years afterwards, but whether they were the miserable survivors of the betrayed officers of Magellan's squadron we have not been able to ascertain; the chances are that they were.

The adventurers sailed for the Spice Islands; and at Bohul, where the vessels were overhauled, the condition of the Concepcion was found so leaky, and the crews of all three ships so greatly diminished, that arrangements were made for breaking up the Concepcion, and for transferring her stores, guns, and crew to the Trinidad and the Vitoria. The Trinidad herself was by no means in first-rate condition; and, in fact, she never reached Spain again.

The voyage homeward was continued, but although many

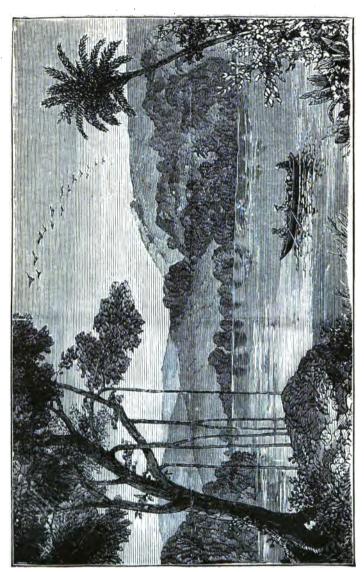
(to the voyagers) novel features were noticed and commented upon, the recital of them would hardly be deemed novel now. They landed on beautiful islands, where gold and precious stones appeared in abundance, but articles far more desirable, namely, supplies of provisions, were wanting. We read of the puff-dart, the poisoned weapon of the islanders, and of the daggers ornamented with jewels, but these were poor satisfaction to hungry sailors, who were glad to proceed to Borneo, where the Rajah—a Moor—was disposed to be friendly.

Here many curious ceremonies were performed before the visitors could gain an audience with the prince. No one was permitted to address him in person. If any one wished to "interview" the ruler, he was compelled to "gain his ear" literally by a kind of game which in the society of children at Christmas parties is termed "Scandal."

For instance, if a petition had to be presented, the petitioner in the outer chamber was compelled to whisper his wishes into the ear of a courtier on duty. This gentleman passed it on, presumably, as he received it, to another official of still higher rank. This personage then whispered the message into a tube or cane let into the partition, a kind of "Dionysius' Ear," to the Secretary of State in attendance. By this supreme functionary the petition was conveyed to the Rajah himself—probably in a garbled fashion, as our experience of such a process would indicate.

But, however, the desire of the newcomers to trade was granted. The relations with the Rajah was extremely friendly, and by way of endorsing these the Spaniards took advantage of his trust to seize several valuable junks and their contents, and to sail away with those who happened to be on board at the time.

On this portion of the voyage the crews again asserted themselves, and rejected Carvalho as their leader. They chose the pilot, Sebastian del Cano, as captain-in-chief, and to him was eventually awarded the recompense for having been the first person to circumnavigate the globe.



When the Island of Combuhan was at length reached, the Spaniards again hove down their craft and repaired them. An immense tract of ocean still separated them from home. They were in great distress, notwithstanding all their plunder, and wanted clothing, even in those climates. When repairs had been finished they sailed again, and met with such bad weather that vows were made to Saint Elmo and other "storm deities" if the ships ever got home. The delight of the superstitious Spaniards when they saw the electric lamps flickering at the masts' heads can be imagined, for they then "knew" that their vows had been heard, and that the tempest would subside!

So it did within a few hours!

At length the long-desired Spice Islands, or Moluccas, were reached, and a tremendous trade was done in spices in exchange for cloth, knives, looking glasses, and other more or less innocent or offensive articles. There was one curious feature in this place. The water, although it issued warm from the source, became beautifully cool ere it reached the reservoir.

Here the first "Birds of Paradise" were found, and some specimens of this gaily-plumed bird were presented to the visitors for the acceptance of the Emperor Charles.

The Spaniards were well received at the Moluccas, and do not appear to have done any harm or betrayed their hosts on this occasion.

Having filled up the two vessels with spices, etc., the Spaniards sought to depart for home. The king of Tidore and Batchian had been most courteous, the former having lodged the merchandise in "a warehouse," and had even gone so far as to warn the people not to leave the house during the night.

On enquiry, it was ascertained that his reason for this warnng was because there were certain islanders who, by means of ointments, assumed the figures of men without heads, who, if they met any one they disliked, laid hold of and anointed his palm with the unguents and caused his death.

From these terrible headless monsters the Spaniards were

fortunately delivered! The narrative does not speculate whether these "headless islanders" were merely men whose heads were wrapped in some covering; but, no doubt, they were dangerous gentlemen to encounter in the dark.

A curious custom of the Spice Islands is related by Pigafetta as follows:—

"Before any new house is inhabited it is customary to surround it with a large fire, and give several entertainments, afterwards a specimen of every good thing produced in the island is fastened to the roof, and the people are then persuaded that the person who is to inhabit the house will never want for anything."



FUEGIAN CANOE.

And very likely they would not want, for this is an excellent "furnishing system," and one which might be, with advantage, copied, in some respects, in civilized countries. In England there would be drawbacks, for the scamped and jerry-built houses of the modern "working-man" would never sustain specimens of the "products of the island." Fancy a fine locomotive, or a 100 ton gun, planted on the roof amidst baskets of Southdown mutton, vegetables, oxen, coal, furniture, an ironclad, and an Atlantic "greyhound," with, perhaps, a Home Ruler as specimens of products of this country! After all, civilization has its drawbacks! Let us resume.

Everything was soon ready for the departure of the ships. The *Vitoria* sailed first under the command of Del Cano, and

lay outside to await the *Trinidad*. She was a long time weighing, and when weighed was found wanting.

The Vitoria then returned to her assistance, when the discovery was made that the poor Trinidad was leaking badly in the hold. Every effort was made to discover and stop the leak, but ineffectually. The king came down and set divers to work; but even these experienced fellows could find no leak, though capable of remaining under water half an hour.

Other and longer-winded divers were then procured by the king of Tidore, and they let their long hair stream out beneath the surface, hoping that the suction of the water would indicate the whereabouts of the leak. But all to no purpose; and after the king had volunteered even to go to Spain and explain matters, the two captains agreed to separate.

Then those who intended to return went on board the *Vitoria*, though some elected to remain. A quantity of the cargo was put ashore to make room for the extra hands, but Juan Carvajo and fifty Europeans stayed on the island. The *Trinidad* was subsequently captured by the Portuguese.

The Vitoria, which alone was destined to accomplish the great undertaking, sailed on Saturday, 21st December, 1521, for Spain. The crew and commander were seasoned and experienced men, with native pilots and a trained master to compensate in some measure for the unseaworthy and roughly rigged ship, want of knowledge of navigation, and other dangers. But these sea-dogs never flinched. They put out into an unknown sea swarming with enemies, and boldly shaped their course homewards.

The pilots took them safely amidst the islands, many of which they visited, including Borneo, Timor, and Java. They found many curious customs rife, and their account of China is amusing. One feature of the Emperor is peculiar. In his palace he has four prime ministers, each of whom gives audience in one of the four fronts of it. If any lord show signs of disaffection he is flayed alive, the skin is dried and stuffed, and the individual placed in a reverential attitude in the public square.

The ruler never shows himself. He is carried on a "peacock," attended by six females, all being dressed exactly alike; no one can recognise him. He then places himself within the hollow image of a serpent, superbly decorated, which has a glass window in its breast, through which the king can see what he pleases without being seen himself.

This Emperor, whose name was Santsa Rajah, seems to have been of a somewhat nervous temperament. We read that "his palace is surrounded by seven walls; to every wall are ten thousand guards which are relieved every twelve hours,"—a pretty considerable army was needed. Besides, each wall has a gate, and each gate its guard. The arrangement is peculiar.

"At the first gate is a man with a large whip in his hand.

At the second gate is a dog.

At the third gate is a man with an iron club.

At the fourth gate a man with bows and arrows.

At the fifth gate again another with a lance.

At the sixth gate a lion.

At the seventh gate two white elephants."

These are some of the marvels reported, and many more might be enumerated. But the *Vitoria* must proceed home. and every effort was made to reach it safely.

The voyage home round the Cape of Good Hope was, according to trustworthy accounts, signalised by many acts of wanton piracy. Whenever the Spaniards in the *Vitoria* came across a vessel which the captain believed that he could with impunity attack, he seems to have had no scruples whatever in robbing. The crew appropriated all that they could seize. But notwithstanding all his efforts, the commander was not able to escape from the mutterings of mutiny on this voyage. It is doubtful what would have been his fate had he not had the presence of mind to hold up the Portuguese Bogie to his followers. But for fear of being taken prisoners at Mozambique by their rivals, the crew would have put in there, and had they done so there might have been a very different termination to

the voyage, and the circumnavigation might never have been accomplished by Del Cano.

On the 6th of May, 1522, the Cape of Good Hope was on the starboard beam, and if any vessel had boarded the *Vitoria* she would have made but an ineffectual resistance. The greatly reduced crew were almost decimated by sickness, and the want of food was terribly felt. The refusal of the commander to put into Mozambique had told fearfully. Gaunt, spectre-like forms staggered about the decks, or lay down to die in the waist, whence they were thrown to the sharks and the pilot fish.

Famine now literally stared them in the face. It was impossible for them to hold out until Spain could be reached, and when at length the Cape Verde Isles were languidly sighted, it became only a question of death at the hands of the inimical Portuguese there, or by famine at sea. The lesser evil, as it appeared, was chosen. The *Vitoria*, looking anything but victorious, put into port at Santiago, and the crew trusted to the mercies of their powerful rivals. They were satisfied, but when able to compare notes the captain found that he had somehow missed a whole day in his reckoning!

Wednesday, the 9th of July, had in some extraordinary manner become Thursday, the 10th. Captain Sebastian del Cano perceived, as an imaginary hero afterwards discovered in going "Round the World in Eighty Days," that a day is gained or lost in the course of a journey about the earth, according as one sails with or against the sun. Our voyager had sailed with the sun, and had therefore lost a day.

The Portuguese residents were very naturally anxious to ascertain whence these haggard and belated voyagers had come. But Del Cano enjoined perfect silence respecting their journeyings. Yet from small causes great events arise. The simple fact of the offer of a few spices in payment of a meal "let the cat out of the bag!" The jealous Portuguese with the spices "smelt a rat!" The men who had tendered payment were in no good odour notwithstanding. They were

arrested, and arrangements for seizing the Vitoria were quickly made by the Portuguese.

Sebastian del Cano was equal to the emergency. He did not wait for his men. Suspecting something in consequence of their absence, and in the behaviour of the inhabitants, he slipped his cable, and put to sea before the Portuguese could prevent him.

This prompt action saved his reputation.

Sadly reduced in numbers, the Europeans made their way slowly to Spain. For two months the *Vitoria* struggled to gain St. Lucar. But at length perseverance was rewarded. In September, 1522, the desired haven was sighted, and reached, after an absence of nearly three years, and a voyage of nearly forty-four thousand miles! <sup>1</sup>

"Nothing wonderful," some will say. Only about fourteen thousand six hundred miles a year! What is that? About forty miles a day! Forty miles a day, "including stoppages," of course, and if it were a hundred miles in four-and-twenty hours, on an average, do not we now do our four hundred or five hundred miles in the same time? Yes; but "look on this picture and on this!" Compare the appliances, the difficulties, the knowledge, the want of it, the vessels, the performances of the captains, and say which, with all its benefits or drawbacks, is the worthier. There is practically no comparison permissible. Del Cano's was a splendid record, yet who hears of him? To Magellan the feat of the first voyage round the world is popularly ascribed, but though he initiated it he never completed it. To Sebastian del Cano was given the reward, and the proud motto—the globe for a crest— "Tu Primus Circumdedisti me."2

Seville was reached by the river on the 8th of the month of September. Up the poetic Guadalquivir to the old Moorish city, the birthplace of Murillo and Velasquez, came the sur-

" You first encompassed me."

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> The distance was computed at 14,600 leagues in a little less than three years.

viving vessel of the squadron amidst cheers and congratulations, while the only eighteen survivors of its crew of sixty hands walked barefoot in procession to the grand cathedral to offer thanks for their marvellous preservation and their safe return. The captain, crew, and the vessel were the heroes of the time. Prince and people vied in extending their appreciation to the former, while the *Vitoria*, truly victorious, has had the unstinted praise of the historian and the poet, and will for ever occupy "a niche in the temple of Fame" in "a golden shrine," in the hearts of the Spaniards; but alas! for the ship herself, she lies "full fathom five" in the "dark Atlantic" ocean, where she was lost on a voyage homewards in later years.

Better had she been kept by the grateful nation on the placid Guadalquivir, as was the other immortal *Victory* of the British fleet, at Spithead, than sent out to San Domingo to perish on a trading trip!

"Primus circumdedisti me!" A proud and worthy motto for the vessel and her commander, Del Cano, who deserves a few words of notice, as he actually, though accidentally, so to speak, was the pioneer of voyages round the world. He taught mankind that the globe was round, not flat; that the East and West were united, if divided, by a belt of ocean; and that there were many strange lands, quaint customs, and probably other still undiscovered territory in the great South Sea.

This first circumnavigator is hardly ever mentioned save as a pilot. His achievements are concealed within the halo of the glory of Magellan, who had so boldly initiated, and would certainly have completed, the voyage, had he curbed his temper, and not despised his opponents.

Sebastian del Cano, as stated by Captain Markham, who claims the merit of having been the first to write an account of his career, was a native of Guetaria in Spain, a member of a Basque family. He was a born sailor, as the phrase is, accustomed from his earliest boyhood to encounter the seas

in the fishing keels of the period, whaling in the Bay, and learning the virtues of self-denial and endurance every day.

In the course of time, Sebastian del Cano made several voyages, but his great expedition, which led to his misfortune, as he deemed it, was to Oran in command of a 200 ton ship. This craft he sold, as we have stated, and having thus forfeited his chances he was turned adrift in the world with no prospect of reaching shelter. Fortunately he ran aground at Seville, almost a wreck, but he managed to get afloat again. The success which succeeded has been recorded.

This did not content our voyager, however. Although he had quitted San Lucar "under a cloud," as we may say, he returned in such a glorious fashion that he dazzled his peers and his relations in Guetaria. But ere the halo had dimmed its lustre the Emperor Charles again summoned his faithful Cano, and appointed him second in command of another expedition, under Don Garcia de Loyasa, consisting of seven ships.

The Spaniards now claimed the Straits of Magellan as their own exclusive property, as well as the Moluccas, and it was suggested that a fleet be sent thither every year—this was the "King of Spain's fleet"—of which we shall hear more anon. John of Portugal was by no means satisfied with this little arrangement. He sent ambassadors to Charles V. and requested him to delay his little project, which it was agreed to do; but nothing else was agreed.

As might have been, and as probably was, anticipated the commissioners appointed to discuss the rival claims did not agree. The council broke up, the Spaniards declaring that the claim was decided in their favour, and the Portuguese vowing to harry every Spaniard they found in the Moluccas.

There was something to be said for both sides. The Spaniards had heard of the fate of the *Trinidad* of Magellan, and wished to assert themselves. The Portuguese really had prior claim, that of discovery, and when both parties are as inflammable as tinder it does not require a very big spark to

set them burning. The Spanish had discovered a route through South America—was there not one through Panama?

Estevan Gomez set out to discover it, but of course did not find it, and returned with only a few slaves instead of cloves as at first reported—a circumstance which caused disappointment.<sup>1</sup>

Two expeditions to the Magellan Straits were reported to have been undertaken before 1525, when Loyasa went out with Sebastian del Cano, but these statements require confirmation. Certainly Loyasa's was the next in importance to Magellan's voyage.

The expedition consisted of seven vessels, namely the Santa Maria de Vitoria, 300 tons; the Santi Spiritus, 200 tons; the Annunciada, 170 tons; the San Gabriel, 130 tons; the Santa Maria del Parrel, 80 tons; the San Lesines, 80 tons; and a pinnace named the Pataca, or "Patagonian."

They sighted Cape Virgines after a fair voyage, where the Santi Spiritus, Del Cano's ship was driven ashore by the tempest, while waiting for a reconnoitring boat. Some men were missed, but no serious loss of life occurred. They found that the so fancied strait was only a river since known as the Gallegos, and, as since recognised, Capo Buen Tempo or Fair Weather is sometimes mistaken for the Capo Virgines.

The ships met in the strait—all but the Santi Spiritus which was a wreck—and some land to the southward was discovered, supposed now to be Staten Land. Bad weather was encountered, and only four of the seven vessels sailed out into the South Sea. The squadron was separated, and the Vitoria, in which both the chiefs happened to be, steered north-west. Just after crossing the line Loyasa died, and Del Cano succumbed a few days later.

Loyasa died on the 1st of August, 1526, and Del Cano on the 4th. The loss of two such men was a terrible blow to the survivors, and when the bodies were committed to the

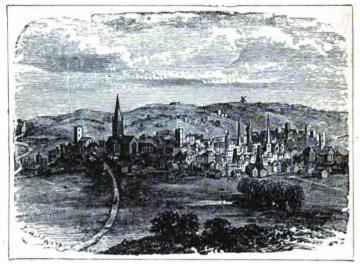
<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> He reported *Esclavos* (slaves) which was mistaken for *clavos* (cloves). Burney.

deep Pacific Ocean, no doubt these brave men went down with their faces turned to Heaven, as all true Christians were said to do when buried at sea in those days.

So passed away the first circumnavigator of our globe, whose memory is still green in Spain and particularly in Biscay. The expedition continued its course under other officers past the Ladrones in the track of Magellan. Other expeditions to the Spice Islands were meantime being fitted out by Spaniards, one under Sebastian Cabot and the other under Saavedra. Of the latter, and of the termination of Loyasa's voyage we cannot say much here; but concerning Sebastian Cabot we must enter into some detail, he being nearly related to our history.



SPANISH SHIPS OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.



BRISTOL: FROM AN OLD PRINT.

## CHAPTER XIV.

ANCIENT BRISTOL.—ITS POSITION.—THE CABOTS.—THE KING'S PATENT TO THEM.—VOYAGES AND ADVENTURES OF SEBASTAIN CABOT.

HE records of preceding navigations it has, no doubt, been perceived have related chiefly to the exploits of Portuguese and Spanish adventurers or of those employed by those States. The Venetians

and Genoese also were greatly addicted to navigation, if not to voyages of discovery, and as the years passed we find that the desire for knowledge extended northward, and that Great Britian put a finger into the pie of exploration, intending to pull out certain plums of advantage.

London was, of course, the centre of trade, but it was hardly pressed by Bristol in the race for wealth. As early as

the reign of Henry II. we read of Bristol or Bristowe. "It was then full of ships from Ireland, Norway, and every part of Europe, which brought thither great commerce and much foreign wealth." In fact, Bristol was accounted the Queen's Chamber as London was accounted the King's Chamber.¹ It "maintaineth the state of Government there at their own charges in most commendable sort."

In 1543 twelve ships sailed out of Bristol in the King's service "to assist at the siege of Bulloign." We read that Henry wished he had many ships like the *Thomas Pratts*, Gourneys and the like, viz. of 600 and 400 tons. But long ere that period, Bristol sent twenty-two ships and six hundred and eight men to assist at the siege of Calais (1347) against twenty five ships and six hundred and sixty-two men sent out of the Port of London. Next in order came Weymouth, with twenty ships.

It will be seen, then, that Bristol was early a great maritime centre, and reckoned on its rolls citizens of great wealth and importance. Amongst them William Canynges held a foremost place, and it is shown in the Chronicles how he was absolved specially by the Danish King, in 1450, from the observance of a treaty prohibiting trade with Iceland, Heligoland and Finmark.

The attraction of Bristol for merchants, who afterwards called themselves "Merchant Venturers," was sufficient to to induce a Genoese named John Cabot to come over and reside there. These merchants, who named their barks after them, the Thornes and others, heard of the successful exploits of the Spanish and Portuguese discoverers with some twinges of jealousy. The most interesting as well as the most popular subjects of study and instruction were Cosmography and Navigation. A halo of romance surrounded the deeds of these daring mariners. Youths of all grades burned to emulate the followers of Prince Henry of Portugal, whose ventures we have sketched; and when Columbus startled Europe with Richard III., Act 3, Scene I,

his discovery the blood of Bristol Merchants quickened apace.1

John Cabot was one of these men. He had three sons, of whom the most celebrated is Sebastian, the second in order. The father came to England "to follow the trade of mechandise." But he could not remain in Bristol City because some local Acts prevented any foreign trader from so staying more than forty days to sell his wares.

Under these circumstances John Cabot was compelled to move into the suburb "under the very shadow of old St. Mary, Redcliffe," his near neighbour being Canynge.<sup>2</sup> Here were born Sebastian and his younger brother, the former's birth-year being about 1474-5.

Some obscurity and much discussion surround the Cabots. Sebastian has often been claimed as a Genoese, but there is now no doubt that he was born in Bristol, though as he quitted the city with his father and went to Venice when four years old, some writers may term him a foreigner. It is however by some questioned whether John Cabot was not truly an Englishman.

It matters little whether he were or not. His son Sebastian was. He was a thorough sailor, and was included in the charter, or patent, granted by Henry the Seventh to John Cabot and his three sons, Lewis, Sebastian and Sanctus—or Sanctius—to sail to all parts and seas of the east, of the west, and of the north under our banners and ensigns . . . upon their own proper costs and charges." This patent concluded significantly with the clause—"So that the said John, etc., shall be held and bound to pay to us in wares or money the fifth part of the capital gain so gotten by every voyage, as often as they shall arrive at our port of Bristol, at which port they shall be bound only to arrive"!

There were many advantages granted in return, and the

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Thackeray in his quaint ballad of *Little Billie* represents his "three merchants as of Bristol City."

<sup>2</sup> See Nicholl's *Life of Cabot*.

Cabots acquiesced in the terms to subdue, occupy, and possess; and to be free from all payment of customs on such merchandise as they shall bring home from all such places newly found." 1

This patent is dated at Westminster in the eleventh year of Henry the Seventh, 1495-96.

It is somewhat remarkable that there should be any question whether Sebastian and his father, or John, with or without his son, had already sailed west and had sighted Newfoundland. Harris distinctly states that John Cabot and his son sailed in 1494 "upon discovery," and saw the "continent of Newfoundland, to which they gave the name of 'Prima Vista,' or first seen."

On the 24th of June, it is stated, "he went on shore on an island," which, because it was St. John's Day, he called St. John's. Upon his report of this discovery, the king, who was not likely to let another chance slip, granted the patent already mentioned.

But whether these statements can be substantiated is, after all, not a serious matter. We know that the ship which first touched the shores of America was the *Matthew* of Bristol, and it arrived upon the 21st of June, 1497, though the MS. quoted by Barrett says "on the 24th of June, St. John's Day, was Newfoundland found by Bristol men in a ship called the *Matthew*."

Sebastian Cabot is clearly the discoverer of the American continent, which we are aware was not seen by Columbus until 1498. It seems pretty clear that Cabot on his first voyage saw Newfoundland, and then sailed south, when "he sailed by (America) quite to Florida." The object of his expedition was to discover the north-west passage to India, but ice and new found land checked his northerly progress.

Another expedition was fitted out in 1498 in the mayoralty of William Purchas.

"This yeare one Sebastian Gabots, a Genoas man, borne in

Barrett: "History of Bristol."

Bristowe, caused the king to man and victual a ship at Bristowe, to search for an island which he knew to be replenished with rich commodities: in the ship divers merchants of London adventured small stocks, and in the company of this ship sailed also out of Bristowe three or foure small shippes." 1

In 1512 Sebastian Cabot entered the service of Spain. does not appear to have continued his discoveries, for Henry, by employing Portuguese in 1501, seems to have ignored Cabot; and there is no reliable evidence of his having resumed his voyages, unless he was one of the band of Englishmen who were met by Ojeda, who with Amerigo Vespucci reached America in 1499, on the first voyage of the Spaniards. bastian Cabot was then found prosecuting his third voyage," says Mr. Biddle; "yet while the name of one overspreads the New World, no bay, cape, or headland recalls the memory of the other. While the falsehoods of one have been diffused with triumphant success, England has suffered to moulder in obscurity, in one of the lanes of the metropolis, the very Record which establishes the discovery effected by her Great Seaman fourteen months before Columbus beheld the continent, and two years before the lucky Florentine had been west of the Canaries."

Cabot's second expedition, in 1498, was undertaken with three hundred men, and he "directed his course by Iceland upon the Cape of Labrador." But, as we would now expect, his course was impeded by ice, and he turned west from the Baccatos—that is, Labrador—coasting down the continent to the thirty-eighth degree, when he turned again in the direction of home.

His description of Labrador and of the Lapps is good. He says the land yields no fruit, the inhabitants wear beasts' skins and the intestines of animals for clothing, esteeming them as highly as we do our precious garments. Their weapons are bows and arrows, spears, darts, wooden clubs. The country is crowded with stags of unusual height and size (this is the first

mention of the reindeer), also with very large bears—and so on. The ice is represented as of "fresh water."

Thence, as stated, he returned and entered the service of Ferdinand of Spain. In 1515 he was appointed to discover the north-west route to the Indies, but as the king of Spain died just then, our voyager returned again to his native land, whence, in 1517, he furnished, and set out with, certain ships; having as supreme in command Sir Thomas Peet, who was an arrant coward in such voyages, and who seriously interfered with the discoveries which might have been made. For "if the mariners would then have been ruled and followed their pilot's mind, the land of the West Indies (i.e. Peru), from whence all the gold cometh, would have been ours." Sir Thomas was Vice-Admiral of England, but was sadly lacking in nerve for such an expedition.

Cabot had the idea of reaching the American coast "by the back of Newfoundland," as the worthy merchant Thorne expressed it. He writes: "And if they will take their course after they be past the pole towards the Occident, they shall go in the back side of Newfoundland . . . until they come to the back side and south seas of the Indies Occidental." The return was to be made through the "Straight" of Magellan.

The expedition set sail, and in the early part of June it reached lat. 67'30 N., where the sea was free from ice, and the ships proceeded into what the crews termed a "fret" or bay, by which they hoped to sail onward and westwards to fair Cathay. But the men after a while began to get out of hand and mutinous: the commander-in-chief grew timorous, so Cabot was compelled to turn back again. Later evidence, viewed by the light of Cabot's charts, has established the fact that the ships had entered what was afterwards called Hudson's Bay.

Thus, though Sebastian Cabot actually discovered the now United States of America, and first explored Hudson's Bay, no tribute was ever offered to him.

The expedition failed, and Sebastian Cabot, disliking idleness and finding no opening for his talents in England, quitted

it once more and offered himself to the Spanish monarch, Charles the Fifth, who had some speculation in his eye. Cabot was nominated Pilot-Major, and entered upon his duties in 1520.

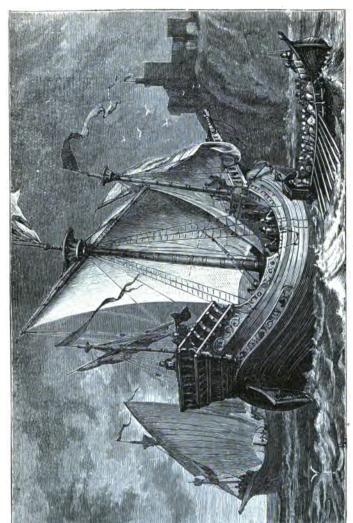
It was while he was in the Spanish service that the controversy regarding the claims to the Spice Islands by Portugal were advanced. The council broke up, and Cabot was desired to take command of an expedition, against which the Portuguese protested, and tried to delay it by every means in their power. It was not without difficulty that Cabot made his way. Some of his trusted assistants mutinied off Brazil, and had not the admiral asserted himself, he would have come off badly. But he acted promptly, sent the ringleaders ashore, and left them "marooned" on the coast, where they were afterwards found by the Portuguese, and sent back in a slaver with slaves.

These officers lodged a complaint with the Emperor, but Cabot explained the circumstances, and was fully acquitted; and much more important at the time was the fact that through all the rest of the voyage no one ventured to grumble again!

The gentlemen who had been so summarily dismissed were of good birth and experienced in voyaging. They had sailed in Magellan's expedition, and had come home in the *Vitoria* with the other Sebastian. Cabot, therefore, sent home one of his Englishmen to explain matters, and succeeded in satisfying the Emperor; though the "marooned" captains were men of influence and renown.

While his messenger or messengers were returning to Spain to explain the acts which Cabot had been compelled to execute, he himself made adventure up the grand La Plata River, which bore a somewhat evil reputation. For had not another pilot-major been killed, and some said devoured, by the cannibal "Indians" in that locality? <sup>1</sup> Therefore it behoved the commander of that new expedition to be wary, yet bold, firm,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> There is an island in the River St. Gabriel, where the historian states De Solis was buried. But if buried, he could hardly have been devoured first. Perhaps his bones only were placed in the grave.



ENGLISH SHIPS OF THE 15TH CENTURY.

cautious, and resolute. These qualities Cabot possessed. He made a dash up the La Plata River, which even in these days requires cautious navigation, and had an encounter with the natives.

Leaving his ships under the shelter of a small island, Cabot led his boats twenty miles farther up the river, where he found, and named, the San Salvador. He erected a fort there, not without some resistance on the part of the natives, who killed a few of the Spaniards. They sent a polite message to say that they would not eat the invaders, as they had already had a surfeit of De Solis and his party. Perhaps they did not agree with them!

But Sebastian the voyager heeded them not. He proceeded up the Parana River, and wherever he halted he erected a fort and placed a garrison in each. He in this manner secured his retreat to the ships. Continuing, he reached the junction of the Parana and Paraguay, and ascended the latter. On this route the Spaniards met with enemies, and had a sharp engagement with the natives, who lost quite a hundred men. But the voyagers lost a fourth of that number, a "butcher's bill" much too large, and one which they could by no means afford to pay. Cabot sent down his wounded to the fort of Sanctus Spiritus in charge of Señor Caro, to whom just then appeared Diego Garcia, a Portuguese in Spanish service, demanding its surrender! But this was refused. Garcia went on, and returned with Cabot after a while, having recognised Garcia's assumption of claims for rights of discovery, and possession, in the name of the Emperor, Charles the Fifth.

It was about this time that Sebastian sent home the envoys with his statement of the circumstances of the mutiny and of his discoveries up to that period—a rather uncertain one.

We may state that the Emperor having heard the evidence, sent word to Cabot to colonize, promising him pecuniary help. But misfortunes were gathering around. Ill-luck seems to have pursued the brave explorer almost everywhere, and if he succeeded in making a discovery he got no credit for it.

His evil genius still pursued him. He had made a treaty with the natives, had made friends with them, and the parties lived in peace. Unfortunately Garcia, who had sailed home with samples of the produce of the country, had left behind him some of his men who annoyed the savage Guaranis. They, not unnaturally, fastened the insult upon Cabot, and attacked him. Nothing less than the total extinction of the white people could now content the "Indians."

They made their arrangements rapidly and secretly; broke into the fort, and put all the garrison to death. Taken by surprise, Caro, the commander, was routed and slain; his troops massacred, and the fort dismantled. The enraged tribe then marched to St. Salvador, but Cabot, who was there, was on the watch. The Indians received a warm, but not a friendly, welcome. The Spaniards beat them off, and meantime despatched a warning to Sanctus Spiritus little recking of the truth.

When the party returned the sad news was told. Spiritus was a wreck, the garrison was dispersed or slain. This terrible news determined Cabot to leave the district. He had done much to civilize, or at any rate to reduce to obedience, the natives, and had taken possession of the valuable land abounding with precious metals and supplies. Yet he was destined once more to be supplanted. Pizarro the Cruel reduced the country when the Spanish Emperor, Charles, gave him the commission to be performed at his (Pizarro's) own cost.

After the destruction of one fort, and the angry attack upon the other, it seemed to Cabot that discretion should temper valour. His company was fearfully reduced, so he transported to his ships the necessary supplies, and returned to Europe, to Spain, and to England once more in 1548. But what he did save "make many voyages upon the sea," and remain in charge of his office of Pilot-Major, we are unable to ascertain.

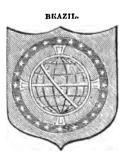
It is certain, however, that in the early days of the reign of young Edward, the sixth of his name, Cabot returned to England and became a *personâ gratâ* at Court, interesting the king hugely, for Edward was much addicted to the knowledge and practice of navigation and its history.

Sebastian Cabot lived a retired and useful life, instructing and assisting the king, with whom he acquired considerable influence, and giving the benefit of his long experience to the merchants of his native land.

The Emperor Charles was not content with this situation if Cabot were. The king sent a demand for his pilot's return, the said Emperor's pilot being a very necessary man for the Emperor, whose servant he was, and to whom he had given a pension.

The English minister replied that as Cabot was an Englishman he must do as he pleased. King Edward would not bid him go, and Cabot declined to go. The consequence was the Emperor deducted from the pilot the pension, and Edward gave him another of the value of £166 13s. 4d., in those days a considerable sum of money.

But for one Venture Cabot will be remembered as much as for his Voyages. We mean his formation of the "Mysterie and Companie of the Merchants Adventurers for the Discoverie of Regions, Dominions, Islands, and places unknowne," of which Society Cabot was the Governor.



ARMS OF BRAZIL



SCENE ON THE THAMES, 16TH CENTURY.

## CHAPTER XV.

SEARCH FOR THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.—SIR HUGH WILLOUGHBY AND CHANCELOR. — THEIR FATE. — END OF CABOT'S CAREER.—HIS DEATH.

HE expedition organised in 1553 was for the discovery of the north-west passage to Cathay. Three vessels were fitted out, and Sir Hugh Willoughby was appointed commander. Richard Chancelor

commanded the *Edward Bonadventure*, and the attempt was intended to be a complete success. At any rate every precaution was taken for the safety of the ships, even to sheathing them with lead to keep the timbers free from the ravages of worms in the South Sea.

It will thus be perceived that the projectors did not recognise

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the word "fail." On the 20th of May the vessels dropped down to Greenwich, "the greater shippes being towed with boats and oares, and the Mariners, being all apparelled in Watchet, or skie-colored cloth, rowed amaine, and made way with diligence."

The sight must have been a pretty and a stirring one; and as the ships were nearing Greenwich, where the Court then was, the courtiers came running out; the populace crowded the shore; the Council looked out of window, or from the towers. The ships fired a salute, the valleys and the water returned the echoes, and the "Mariners they shouted in such sort that the skie rang again with the noise thereof."

The said Mariners distinguished themselves by climbing the "shrowds;" one stood upon the main-yard, and another "on the top of the shippe," which we should now designate the main-truck. The only drawback to the festivity and enjoyment of the afternoon was the illness of the young King; and not long "after the departure of the shippes, the lamentable and most sorrowful accident of his death followed."

The voyage was continued, but not with the evidence of high spirits which might have been expected. Melancholy sat upon the forecastle and regret upon the poop. The thoughts of England, home and beauty, of relatives and friends, intruded greatly; many looked back, many could not refrain from tears. The unknown was before them, and as the men were only paid for the voyage, we can understand that they would endeavour to shorten it as much as possible. The Spaniards, we believe, and other maritime nations, paid their men so much a month, so the longer they remained the more lucrative was the pay.

A rendezvous was arranged for the Castle of Wardhouse in Norway, and scarcely had the arrangement been made when a violent storm arose and separated the ships. This separation proved final and fatal to Sir Hugh and his men on board the two ships, *Bona Esperanza*, and *Bona Constantia*.

They were unable to proceed eastward, and after battling

with the "elements" for some time, were compelled to make the shores of Lapland for winter quarters. The arrangements were commenced in September; but even if completed they were insufficient, for the climate laid its cold hands upon the gallant band, and one by one they sank into that deadly sleep which knows no waking.

Though with rapidly diminishing numbers the gallant commander, with freezing fingers, kept his diary or log of those darksome days. Nothing more touching than this, save the incident of the solitary traveller who was lost on Mont Blanc can be recorded. He also kept a diary until the cold numbed his hands and brain; and so it must have been with bold Sir Hugh and his ships' companies.

Many years afterwards the vessels were discovered, but of course no living thing was found. A will, dated January, 1554, indicated approximately the end of the struggle, but the Diary or Journal tells how the ships are surrounded by unknown and wonderful wild beasts which were assembling in fearful numbers!

We cannot penetrate the veil of gloomy uncertainty which hangs over the end of these men. The wild and wonderful beasts probably attacked them, and devoured all those whom the cold had spared. We have no mention of skeletons in the snow, nor of dead bodies; but whatever the end, the Ice King asserted himself, and claimed his victims.

The narrative gives a straightforward picture of the vessels coasting the desolate shore, sounding as they proceeded, and finally bringing up in six fathoms in a certain haven said to be Arzina, in Lapland, near unto Kegor. "This haven runneth into the main 1 about two leagues, and is in breadth half a league, wherein were very many sealefishes, and other great fishes, and upon the main we saw bears, great deere, foxes, with divers strange beasts as gulvines."

Several excursions were made with the intention to discover some inhabitants, but without any success in any direction.

<sup>1</sup> The main land.

The land seemed quite deserted, and all the men returned without finding any people or any similitude of habitation.

Then the brave fellows disappear from our view, and the snow wreaths shroud them.

Master Chancelor meanwhile was more successful. He managed to gain the rendezvous, ignoring the advice of some cautious Scots in a fishing-boat, who suggested to him the abandonment of his voyage. But the captain of the *Bonadventure* stuck to his guns. He "determined either to bring that to pass which was intended, or else to die the death!"

Chancelor was well supported by his men, who were imbued with the resolute spirit of the commander, and "prepared to make proof and triall of all adventures without all feare or mistrust of future dangers."

So they sailed on to "that unknown part of the world, and sailed so far that they came at last to the place where they found no night at all, but a continual light and brilliancy, the sun shining upon the huge and mighty sea."

They entered this sea and came to an immense bay, wherein they entered somewhat far and cast anchor. They soon espied a fishing-boat, and interviewed the strangers with so much gentleness and courtesy, according to Cabot's strict instructions, that the Muscovites were quite pleased to see "the strange nation of a singular gentleness and courtesie," and the common people came together offering to those "new-come guests" victuals freely.

Thus was traffic with Russia inaugurated by the Merchant Adventurers, who obtained a charter which can be read in Hakluyt, wherein can be seen the divers conditions, agreements and privileges, and the account of the arrival of the Russian Ambassador from "John Vasilivich, by the grace of God, Emperor of Russia," who was conducted through "the Citie of London to his lodging situate in Fant-church streete," where two rooms had been provided for him! Two chambers richly hanged and decked, over and above the gallant furniture of the whole house!

By these and other means, directly attributed to Sebastian Cabot, trade was made in various directions and commercial enterprise was set on foot, largely to the benefit of Great Britain.

But this very prosperity and, above all, a jealousy of the individual who had upraised it, brought about most important maritime quarrels. Edward the Sixth died soon after Sir Hugh Willoughby's fleet had sailed; then morose Mary came to the throne, and subsequently wedded the suspicious and bigoted Philip of Spain.

Such an alliance was particularly unfortunate, not only being

opposed to British Protestant principles, but also to voyagers and adventurous rivals of the Spaniards. To Cabot the results were most disastrous, for Philip was now his sovereign, and regarded him as a deserter from Spain. Philip naturally would attempt to thwart Cabot, and the disappearance of all Cabot's charts, maps, and discourses is attributed to the influence of Mary's husband, who obtained them from one William Worthington, to whom they were entrusted by Cabot for safe keeping.



PHILIP II. OF SPAIN.

Spain was very desirous to keep all the knowledge of the distant seas and foreign countries in her own hands as much as possible. She desired universal dominion, and resented, almost as a personal insult to her king, any attempts on the part of other nations to enter upon voyages of discovery.

Cabot, having particular knowledge and great experience, was a formidable opponent; and as Philip could hardly put him out of the way, he determined to cripple him, or, at any rate, hamper his would-be successors, by obtaining possession of his maps, and documents, and discourses.

After the accession of Mary to the English throne, this

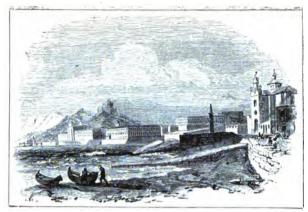
truly remarkable man seems to have dropped out of sight. He took interest in navigation and all such enterprise to the last, and worthy Richard Eden, who attended him on his deathbed, refers to Cabot's idea of "a Divine revelation to him for finding the longitude," which he was not permitted to disclose; a myth for which Eden condemns him as one who could not "even in the article of death" divest himself of all worldly vain-glory. But it proves only that the ruling passion was strong in death; for Cabot was no miser of his plans and ideas, and such "closeness" of mind was only a proof of decaying faculty.

The old navigator, supposed to be eighty years of age, died, presumably, in London, sixty one years after the first patent had been granted to him by Henry the Seventh, in 1496. It is curious, not to use any stronger term, that neither the place of the death, nor that of the interment, of such a remarkable man is known. Even the year of his demise is conjectural—1557.

Biddle says, in contemplating his character, that "the claims of England in the New World have been uniformly and justly rested on his discoveries. The English language would probably be spoken in no part of America but for Sebastian Cabot. The commerce of England and her navy are admitted to have been deeply and incalculably his debtors. He gave a continent to England, yet no one can point to the few feet of earth she has allowed him in return."

" Memoirs of Cabot."





CARTHAGENA.

## CHAPTER XVI.

OF FURTHER SPANISH ACHIEVEMENTS.—THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.—SPANISH JEALOUSY OF OTHER NATIONS IN THE WEST INDIES.—ENGLISH AND FRENCH.— EXPEDITIONS OF HAWKINS, AND RESULTS.—DRAKE IS AROUSED AGAINST SPAIN.—DOUGHTY'S FATE.

HUS the southern sea, which Vasco Nuñez had first descried from the mountains of Panama, was traversed by Spanish keels! The associates of Columbus had not by any means relinquished their ideas of exploration and conquest. We have not space

their ideas of exploration and conquest. We have not space to follow the fortunes of Valdivia, the companion of Nuñez, nor of those of Don Juan de Leon, who discovered Florida, but who failed to find the celebrated (a mythical) Fountain of Youth, which tradition reported as existing on one of the islands north of Hispaniola.

This wonderful fountain, says Peter Martyr, "is a continual spring of running water of such marvellous virtue that the water thereof being drunk, perhaps with some diet, maketh old

men young again." Don Juan Ponce was perfectly contented with this description, and at his own proper cost fitted out three vessels to find the Fountain of Youth.

While seeking this desirable spring, in March, 1512, he came in sight of what he deemed an island, and most beautiful shores, decked with flowers, gay with blossoms, all brilliant with the blooms of spring. Nature was arrayed in her most



HERNANDO CORTEZ.

charming dress, and the old seeker after youth was delighted with the lavish display. What should he name this delightful land? The day of the discovery inspired him: it was Palm Sunday; or in Spanish nomenclature Pascua Florida. Could any name be more appropriate? Florida—the Land of Blossoms. So let it be known to posterity. So it is.

But he did not believe that Florida was attached to the mainland. In his search for the Fountain he omitted many useful pursuits. He was disappointed throughout.

No gold, no perennial spring, no friendly natives welcomed him, and the wished for island was never found, though Bimini, another verdant island, was discovered by Perez.

Of poor Don Juan, who was aroused to action by the exploits of Cortez, we need not say more than that he fitted out a large expedition at Porto Rico in 1521, and sailed for Florida, which he then knew as a portion of terra firma. Here he hoped to gain the same distinction as Hernando Cortez

had done in Mexico, but he failed. He was wounded in battle with the Indians, and died in Cuba, and on his tomb is written:—

"Mole sub hac fortis requiescunt ossa Leonis, Qui vicit factis nomina magna suis,"

or, as paraphrased by a Spanish author:-

"In this sepulchre rest the bones of a man who was a lion by name, and still more by nature."  $^{1}$ 

Thus Spain, by her intrepidity and force of arms, had established herself in the western continent and islands. The northern part of South America and the southern part of North America was known as the Spanish Main, and when British ships (about 1517–1520) began to find their way to the West Indies, they brought home glowing tales of the riches of the Spaniards, and of the treasures of the Main.

Hence the title "main" crept into our tongue to mean the ocean. Poets adopted it, and the rolling main swallowed up the meaning of the name, until one is tempted to enquire with Mrs. Hemans:—

"What hid'st thou in thy treasure-caves and cells, Thou loud-resounding and mysterious main."

So the land and the seas in possession of the Spaniards were mingled in the minds of the later writers. But in olden time the Spanish Main meant the mainland of America, and we read of certain ports "on the Spanish Main," which reading, no doubt, tended to the substitution of the water for the land.

However, in the early part of the sixteenth century an English vessel was surprised by two Spanish caravels near Porto Rico. The Spaniards were exceedingly jealous of any interference with their trade, and when the Englishmen attempted a little speculation with San Domingo, the governor opened fire upon the ship. "On which," says the record, "she took up her anchors and returned to Porto Rico."

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Washington Irving's Works.

This appears to be the first recorded visit, for trading purposes at any rate, of a British vessel to Spanish waters in the West Indies. But the English ship was armed, and was perhaps not so peacefully inclined as she may have professed to be!

The fame of the South Seas had not then been promulgated, but the French had not been idle any more than the Portuguese. French vessels were frequently met with, and as the Spaniards neglected the islands for the greater conquests of the continent, "pirates" and "adventurers" became more numerous in those seas. The Spanish authorities would not tolerate any interference, and they treated many vessels as pirates, hanging or imprisoning the crews, in defiance of all principles.

Human nature being as it was—and is—it is little wonder that the cruelties of the pioneers of civilization from Spain gave rise to retaliation. Wherever the Spaniard settled he blistered the earth. The horrible treatment inflicted on the innocent natives is too terrible for details to be published now. The usurpers attempted similar tactics with the French and English, but they found out their mistake. Retaliation Adventurers fitted out vessels. Hatred of the Spaniard and his religion, and the cruelties of his Inquisition increased. Philip of Spain was detested, and when Elizabeth became Queen of England popular tastes were no longer repressed in the direction of the Spanish Main and reprisals.

When an English, French, or Hollander's vessel made across the Atlantic she was armed, as a matter of course. Although war may not have been declared, it was as certain as daylight that the Spanish vessels would be armed in the Indies, and for other ships to "put their heads into the lion's mouth" would be indeed folly. So the Europeans made a kind of compact, and by it they all (save the Spaniards) regarded each other as friends, and even as allies, against the common enemy—Spain. They declined to recognise all the so-called Spanish possessions; the Protestants refused to acknowledge the Pope's

arbitration, and occupied certain places. The French worked with them, and so these adventurers took up their positions upon certain islands, such as Hispaniola, St. Christopher, and others; and obtained supplies of cattle, hides, and horns.

Sometimes the treacherous Spaniards, while outwardly civil, would entrap the traders, and either imprison them or seize the cargo. These tactics were resented, and in 1560-4 matters had come to such a pass that Spain made a grand effort, closed all her ports, and seized the ships, particularly all the British vessels, because England was the chief market of the traders.

At that time John Hawkins, one of the daring sons of old William Hawkins, the Plymouth merchant and shipowner, a relative of Drake, had made a successful venture in the West Indies, and had come home laden with riches. The "idolatrous Queen" was dead, persecution had died out, and England, relieved from the deadly grip of Roman ascendency, which destroys all it encircles, was showing what its sailors could do.

But "Master John Hawkins" was not always so successful in his ventures. It must be recollected that in the time of which we are writing the British "navy," as we understand it, did not exist! The navy is now, and during the last hundred years has been, the "bulwark of Great Britain," but in the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth there were few "men of war." We can easily trace the history of the British navy from Henry the Seventh to Elizabeth.

Let us understand, then, that cruisers or merchantmen went armed because there was no other protection than what they could themselves afford. In modern days the East Indiamen were well armed, and many a well-fought action ended in favour of the staunch "Castle" Indiamen of the Honourable Company. Many a romance clustered round those old hulls, when pirate, privateer, and Frenchman alike swooped down upon the sturdy Indiaman.

So in Elizabeth's days our merchantmen were armed, and possessed a certain standing or rating. As Mr. Corbett puts it, "The mercantile marine then formed what we should now

call the naval reserve." In this way the Government permitted and approved of the armed private vessels, which were indeed a necessity for any large trader in order to protect his ventures. They were his guard-ships at sea, and he took the law into his own hands when outside the sphere of his own or his enemy's mother country.

Hakluyt tells us a great deal concerning these voyages, and he devotes considerable space to the "unfortunate voyage of Master John Hawkins" made with the Jesus, the Minion, and four other ships. This expedition was sent "to parts of Guinea and the West Indies," and Francis Drake was pilot of the Jesus, which, and the Minion, had been sent by the queen, and therefore were of the Royal Navy.

The expedition to the Guinea coast was simply for slaving purposes, in which the queen "stood in" as a shareholder, in respect of her ships. A company sent the remaining vessels, so that it will be perceived that trade was a source of private revenue to her Majesty, and trade in slaves too. The narrative distinctly states that the venturers obtained "between four and five hundred negroes, wherewith we thought it somewhat reasonable to seek the coast of the West Indies, and there for our negroes and other our merchandise, we hoped to obtain whereof to countervail our charges with some gains."

Before this, Drake had distinguished himself, and were we writing the adventures of this celebrated voyager, we could relate his experiences on and off the coast in the *Grace of God*, wherein he seemed to have given small quarter. But we must see our adventurers land at Dominica (Dominique), making their traffic as they might "somewhat hardly, because the king (of Spain) had commanded all his governors in those parts by no means to suffer any trade to be made" with them.

Nothing, however, seems to have greatly disturbed the relations of Britishers and Spaniards, which proves that trade levels all politics, until the English and allies reached La Hacha, where in a previous year a treacherous act of the Spaniards had robbed Drake of his cargo.



MAP OF CUBA, 16TH CENTURY.

It was scarcely to be imagined that the English and Drake would pass this place. The governor refused to trade, and hoped to starve the ships out, so that they must go or surrender in time. But Hawkins cut the knot with his sword. Perceiving that unless supplies were afforded the negroes would die and the venture be ruined, the brave John took the town, and drove the Spaniards out of it.

By these means a trade was initiated, and the result was that two hundred slaves were purchased by the Spaniards, who came back quietly, as permitted by Hawkins and his merry men, only eleven of whom had been lost in the previous encounter. Having loaded up, and seeing no opening to any further business, our adventurers, so far fortunate, departed from Cartagena in July, but passing Cuba towards Florida, were overtaken by a terrible tempest, on the 12th of August.

This storm was so severe that the Jesus was nearly beaten down by the sea. Her upper works or castles, which the author quaintly terms her "higher buildings," had to be cut away. Unfortunately also, when in this plight the vessels and consorts had made the coast of Florida, they could find no shelter. To make matters worse, another storm fell upon them and forced the battered squadron to seek shelter on the Mexican Main, in the port of St. John de Ullua, now known as Vera Cruz.

On the way thither Hawkins seems to have fallen in with three other vessels, presumably Spanish, for he says he hoped that the passengers thereon would enable him "to obtain victuals for our money." No doubt he captured them, on parole, as it were, expecting some favour in return for his clemency towards the unarmed vessels. With these ships the English captain entered St. John de Ullua or del Ulloa, as it is sometimes written.

All the vessels entering at once, and so boldly, quite deceived the Spanish residents. They, fancying that the "King of Spain's fleet" was at hand, put off hurriedly to welcome the commander, and to inform him of the presence of twelve ships full of treasure in the harbour. But when the Spanish officials found themselves on board an armed British trader, they perceived that they had "made an unwise adventure," as Miles Phillips quaintly remarks. "Howbeit," he continues, "our general did use them all very courteously"!

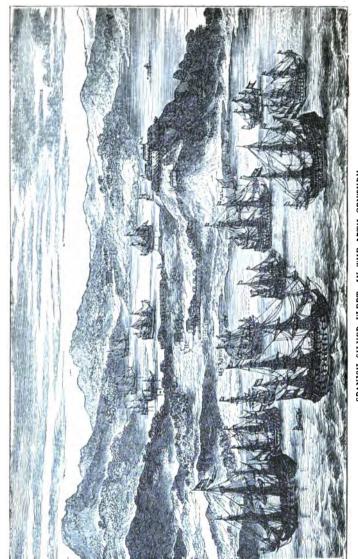
Hawkins certainly treated them very well. He sent the passengers ashore and only kept a couple of hostages; he then sent a messenger to the Spanish Viceroy, to Mexico, reporting the arrival of the English ships and requesting assistance, "inasmuch as our Queen his Sovereign, was the King of Spain's loving sister, and friend."

The bonds of brotherly love and sisterly affection did not prevent the ships of either sovereign from flying at each other; but on this occasion Hawkins plainly hinted that the Plate fleet was daily expected, and that in consequence some special orders must be given in his favour. The inference was plain, if the Viceroy would not protect the English they would help themselves.

This firm and polite message was sent on the very day of the arrival of Hawkins, and next day, as anticipated, the remainder of the Plate fleet and its convoy, thirteen sail of great ships, was descried.

As soon as this fact was substantiated Hawkins acted; he sent to advise the Spanish commander that the English cruisers were in the harbour and had the whole fleet practically at their mercy. There was no anchorage outside, the weather was not to be trusted, so the Spaniard was compelled to accede to a truce and permit the British to refit, at the risk of losing those of his treasure ships which were in the harbour, and seeing the remainder pounded to pieces upon a leeshore.

Hawkins himself was not easy in his mind. He was aware that, if he permitted the Spanish ships to enter, the captain would find some excuse for treachery and outwit him by fraud. Yet he could not see treasure and the one million and eight hundred thousand crowns cast into the sea. So he chose



SPANISH SILVER FLEET, IN THE 17TH CENTURY.

what he considered the lesser evil in view of the Queen's displeasure. He permitted the ships to enter the harbour on assurances of good faith, which were plentifully forthcoming, that the British ships and crews would be permitted to refit and recruit themselves unmolested.

The new Viceroy, Don Martine de Henriquez, happened to be on board one of the King of Spain's galleons, and gave the desired pledges honestly, faithfully as a soldier, sealed and signed, and ten hostages pledged for his good faith as a gentleman of Spain. This was done and proclaimed by sound of trumpet, and none of the safeguards were to be broken on pain of death.

After three days had thus been spent in negotiations the conditions were settled. On the Friday (inauspicious day) the English laboured and hove down their vessels apart from the Spanish ships, amid profuse protestations of regard, courtesy and assistance. But Hawkins and his captains, Francis Drake amongst them, could observe the influx of men from the shore, and the shifting of Spanish guns to the island where the English sailors were at work.

These and other tokens appeared to Hawkins so suspicious, that he addressed a remonstrance to the new Viceroy, and inquired the meaning of these manœuvres. Henriquez was positively shocked to think that his good friend had suspected, even in the most remote degree, his good faith. He declared "on the faith of a Viceroy" that he would be their defence against all villanies.

But Hawkins was not satisfied even then. He believed that a number of men were concealed in a bark alongside the *Minion*, and sent again to the Viceroy to inquire if this was the case. Henriquez became alarmed, kept the messenger, and immediately commanded a general attack upon the English vessels, while a Spanish officer on board the *Jesus* tried to stab Hawkins as he sat at dinner.

Then an indiscriminate slaughter ensued, the traitors poured forth, shot, stabbed, and mowed down the surprised

and overmatched English, who, nevertheless, upheld their reputation. The *Minion* was attacked as Hawkins had anticipated, but having had a timely hint of treachery she managed to slip her head-fasts, and haul out by the sternfasts, amid cries of "God and St. George!"

The Spaniards then boarded the Jesus, whose pilot had been sent with the message to the treacherous Viceroy. But after a desperate struggle she got clear in the same way. Then these ships poured forth their broadsides, and gave the traitors a hot time of it, at short range. They sank the Spanish admiral's ship, and that of his second in command was burned, another vessel was also sunk, and some five hundred Spaniards killed in the action.

The dogged resistance of the Englishmen was only terminated by the despatch of two burning ships against them. These fire-ships created a panic; the sailors cut the cables of the *Minion*, and she, leaving the *Jesus*, managed to get out of the way. The other vessels were all lost, except the *Judith*.

But the troubles of the survivors were by no means at an end. The Jesus had been so pelted by the Spanish shot while sheltering the Minion that she had to be abandoned, after all the "necessaries" had been removed. Thus only the Minion and the little Judith escaped, and they had a terrible time of it, wandering in unknown seas by the space of fourteen days, till hunger compelled them to seek the shore. The Judith parted company, was "lost" to them then, so the Minion remained alone, and was over-crowded by the survivors.

No mention is made in the narrative of the *Judith*, of which Drake was captain, and in which he with difficulty escaped after the conclusion of the engagement; but Drake came home to England safe enough to tell his tale to William Hawkins in Plymouth, while Master John was still weather-bound in the *Minion*.

Many of the surplus "hands" were put ashore by Hawkins, and were most cruelly treated by the Spaniards. The In-

quisition was established in the West Indies, and some of the unfortunates were fearfully flogged and sent to the galleys after, others were burned, others sent to serve in monasteries. But John Hawkins and a remnant of his crew managed to reach Vigo, where they found some English ships. After refreshing themselves there for a while, they departed, and reached "Mount's Bay in Cornwall on the 25th of January, 1568," as Hakluyt puts it; but he must mean 1569, because the men were not put ashore by Hawkins in the West Indies until October, 1568, and the expedition did not quit England till October, 1567.

Thus ended the first of British engagements in the West Indies, a victory dearly purchased by the Spaniards.

Francis Drake landed first and rode to London to acquaint the Council of the Queen how he had been treated, and to seek out means for punishing the Spaniards. But his first business was not in the South Sea. He served under Winter in the Baltic. In 1570, however, we find Drake, then a married man, quietly fitting out two vessels named the *Dragon* and the *Swan*, for vengeance on the Spaniards, as most people imagined. But not for that alone. He wanted to make himself well acquainted with those seas, and when he had found out where the Spaniards kept their treasures and how the land lay generally, Drake made a bold resolution to rob the Don of his treasure-chests on the Main.

In May, 1572, the young captain with his ship *Pacha*, of seventy tons, and *Swan* of twenty-five under John Drake, his brother, quitted Plymouth Sound, where the little island, that still bears his name, stands in perpetual remembrance of the voyager. The captains and crews of these vessels were young men, and numbered only seventy and three at muster.

A small body truly to attack and plunder the great depôt of Spanish treasure on the Main, Nombre de Dios. But though a gallant attempt was made, and the rovers actually gained possession of the place for a while, they took no treasure,

and were compelled to retreat with their wounded commander, who left his smaller ship behind him, burnt to the water's edge, on purpose, so 'tis said, to hoodwink the Dons.

The King of Spain's fleet would as usual come out in January, and then ships and mule teams would vie with each other in bringing ingots and bars and coin for his Most Catholic Majesty's coffers. Having made friends with the warlike natives of the coast, the Cimmarones or "Maroons," Drake and his vessels and pinnaces lay up out of sight until the arrival of the fleet. Then he would attack the mule train laden with gold, and carry it off.

This was a bold project and one not to be accomplished by everybody. Fever thinned the band of rovers, and only a small party of eighteen Englishmen and about double that number of friendly Indians crept out on Shrove Tuesday afternoon, to plunge into the forest, where they intended to lie perdu and wait breathlessly for the welcome sound of tinkling bells and tramping hoofs in the dark silence.

So these navigators, now pirates and rovers, bent on filibustering, the pioneers of the buccaneers afterwards so celebrated, hid themselves upon the summit of the divide whence, by ascending a giant tree, in whose massive trunk some steps were cut, Drake could gaze over both the oceans. On one side lay the once mysterious Atlantic, on the other the scarceknown Pacific, the wonderful South Sea!

What a prospect. Drake feasted his eyes upon it, and having called up faithful Oxenham, prayed that if life lasted and if God would give him leave, he would sail in an English ship upon that sea.

To him swore Oxenham that unless Drake beat him from his company he would, by God's grace, follow him!

Then the men descended and went down the road to Panama to loot the mule-train. But the alarm was given near Venta Cruz—the treasure was withheld. Only a victual-ling train of mules came up, and in revenge for disappointment the English sacked the town, but obtained little by it

in comparison. Before the Spanish troops arrived Drake had disappeared again.

News came of him at sea, and then the mule-bells jingled merrily near Venta Cruz on the way to the treasure house at Nombre de Dios, whither, to within a few yards of the town, they safely travelled, for was not Drake at sea! Some doubted whether this terrible, but tender, British rover were really upon the ocean, until the unwelcome news came that a Spanish frigate had been captured and despoiled.

Now was the Spaniard's opportunity to send the treasure train across. The gold and silver had been accumulating while the fears of "Draque" kept the mules within their stalls. But now the time had come. Drake was in his "native element." So a band of soldiers and three trains, laden with prodigious treasure, started, fearing nothing, for Nombre de Dios.

Hush! Is there no rustling in the underwood? Are there no dark Indian forms behind those trees? no smell of burning, think you? Are these not gleams of match-locks' fuses? or are they fire-flies in the long, dank grass?

No men, no matches; nothing to alarm the laden mules and their armed escort. No war-whoop rent the midnight air, and the bold Spaniards breathed more freely, and stepped forward more confidently, when the landmarks told them that Nombre de Dios was close in front.

The bells gave warning to the watchman at the gate. Through the silence the pleasant jingle of the silver tongues made glad the hearts of the authorities, for "El Draque" was this time outwitted, and the Spaniard had stolen a march upon the vaunted adventurer. The Virgin be praised!

Crash! Rattle! Thud! Bullets and arrows came "pinging" and whistling, crashing, singly or in volleys, into the trains and their escort! The dreaded war-cry and war-whoop, the whistle of the English leader, the rallying cry of the Frenchmen, the shout of the Indians, mingled with the silvery tones of bells, the curses of the Spaniards, and the prayers of the muleteers.

## The Romance of Navigation.

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The brave escort tarried not. The inrush was too bold for them. They fled, and told the men within the city that the Drake was again ashore pillaging the treasure. The troops



SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

turned out, and advanced to the spot indicated. All was quiet. No dark figures were to be seen, no dismal cries were heard, no shots received them. The mules were safe, and their panniers. The enemy had fled at the approach of re-

inforcements! Good! But further search revealed the important fact that he had carried off the treasure!

Carried off the treasure! Was it possible that a small band of marauders could take, conceal, and make away with some thirty tons weight of silver bars, and other tons of golden ingots! Ridiculous! The treasure would weigh them to the earth. Search and see.

But search revealed nothing. Seeing was not rewarded. Meantime the allies were proceeding at snail's pace, bending under the weight of many tons, down to the estuary where their pinnaces were waiting. Come on, brave fellows! You have buried half the Spanish treasure. The boats will receive the remainder for the nonce. Come on! Yonder are the boats!

No! Hold there! These are none of ours! Those boats are Spanish craft. We are undone!

Francis Drake, however, had personally a very different opinion. He cheered his men and derided their fears. After all, their opponents were only Spaniards, whom he held in contempt, in much the same manner as in after years the British sailor ridiculed "Johnny Crapaud," with the fine conceit so characteristic of the Britisher, which, however reprehensible in the eyes of some moralists, has undoubtedly led up to victory at critical moments.

Drake's cool courage gained the victory over the fears of his men. He pointed out to them that even if the "hand of God" had dispersed the flotilla by storm and spate, the other hand of Providence had sent trees and logs down the swollen river to the sea! What then was the meaning of this? Clearly, he argued, to show him and his men the way out of a difficulty.

True, the boats had been dispersed, but a raft was feasible. Here is timber; let us at once construct such a raft, and I will go and seek my ships. Please God, ye shall all be once again on board despite the Spaniard.

These were brave and trustful words, but the commander was as good as his word. He, with two Englishmen and one

Frenchman, embarked upon a roughly constructed raft, "a biscuit bag for sail, a tree for rudder!" With this crew upon the logs, which floated half beneath the surface, did "The Drake" put out. For many hours of blistering sunlight, continually drenched with salt water and salt spray, beneath a burn ing sun, without food or fresh water, did these brave fellows navigate the unwieldy craft. At length the British pinnaces were sighted, and then they disappeared behind a headland.

"Lost, lost!" was now the cry, but Drake would have no wailing. He could not weather the point, he knew, but he could, he fancied, run ashore upon the hither side. "For what end was this? The boats had gone, and we are left alone! The sea is rough, the surf is high; we shall be drowned in landing!"

But Drake had formed his plan, and nothing would deter him. He guessed that the pinnaces would shelter behind the headland for the night. So he let his raft drive boldly on the lee shore of the point amid the surf. With steady arms he guided it ashore, and then leaped with his men upon the sands, with difficulty keeping grip of the beach amid the waves. But they all survived, and then set off across the promontory to join the boats.

The meeting can be imagined. The four spectre figures in the gloom, arriving half-naked, famishing, and caked with salt spray. The watch-fires displaying the bearded, unkempt stragglers, in one of whom the joyful crews recognised their chief, who for all reply to their anxious questionings, pulled from his vest a lump of gold, and cried to them all, "Give thanks to God; our voyage is made!"

The slab of the precious metal at once confirmed his statement and allayed all fears. As soon as possible the boats returned, but only recovered a portion of the valuable booty. A British sailor, having been captured, was tortured to reveal the hiding-place of the treasure, and a part of it was thus recovered, but there still remained an immense plunder, with which the vessels sailed for home.

When taking farewell of the Cacique of the Cimarrones, the Indian expressed great longing for Drake's cutlass. The adventurer at once presented the weapon to his ally, who was so delighted with the gift that, in exchange, he brought down four gold ingots and gave them to "El Draque" for the sword. This was a most valuable personal gift, but the commander had a mind above even golden ingots. He passed them into the common stock for division with his owners and his crew, saying,—

"My owners gave me that cutlass, and it is just that they should receive their share of its produce."

Then, with greatly diminished numbers, but with immense wealth, the bold adventurers returned. Prosperity accompanied the ships. Favourable weather followed them, and in three-and-twenty days the Scilly Isles were sighted from the mast head.

Early on the Sunday, 9th August, 1573, Plymouth was opened out, and the ships ran in after the devout worshippers had assembled in their churches. But by some means the vessels were recognised, and very quickly the discharge of cannon welcomed Drake home again. The reports were heard; the preacher's voice was hushed as the guns gave joyful welcome.

"Drake! Drake! He has returned!" were words which passed along from pew to pew, and men and women slid away. The congregation became fidgety; some rose up, and boldly ran for it out to the Hoe. Rivals soon succeeded them, and in a short time the preacher; to his disgust, was left alone almost, to finish his discourse to the aged, the infirm, the more devout, who still remained scattered amidst the nearly empty benches.

For fourteen months and sixteen days the young commander had been absent. He had succeeded, but he had lost his faithful Oxenham, who after had embarked upon the great South Sea beyond the Isthmus. In returning with some prizes, he was taken and put to death by the Spaniards, at Lima, as a pirate. Drake remained at home, seeking the sanction of the Queen to proceed around the world. The wealth he had gained he used in equipping three frigates, with which he proceeded to Ireland to assist the Earl of Essex, who warmly commended him to the Secretary, Walsingham, who made certain suggestions to him regarding an adventure to punish the Spaniards.

But Captain Drake was wary; the able Secretary could not prevail upon him to unfold his cherished plans. So the Secre-



THE HOE, WITH DRAKE'S ISLAND AND MOUNT EDGCUMBE.

tary of State whispered to the Queen, and Drake was commanded to the presence of Elizabeth.

"We do account that he who striketh at thee, Drake, striketh at us!"

This was Elizabeth's assurance to the sailor as she handed him a sword, and thus armed at all points, Drake set about his preparations for the voyage on which he had long set his heart. He wished to follow in the wake of Magellan, and cruise in the South Sea, but not so peacefully. Drake detested the Spaniard, and it had even then become a State question whether war should be declared against the heretics, from whom the Queen and her merchants on the seas had received so many affronts. The two countries, though presumably allies, were extremely jealous of each other, and when Sir Thomas Osborne was made prisoner, with his crew, and flung into the dungeons of the Inquisition, England roused itself, and Drake's expedition was sanctioned, but it was to be "secret." 1

The expedition thus privately sanctioned was quickly organised. Nobles and seafarers, commanders, admirals, statesmen, and the Queen herself, took ventures in Drake's ships, five in number. Small barks they were, but their destination was not mentioned, "A voyage to Egypt" was under consideration, people said.

Drake had numerous volunteers for service. Amongst his officers was his friend Doughty, who brought his brother. Representatives of the law and of many a noble family, such as the Wynters, Hawkins, and others, accompanied Captain Drake. No expense was spared; the ships were royally equipped; much furniture and silver plate embellished the cabins. Drake made other "provision for ornament and delight" in the shape of a band of musicians, and silver vessels for the table, to impress the foreigner with his importance.

The five barks were the *Pelican* (afterwards the *Hind*), the commander's ship, of one hundred tons; the *Elizabeth*, of eighty, commanded by Captain John Wynter; the *Swan*, fifty tons, under John Chester; the *Marigold*, of thirty tons, commanded by John Thomas; and the *Christopher* pinnace, of only fifteen tons, commanded by Thomas Moone, or Moon. The crews numbered one hundred and sixty-four able seamen, and were well supplied.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> It appears that Lord Burleigh was made acquainted with the scheme by Doughty, Drake's friend, and the Treasurer endeavoured to counteract it.

The vessels sailed from Plymouth "for Alexandria" on the 15th November, 1577, at five o'clock in the afternoon.

We have already commented upon the bravery and pluck of our early navigators, so we need not again dilate upon the great risks undertaken by Drake and his small craft in venturing in the footsteps of Magellan and his vessels through the Strait. On this occasion of Drake's voyage the men, and some of the officers, were actually under the impression that Alexandria, in Egypt, was their destination. But when Mogador, in Morocco, was reached, the truth leaked out.

Here Drake lost one of his men, who was taken prisoner by the King of Fez, but after a while sent home. Meanwhile the voyage was continued round Cape Blanco, where some Spanish and Portuguese vessels and boats were seized. The captain of one of them informed Drake that plenty of dried *cabritos* (goats) were to be had at Mayo, in the Cape Verde Isles, and thither the squadron proceeded.

All this time Doughty, Drake's friend, who had made Lord Burleigh acquainted with the true object of the expedition, was waiting an opportunity to betray it. Burleigh had made up his mind to checkmate Drake and the Queen, and he planted an enemy on board the commander's ship.

When the people of Mayo refused to trade according to orders, Drake directed Wynter and Doughty to land with "troops," and to find supplies.

Whether by accident or design, however, the detachment returned empty. Goats, wild poultry, and salt abounded, but the people fled as the English approached, and though herds of goats were seen, none could be seized.

So the men came back empty-handed—a very serious failure under the circumstances, and one which seems to have made the commander very suspicious; but he put his suspicions aside in favour of his comrade, and when near San Jago they captured a ship laden with wine, Drake put Doughty in command of her, keeping the pilot for himself, but dismissed the remainder of the crew.

Passing Fuego, or Fire Island, so called because of its active volcano, the squadron landed at Ilha Brava—the Pleasant Isle—where fresh water and many desirable stores were procurable.

But here a commotion arose which proved only the beginning of trouble. Thomas Drake, the brother of Francis,



QUEEN ELIZABETII.

the captain, had been sent on board the prize vessel with Doughty, but when Drake went on board her at Brava, Doughty accused Thomas Drake of stealing portions of the valuable cargo of silks and other merchandise.

Evidently Thomas Doughty and Thomas Drake could not

agree; a counter charge was made against Doughty, and when some of the goods were found in Doughty's possession, there could remain no doubt of the reason of the accusation and of the identity of the thief.

Captain Drake therefore sent Doughty on board the "flag-ship," and retained Thomas Drake on board the prize, whither Francis himself afterwards proceeded. The commander had very liberally bestowed the little *Christopher* upon the Portuguese, in order to enable them to land after he had taken their ships as already mentioned.

When Drake quitted his own vessel, the *Pelican*, he laid the foundation of disturbance, because Doughty again became interfering, and desired the land-troops, or gentlemen-soldiers, to be preferred before the sailors. He contended that he represented Drake, the master of the vessel being only a sailor, and therefore subservient to the soldier. But when this dispute and its likely consequences came to Drake's knowledge, he sent Doughty into the store-ship, where he could do little harm.

In perusing the various accounts of this ever-memorable voyage, we are struck by the deep tinge of superstition which darkened the minds of the sailors. When the squadron met with bad weather, the crew attributed it to the sinister influence of Doughty, who could patter in foreign languages, and was also suspected of designs against the safety and success of the expedition. Thunder-storms and gales alarmed the fleet; then dead calms and no prospects of advance succeeded; and all this time the "Wizard" was away in the store-ship. Water gave out, and only by catching the torrential rain did the men succeed in keeping well.

Strange armed fishes came around them, flying fish and dolphins fell on board or were captured. Then suddenly on the coast arose another storm, which, subsiding as suddenly, enabled the vessels to reach the shelter of the La Plata, whither, riding in smooth water, came the store-ship with the magician Doughty!

Drake then went on board the *Pelican*, and strange tales reached him from Chester, who was in command of the storeship, the *Swan*. Doughty had been troublesome again; the *Swan* was rather leaky, so the conspirator was sent on board the (Portuguese) captured vessel re-named *Christopher*, which had superseded the pinnace. The *Swan* was broken up.

Later on, after some anxious days, the ships ran into a bay, and when the *Christopher* was also abandoned, the Doughty brothers were entrusted to the captain of the *Elizabeth*. The other Portuguese prize was sighted near Port St. Julian, where the squadron were to remain a short time.

The ships put in here on the 20th of June, and readers will hardly need to be reminded that in this port Magellan took refuge on his celebrated voyage, and there he was compelled to gibbet Mendoza and to punish the mutineers, whose bones were found by the later adventurers.

Here also Drake suffered in the loss of his gunner, Oliver, and Captain Winter. The natives became obstructive and threatening, shots were fired, and arrows, too truly aimed by the natives, killed one and mortally wounded the other of the two officers named. Winter expired on board ship, and the bodies were buried ashore the same evening.

These were depressing circumstances, and the situation morally and physically was uncomfortable. Mutiny had raised its death's head upon Magellan's gibbet to greet Drake, who perceived that unless he could extinguish his friend Doughty, some serious consequences for the expedition would ensue.

The crews had hearkened to Doughty, who had been poisoning their minds, reckoning upon his status in the squadron to secure him immunity from the commander. But Francis Drake was not a man to be daunted when discipline, and even the very existence of his men were at stake. He devised a plan, recognising the old rule that a man may claim to be "tried by his peers," and he, having had by this time abundant proofs of Doughty's treachery, brought him to trial, on the specific charges of mutiny and treason.

Evidence was quickly forthcoming. A plot to kill the commander, or to depose him from the command, and to sail in some other direction, was discovered. A court of some forty officers was assembled on the barren shore, the remains of the rude gallows in the surrounding desolation being of very dire import to the prisoner.

The trial proceeded in a somewhat irregular fashion; but evidence had accumulated, and the man, being acquitted of the lesser charge of treason upon the score of want of positive evidence, the miserable boaster, believing his life secure, told the tale of his treachery himself, and related the manner in which he had divulged Drake's and the Queen's secrets to the Lord Treasurer.

This confession of the man himself condemned him. Some adverse spirit tempted him to open the gate to his own destruction. Drake appealed to his officers personally. He told them the facts, and when he had made his plain statement, adding Doughty's confirmation of it, he exclaimed,—

"They who think this man deserving of death, hold up their hands with me!"

There was but one opinion practically. The hands of nearly all the officers were raised in grim and silent assent. He was guilty. A choice was given the prisoner—a choice of evils.

Would he suffer death?

Would he remain to die amongst the natives? or

Would he be sent home for trial in shame and disgrace?

The man was no coward. He was in truth a man of no mean intelligence and of many accomplishments, a classic from Cambridge University, a gentleman of parts, as the phrase was. He had been in the service and in the confidence of Essex, but he then had played the part of treacherous friend, and Iagolike had whispered his suspicions to undo his friends, soldier though he was.

To such a choice had his unworthy actions brought him. Fearing the disgrace in England and the treatment of the savages of Patagonia, he chose the fate which Drake had des-

tined for him—death, not by the gallows, as the Spaniards had decreed, but death upon the block, as many a nobler head had fallen.

The ceremony of decapitation, as we may term it, was carried out in a very methodical manner. Drake was bent upon the execution for the sake of example and of justice, but when the condemned man desired to partake of the Sacrament with him as a token of amity and forgiveness, the commander acquiesced. Fletcher, the chaplain of the squadron, administered the rite, and dined afterwards at the captain's table, where the condemned was a prominent guest.

The cup and jest passed round as usual till the meal was done, and then in serious tone Doughty was reminded that his time had come. He lightly acquiesced in the decree, and strolled to the block, embraced his quondam friend, who never flinched from kiss or from his purpose. The Provost-Marshal drew his heavy sword, the man knelt down, and thus surrounded by his late boon companions, died. His head was, as was usual, held up for contemplation of the spectators, and Drake pronounced the headsman's ghastly formula:—

"This is the head and this is the end of a traitor!"

The body was buried near the other mutineers, close to the unfortunate Winter and the gunner Oliver.

Then Drake asserted himself, and determined to be master in deed as well as in name. He knew how the men had been attacked, how the stout British Oak had been perforated, as it were, by treason, how the dry-rot of insubordination had seized upon many of them, and that strict measures were required.

The commander then assembled them upon the desolate shore near the broken gallows, and read them a lecture, officers and all, which none ever forgot.

"All must pull together," he declared. "No difference of social station must in any way exist when work has to be done. The gentleman and the mariner must haul and pull together. Those who wish to go home can take the *Marigold* and be

gone, but if they do not go home, I will surely sink them if they come in my way!"

With this denunciation he dismissed every officer from his command, and pronounced the doom of the other traitors whom he recognised. When by these tactics he had driven them to despair and humility and shame, he pointed out his views and revealed his plans, the hopes of success and fortune, the sure tate which was awaiting failure on the Spanish Main. Then by a part of thater Drake reinstated his captains and others, and extended to them the hands of mercy and forgiveness.

Gladly they chaped his proffered grace, and rejoiced in his punker. Theneverth no marmor was heard on board the flow. Officers and mon recogn sed the greatness of their community, and when the proof had been broken up, the vessels so of an company and in such harmony of soul that they seemed to have buried all disputes for ever in the grave of the mut neer. Donnes Doughto.

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storms and biting weather at times made them wonder whether they had buried Doughty's magic in his grave.

The numerous fires upon the coasts confirmed the tales of former explorers, but none of the giants came off to the ship. Yet the explorers were unmolested, and were not attacked when they landed to find fresh water and a temperate climate beneath the snow-clad mountains, after the chilling storms.

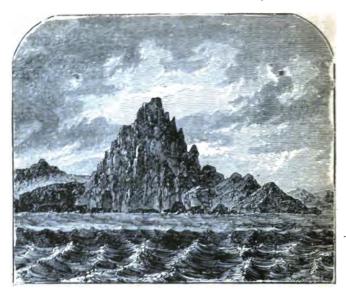
A boat-full of natives was encountered on the way, but were small in stature. "The English visited their island, and saw their houses of bark covered with the skins of animals."

After this visit the channel outwards was found, and on the 6th of September the three ships, having escaped all the real and fancied dangers of the Straits, made their way into the Pacific Ocean. Drake had succeeded in accomplishing in a fortnight a passage which his predecessors had occupied months in penetrating!

At last, then, after much anxiety and trouble, mutiny and death, the trio of small vessels emerged upon the South Sea of fabled fame, the Pacific Ocean, where sailing was to be a pastime, and the storm, aroused by evil spirits or by magic, a thing unknown.

But Drake's experience did not confirm this view.





VIEW OF CAPE HORN.

## CHAPTER XVII.

DRAKE IN THE PACIFIC.—HIS CAPTURE OF THE GRAND CAPTAIN AND THE SPITFIRE.—HIS NARROW ESCAPE FROM SHIPWRECK.

O sooner had the ships sailed into the Pacific and attempted to sail northward than a terrific tempest arose and beat them back and southwards. To the southward and eastward the ships, now sepa-

rated were hurried upon, as they feared, the unknown Southern Land which charts had warned them of.

Day after day, night after night, under a clouded sky the sail-less ships, their bare poles describing erratic arcs upon the expanse of cloud, tossed and scudded, rose and fell, heaved and plunged most desperately. All day the expected continent was sought for, all night its loom was dreaded, but days

:1

passed on, and so did the ships, sailing over the unknown sea, and over the wide expanse where the continent was not.

Thus for three weeks or so the vessels, baffled by storms and waves, ran at the mercy of the sea. Captain Winter, terrified by the Pacific, sought the shelter of the Straits—the dreaded Straits—rather than encounter the Pacific Southern Ocean in which his consort, the *Marigold*, had already disappeared with all hands never to rise again.

The Golden Hind was chased by seas and waves as never had been hind till then. She floundered, pitched and strained, and did all but founder. Yet she bore aloft the crest of Hatton which danced above the waves as never had its owner before the Court.

The *Elizabeth* was also lost sight of, and Drake, ignorant of Winter's disaffection, made sail again and reached the headland of Cape Horn. There the *Golden Hind* put in, and waited between the oceans as it were, Atlantic and Pacific uniting round the cape, and not much to choose between them as to weather.

Here Drake landed and embraced the earth, the farthest point ever touched by man till then. The Southern Land had disappeared, but this was firm and true in the 56th degree of latitude—a discovery indeed.

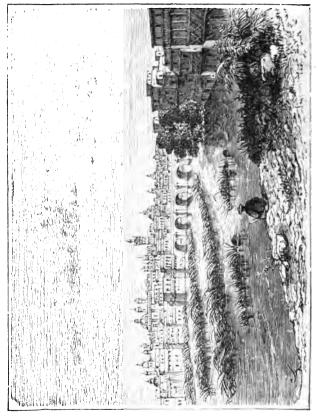
Then up anchor and away into the Pacific which, having done its worst and failed, put on its smiling face and gentle aspect as if it never had been angry. An island was found where the natives treacherously attacked some of the English, Drake himself being wounded. But he would not retaliate, and quickly sailed away northwards still.

Northward still they fell in with an old native whom they treated well, and he in return secured the "Hinds" fair treatment and pilotage to a place called Valparaiso, near to Santiago, where supplies could be obtained.

Drake closed with this offer and set sail. He searched the sea for either of his missing ships in vain, but nearing Valparaiso, a large vessel was descried within the port, and as the

F LIMA.

Golden Hind came in, the pipe and tabor and the drum welcomed her, and wine was broached to greet the new comers—the friends, no doubt, of the Spanish vessel Grand Captain of the South.



Drake and his men boarded her, but they had no carouse. The British fist was the only weapon employed, and in a few moments the crew, surprised and disgusted at such unlooked

for a return, were "under hatches," all save one, who leaped overboard, and gave the alarm to the villagers, who fled.

The Grand Captain was well worth the trouble, and more, than he had given. Eighteen hundred jars of Chilian wine and twenty-five thousand pesos of gold with other valuables rewarded the British pirates, or adventurers, or explorers, whichever you please to call them. Nor did the men stop there. Going ashore, they plundered a church, and to salve the conscience that remained, bestowed this booty, chalices and altar-cloth and so on, upon the worthy chaplain of the fleet for his private use and benefit.

In the town so-called, though the inhabitants included only nine families, the visitors found a quantity of wine and cedarwood, all of which they carried off. They released all the prisoners however, save one, a Greek, whose name was consequently Juan Griego. This fellow, being a pilot, was detained to conduct the *Golden Hind* to Lima. The native who had acted as pilot was rewarded, and dropped upon his native shore loaded with presents.

While on the way to Lima they counted the treasure and found it extremely valuable. This success buoyed them up and raised the spirits of all the crew, though the continued absence of their consorts occasioned some anxiety. Still it was not in Drake's nature to cruise about in search of the British ships when metal more attractive was within hail in Spanish vessels. As a preliminary, he sent on shore at Coquimbo for water, but he obtained none, for the Spaniards assembled a force and beat off his men, so that the Golden Hind was fain to turn out and fly to Tarapaca—a place still familiar in investors' ears in connection with water.

There a curious incident occurred which illustrates the former wealth of the country. The "Hinds" having landed, perceived a Spaniard indulging in a siesta upon the shore, and having for his pillow and beside him no less than eighteen silver bars! The "Hinds" did not stop to consider why a man should thus carry about bars of silver in this solitary way.

They politely left him to his nap, but fearing that his head was uncomfortable upon such a hard pillow, the explorers tenderly removed the bars and saved him the trouble of carrying them home.

The "Hinds" then returned to the ship and found the prize worth about four thousand Spanish ducats. Emboldened by this success they went again in search of water, and encountered an Indian and a Spaniard driving eight great "Peruvian sheep" laden with silver. Each guanaco, or llama, carried a "pair of leather bags weighing about fifty pounds each." So the little caravan was stopped, and the Spaniard was informed that he could not be permitted to exercise his calling any longer. The "Hinds" proposed to save him any further trouble and anxiety respecting the guanacos and their loads.

The Spaniard vainly assured the strangers that it was no trouble, but the polite Englishmen insisted upon relieving him of such a heavy charge, and they actually took it on board the Golden Hind to weigh it, and found it pulled the scale at eight hundred pounds!

The difficulty then arose as to the replacement of the silver, and to save trouble "the Drake" sent it into the hold, and sailed away to Arica, where more gold and some fine linen were "found." So on they sailed triumphantly to Callao, where several merchantmen were at anchor. On the way the "Hinds" noted many curious and novel sights, and particularly the Indian balsa—a boat made of inflated skins, crossed by a board, on which the Indian canoeist was seated. When a prize was taken en route, Drake sent the crews ashore, or if the men happened to be ashore when the "Hinds" came in, the British lashed the ship's helm, hoisted the sails, and sent it empty away to astonish the next party of voyagers by the appearance of an empty Spanish ship careering at full speed, with all canvas set, across the ocean like the fabled Flying Dutchmen.

With such pleasantries did the "Hinds" break the monotony

of the expedition, as at Callao, where they found the ships but no treasure. The alarm had been given by a zealous customs' officer, who had discovered Drake's armament. All the silver had been immediately disembarked, or sent away to Panama, and enquiry elicited the fact that a quantity had been shipped for the isthmus in the *Cacafuego*, or *Spitsire*.

This news was enough to fire the hearts of Drake's men. The Golden Hind, having as a precaution, robbed and cut adrift the merchantmen in the harbour, floated out to await the wind which would carry her after her intended prey. But the Spanish governor collected troops, and putting them on board two vessels, came out to try conclusions with Drake.

The odds were greatly in the Spaniards' favour. Other ships were also preparing, and the Golden Hind must escape or be scuttled. The sweeps were got out, and in the dead calm she was pulled off shore, the Spaniards following as fast as they could. From the crested poop Drake kept watch, or encouraged his men from the fore-castle, and with delight he perceived the wished for cat's paws ruffling the still face of the ocean. The sails were hoisted, the Golden Hind felt the breeze and began to ripple through the water. The oars were taken in, the helm put up, and the cruiser "paid off" before the wind, leaving the Spanish vessels still inshore becalmed astern, while the Hind hunted the Spitfire.

Then the chase commenced. By many a league in advance the *Spitfire* led, but as Drake put into port after port he heard that he was nearing her. He had gained upon the heavily laden bark, and but two days separated him from the chase. Following the example of Columbus, he offered a reward to him who first made out the flying canvas, and the prize fell to his nephew, Jack, whose youthful vision spied the stranger on the horizon one hot afternoon.

How to keep astern and not too far was now the problem. To advance by daylight would be injudicious, so the speed was checked, and when the sudden nightfall came, the *Golden Hind*, spreading all her canvas, sped across the intervening

knots and rushed like a greyhound on her quarry, which had actually hove-to to await the arrival of the stranger.

But when the Golden Hind in the early morning light was seen so near at hand, the Spanish Argosy let fall her sails and tried to escape. This Drake would not permit. He aimed his chasers at her spars and rigging and succeeded in hitting her mizen-mast. Then the Golden Hind came up hand over hand, and sailed in company side by side for three days in apparent amity.

In amity apparent only. As the spider resting beside his victim sucks his life blood, so did Drake treat the Spitfire. He hung alongside and despoiled her. Beneath the tempting fruits, and meal, and sweets, the seekers found the still more tempting gold and jewels, and precious stones. Thirteen chests of silver coin, twenty-six tons of uncoined silver, eighty pounds weight of gold, and many specimens of plate were recovered from the Spanish hold.

The value of the cargo seized was upwards of £70,000 in those days, equivalent in this prosaic century to a million sterling, besides the value of the jewels.

The officers and crew of the prize were not molested and were not personally robbed. Drake gave them a letter of introduction to Captain Winter of the *Elizabeth* as a protection. But Winter was by this time on his way homeward.

The "Hinds" also turned their minds in the same direction. The ship was full of treasure, ballasted with silver! Why not keep off the coast, and run home as fast as possible.

But Drake had an idea of finding his way back through a north-east passage, and reaching Europe by way of the Arctic Ocean. He made an attempt, and this attempt saved him, for while the Spaniards were seeking him about Panama he was off the western coast.

After a while he discovered that to return by the north was impossible. So he turned south again with the intention to come home by the Moluccas. To do this he was compelled to put in shore, and he accordingly landed near San Francisco,

THE BAY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

at a place which the commander named New Albion, because the cliffs were white, above the Bay of Francis Drake.

There the Golden Hinds remained in peaceful communion with the natives, who regarded them almost as deities, and sacrificed to them, and it is stated, crowned Drake king, but this latter incident is discredited. He was under the impression that he had discovered California, but the Spaniards had already surveyed the coast.

In the Bay of San Francisco, as the Spaniards named it, the Golden Hind remained, preparing for her homeward voyage, until July. Drake erected a post on which was engraven "ELIZABETH," and the date of the adventurer's arrival, with other facts. Then, after a sad parting with the natives, the "Hinds" steered boldly across the trackless Pacific, and saw no land until October, when the Golden Hind ran amongst the Caroline Islands.

The natives came off in their curious out-rigged canoes to trade, and to see the strange ship which had made her way so holdly across the sea, by what a writer has termed "inspiration." The charts and nautical instruments were so imperfect that it is really marvellous how Drake continued to shape his course across the ocean.

The Carolines, male and female, exhibited a tendency to petty larceny, and the "Hinds" resented this taste very forcibly, driving the visitors overboard. Stern moralists might object to this, as such high-sea robbers should not have complained of such petty thefts of goods already stolen.

The Golden Hind made for Mindanao and the Moluccas, which were reached on the 14th of November. Drake intended to make Tidne, but while coasting Motir, the Viceroy of Ternate, who came on board, advised Drake not to touch at Tidne, and by this course avoid the Portuguese, whom the King of Ternate detested.

The English captain was persuaded, and sailed for Ternate, where he was well received by the king. Presents were exchanged, and after some stay the Golden Hind again spread

her sails for the Celebes, where she ran upon a rock in her endeavour to find a passage amongst the reefs.

No danger was anticipated. The sails were drawing well, when suddenly near midnight a grating, grinding noise and the terrible quivering of the vessel, announced the serious tidings to all on board. Drake immediately leaped into a loat and began sounding all around the ship, but he could find no bottom. The situation was thus rendered even more serious, for should a storm arise the vessel must inevitably sink in the deep water.

Nevertheless, the brave commander was in no degree discouraged. The officers consulted together, and kept up the spirits of the men, who numbered fifty-eight. There was a chance of landing, but the boat would only carry half of the crew, and to trust the small band to the tender mercies of the natives was to be rash in the extreme.

"Perhaps the tide will lift her," they said; but then, when it fell, the *Golden Hind* would also fall heel over, and be wrecked, for there was no holding for an anchor to keep her upright.

There was one resource—prayer. This they did not neglect; but having prayed, the men and officers set to work to lighten the ship, for the wind was rising. On one side the water was only seven feet deep near the rock; upon the other a profound depth had been ascertained. On that side then, if she coull float, float she must, for she wanted full thirteen feet to rest in.

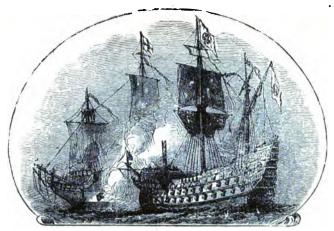
Ammunition and stores—the necessaries of existence, as one may say—were thrown overboard. The treasure kept the vessel fast! Then the wind arose and blew from the shallow to the deeper side. The crew all took the Sacrament and prayed. They thought the end had come. For nearly twenty hours had the struggle continued. There was no hope, and yet what miserable fortune was theirs! After all the dangers they had braved and had escaped. With untold riches in the hold; with precious treasures and most useful

stores already cast into the rippling sea, it seemed hard that the wind would not assist them or that the Providence they trusted would not help to—

What is that! a crushing sound! The vessel lurches, moves. She slips and slides, and ere the crew—before a single man—could shout "she's free," the Golden Hind slipped off the reef, crashing down the coral by the force of the wind and her great weight, and floated in the deep green water once again!



A SPANISH SETTLEMENT.



DRAKE FIGHTING A SPANISH GALLEON.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

DRAKE'S RETURN.—HIS ARRIVAL AT PLYMOUTH.—SPANISH COMPLAINTS.—WAR WITH SPAIN.—SIR R. GRENVILLE AND THE REVENGE.—DEATH OF DRAKE.



T was four o'clock in the afternoon when the Golden Hind again floated upon the sea. Eight cannon, four tons of spices, and some stores had been landed or jettisoned, but owing to the

sudden change of wind the ship was saved.

But many dangers still awaited the explorers. Rocks and reefs and tempests were numerous and violent. Barativa was visited, and the voyagers were received in Java, whence on the 26th March they sailed direct for the Cape of Good Hope.

For many days no land appeared; the sun and stars guided the *Golden IIind* across the pathless billows; but on the 21st of May, when all eyes on deck were again strained to detect the longed-for highlands on the starboard bow, the mountains rose and Africa loomed large. The Cape of Storms, indeed! What storm was here! A quiet sea, a sky serene, no dangerous rocks, a pleasant wind! What jealousy had induced the Portuguese to represent the Cape as that of Storms, when it was so peaceful and so full of Hope!

Had the men forgotten the Pacific and its tempests? It would seem so, for they attributed to jealousy and selfishness the report of the Portuguese, who wished to deter other navigators from the Eastern seas.

Passing the once dreaded Cape, the Golden Hind came up the coast, nor yet sighted land until the 15th of June, nor put into port until Sierra Leone was under her lee.

There elephants and oysters—the bivalves clinging to the trees—astonished the "Hinds," who, nevertheless, plucked the curious "fruit," and ate it greedily. Much refreshed with these and lemons, the crew desired to return to Plymouth and to their homes.

Never had such a vessel carried such a treasure! Steer straight, quarter-master, bring us to the loved Land's End, and we need no longer fear the Spaniard and his wiles!

The weather favoured the gallant ship, which on the 24th of September made the Scilly Isles, and very soon—though the actual date is uncertain, so quiet was Drake's advent kept—the Golden Hind cast anchor in Plymouth Sound.

No bells, no hasty summons this time disturbed the congregations. For though they had arrived upon a Sunday, as they thought, the day was really Monday, and the usual loss of a day in such circumnavigation was inevitable.

But there was another reason why the people and the bells were silent. Matters at court were looking black. People had heard of Drake, and the Spanish ambassador had heard too much. He lodged his king's complaint, received from Mexico, of Drake's exploits in the Southern Sea, the sacking of the Spitfire, and the numerous prizes which had been seized and plundered.

People had heard from Winter, who had arrived in 1579,

how the Golden Hind and the Marigold had disappeared in the fearful Pacific storms, and no tidings had ever come concerning them. The Treasurer knew that his creature, Doughty, was dead, and the Secretary Walsingham, with Sir Christopher Hutton, grieved for Drake, whose royal mistress secretly bewailed her loss—in the speculations, and, may be, in the man.

All these feelings were set aside when the ambassador complained. Drake was alive—very much so—and Mendoza demanded indemnity. The Queen declined. Drake had traded on his own venture. She could not interfere. The ambassador had better prefer his claim against the captain when he returned!

This he determined to do, and so when that Monday morning, Michaelmas Day, the *Golden Hind*, packed full of treasure, let fall her anchor, many well-wishers hurried on board to welcome and to warn. There was danger ashore; let him keep the water round him, for the Spanish dogs were howling for his carcase.

Drake at once perceived the danger, and removed his ship, so battered and so brave, under the lee of the little islet known as Drake's Island still, but then dedicated to Saint Nicholas, the patron of all sailors. Here the voyager remained under pretext of the fear of infection, reversing quarantine; but meantime he despatched a trusty messenger with a royal present and a communication for the Queen.

No one interfered. Friends came and went, and some remained on board. As yet no enemy intruded on the happy loving leisure of the voyager returned. But this dolce far niente was soon disturbed by a summons to London, whither Drake fearlessly as ever proceeded—but not alone. He had the precaution to take with him certain packages as presents to the Queen, who listened to his narrative with interest, and as she listened believed.

She believed that England, with such men as Drake, of whom there were hundreds, could assert herself over the domineering Dons of Spain. The Spanish ambassador stormed, and Elizabeth gave way again to the extent of sequestrating the treasures which Drake had taken. She had had a share, and took care that her captain should also have some pickings.

When, therefore, the official went down to inventory and assay the plunder, he took care to not see a vast sum (some eighty or ninety thousand sterling in our money), which Drake was permitted to annex for himself. He shared with his followers, and they were all enriched, ready to accompany him again, and thus the idea of harrying the Spaniard never slumbered.

As the relations between the Spanish and the English courts became more strained, so did the favour and popularity of Drake and his associates increase. Drake accentuated this feeling by sailing the *Golden Hind* to Deptford, where the Queen herself countenanced the captain by visiting the ship in state. A splendid banquet and entertainment were provided, after which the delighted Elizabeth with her own fair hands, in public, knighted Francis Drake, and by so doing threw down the glove to the Spanish ambassador.

This was balm to Sir Francis, who had been so ill received by the court and council. While poems, epigrams, and songs made his name popular, his enterprise had been jeered at in high places. He was considered a dangerous man to be associated with. War with Spain would certainly ensue; Spain would retaliate; and had not the Spanish ambassador already dubbed Drake as "The Master Thief of the Unknown World."

But when the Queen threw off the veil no one was displeased, save the Spanish section of the Cabinet. Drake became the Lion of England, and it was not long ere he proved himself worthy of the knighthood conferred upon him on the 4th April, 1581. The Golden Hind was thenceforth regarded as a national relic, as is the Victory of Nelson, as the Victoria of Magellan was.

But notwithstanding the Queen's favour, Elizabeth would not permit Drake to sail again. For two or three years he remained at home, married, became a Member of Parliament, and even obtained the distinction of having a reward offered by the King of Spain for his assassination. But the time came when Spain and England took the buttons from their foils, and set about the combat in earnest. Into these warlike expeditions of Sir Francis Drake we need not enter in detail. We see him proceeding to the West



BAY OF CARTHAGENA.

Indies, via the Verde Islands, and watch him seizing St. Iago, San Domingo, and Carthagena.

The boldness of the commander surprised all his enemies. Drake, like most great men, was short of stature, but he was well made, of a fresh and fair countenance, large, lively eyes, and cheerful. A splendid disciplinarian, he commanded,

where he did not win respect, and his men obeyed him for fear in the few instances in which they did not obey him for love.

From Carthagena, loaded with plunder, Drake sailed to Virginia, helped the British settlers, and returned home in 1586, with a profit of £60,000. In the next year he had the command of another fleet, with which he sailed to Cadiz and the Tagus, where he destroyed a Spanish fleet one evening—an undertaking which his officers considered rash in the extreme.

But Drake had made up his mind, when he saw the numerous vessels in Cadiz harbour, that he would deliver a blow at Spanish commerce and the Spanish navy. He went in at sunset and dispersed the crowd of ships, captured many, drove others ashore, and of that great array few escaped. When the sun rose where were they? is a question which may be put. The prizes were scuttled, the galleys disabled, the galleons plundered and in possession of the English.

Some ten thousand tons of Spanish shipping were destroyed, and the contemplated attack upon England was nipped in the bud. Disappointed at the loss of his prizes in a storm, he raged and used strong terms, but recovered himself, and went joyfully to battle when a great carrack was espied in the Channel flying the Spanish ensign.

This ship was one of the East Indian fleet bound for the Azores. Drake's men were exhausted, and disinclined for more engagements, after the buffeting of the storm, but Sir Francis had a method of making himself obeyed by hook or by crook, by threat or by promise. The ships surrounded the great giant like pigmies round Gulliver, and attacked her.

The engagement did not last long. The British ensign and the name of Drake carried conviction to the mind of the Spanish captain of the King of Spain's private ship—the great San Philipe herself.

Such a prize was sufficient to indemnify Drake for all his previous losses. The huge vessel, the first carrack ever seen in England, was carried a prisoner to Plymouth. Her cargo

was valued at over a million of money, and the contents of her lockers were of such a substantial character that the British Enpire in the East Indies was built upon that foundation. In other words, the papers, charts, and documents betrayed to the captain the well-guarded secrets of the Spanish trade. This discovery opened the eyes of British merchants to the fact of the existence of untold means of wealth beyond the sea, and from this capture of the San Philipe or Filippe sprang the great East India Company.

We have not space, nor is it necessary, to tell in these pages of Drake's exploits in connection with the Great Armada. The pursuit and the harrying of that magnificent fleet are subjects with which every reader is more or less familiar. But his services did not cease with the destruction of the Spanish Armada. Next year found him again in command off Portugal, and in 1595 he was despatched to the West Indies.

But ere this Hawkins and Frobisher had taken a fleet into the Atlantic, and when they resigned Drake's ship, the Revenge, was placed in command of Sir Richard Grenville, under Lord Thomas Howard. To this cruise off the Azores prose and poetry have done ample but well-merited justice. They tell how "off Flores in the Azores" the Revenge single-handed engaged fifty-three Spanish vessels, and sank four of them. We read in stirring lines of the gallant Grenville surrendering only when the shattered ship and more than shattered crew could no longer hold together. We read how the storm rose, and how the old Revenge sank with her prize crew in the Channel; how the timbers of the Spanish ships and the bodies of three thousand men were cast ashore in company with the "bones" of the gallant ship which had defied the power of Spain for a day and a night, single-handed.

We know how :-

<sup>&</sup>quot;Ship after ship, the whole night long their high-built galleons came!

Ship after ship, the whole night long with her battle, thunder and flame.

Ship after ship, the whole night long drew back with her dead and her shame."

We still remember brave Sir Richard's words as his end was approaching, and we treasure them in our hearts. After fifteen fearful hours battling, the gunner of the *Revenge* humbly surrendered, and Sir Richard, carried on board the Spanish admiral's ship, murmured,—

"Here die I, Sir Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do . . . whereby my soul most joyfully departeth out of this body and shall always leave behind it an everlasting fame of a valiant and true soldier that hath done his duty as he was bound to do."

When he had finished these and such-like words, says the chronicler, he gave up the ghost with great and stout courage, and no man could perceive any sign of heaviness in him.

And next day came the end of all-

"The whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shattered navy of Spain;
And the little *Revenge* herself went down by the island crags
To be lost evermore in the main!"

This is but a specimen of the spirit of the times when the brave sailors of England fought their enemies to the death in defence of their tight little island home.

But Drake was not employed in that particular service. The loss of his ship preyed upon him, though moody and desponding as he had already, because inactive, become. He was in disgrace with the court, but the queen sent for him then and his sun again arose, and shone brilliantly. Alas, it was lost in the glory of its setting.

Delays occurred. The Queen still procrastinated. At length the fleet departed under the command of Drake and Hawkins; but ill-luck attended it when it finally was set at liberty to proceed to the West Indies.

Then the ships' rendezvous was made, but when Hawkins came in he had a sorry tale to tell concerning the loss of one of his vessels, captured by the Spaniards.

This loss was more serious that at first sight may appear,

because the capture gave the alarm, and Drake could no longer count upon secrecy, nor upon attacking unfortified places. Sir Francis was eager for action, but yielded to Hawkins' more timid counsels to remain and "prepare for action."

This delay proved fatal in the end, but Drake again dis-



SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

played his wonderful power of deceiving his enemy, and actually "hid" his fleet in strange creeks and behind the islands until ready to dash upon his foe. This he did at Porto Rico, where Hawkins, who had been ailing, died that same evening; his loss wrapped the fleet in gloom.

A discussion followed. On board the Defiance Drake inter-

viewed his captains, and seated at supper they arranged their plans. Suddenly a round shot came tearing through the cabin cutting Drake's chair in two, and killing Sir N. Clifford and

wounding others mentally.

This was ominous beginning; but on the next day the town was attacked, though only a barren victory rewarded the English commander, if victory it could be called when the assailing party after doing much damage was obliged by prudence to sheer off again-"undefeated."

Though many other places suffered from the British raiding, the chief towns were fully defended, and batteries now replaced the poor defences of the past. Drake and his captains had to contend against a powerful and watch-



MONUMENT TO DRAKE AT PLYMOUTH.

ful enemy, and many a disappointment caused serious looks to be exchanged and sad words to be spoken.

Then the vessels bore away to Honduras, but the weather

and climate warned them back. Drake struggled on. Baskerville's attempt on Panama had been a failure, and it was now a question of "do or die" for reputation.

The fell climate of the Mosquito shore decided the question. Sickness seized the crews. Even Drake, the invulnerable, suc cumbed to an attack of dysentery at last. Full of resolution he struggled on, and the ships steered for Porto Bello, in vain as it proved.

On January 28th, 1596, Drake rose from his bed of sickness, a raving madman; when the fit of delirium had passed the usual exhaustion succeeded. Led back to his berth again, he lay quite still and his life ebbed gently away.

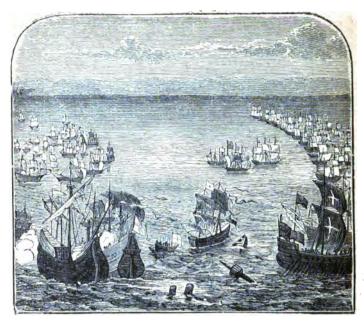
So died the "Little Pirate," the "English Viking," the "Scourge of Spain," in his fifty-sixth year, after a most adventurous and romantic career. Few men have combined such energy and gentleness, such force and such mercifulness, such independence and such loyalty. The fleet had lost its mainspring when he passed away, but the survivors buried him in the sea he loved so well, amid the booming of cannon and the sad wail of music.

As companions in his death, two ships were sunk, to aid him, as an Indian might say, in his passage to a better world, and to assist him to sail across the eternal sea.

So passed away one of England's greatest heroes, who laid the foundation of her navy, of her supremacy at sea, and of her great East Indian Empire, by his actions and advice.

Of the famous Golden Hind naught remains save a chair fashioned from her rotting timbers, which is in the Bodleian at Oxford.





THE SPANISH ARMADA.

## CHAPTER XIX.

THE OLD MARINERS.—THOMAS CANDISH.—HIS EXPEDITION WITH THE DESIRE AND THE CONTENT.—INCIDENTS OF HIS CAREER.—HIS SECOND VOYAGE.

EADERS will have doubtless remarked upon the manner in which these early voyages were conducted. There is little mention made of the "Government" in such expeditions as we have been endeavouring to describe. Most of the cost, and, generally, the initiative were left to private individuals, and Elizabeth particularly encouraged this feeling by honouring the brave performers. Thus a public spirit was encouraged, the desire

for adventure was fostered, and a wish for distinction was nurtured amongst a class who would perhaps have expended their lives and their wealth in less worthy pursuits, or in simple pleasure.

Employment at sea was also given to men of less means. The poor were made sailors, navigators, captains, and learned the needed experience to command, and if required to defend, with their vessels the commerce, which they were learning to pursue and to increase.

So we find such men as Essex, Richard Grenville, Humphrey Gilbert, Walter Raleigh, Robert Dudley, Francis Drake, the Earl of Cumberland, and many other gentlemen of rank and fortune, ready to brave the dangers of the sea and the barbarities of Spain, in the hope of succeeding in making discoveries and planting new colonies, which, in those brave days were regarded as ornaments to the British Crown.

High upon the goodly roll of voyagers of the time, stands Thomas Candish, better known as Cavendish of Trimley, Suffolk. Left an orphan at an early age, Candish inherited a large estate in the neighbourhood of Ipswich, a position which gave him a taste for the sea.

This desire for sailing he gratified as soon as he could, for Trimley stands on the peninsula formed by the Orwell near Felixstowe, and when he came of age he built him a bark, which he called the *Tiger*, and accompanied Sir Richard Grenville (Greenville) to Virginia.

Although he met with little success, he gained experience, and some knowledge of the West Indies. He also had opportunities to interview some of Drake's men, and their conversation fired him with the desire to emulate that celebrated navigator.

Thus Thomas, the son of William Candish, became a navigator. He sold portions of his estate, built two ships and furnished them with the necessary equipment. Through his patron, Lord Hunsdon, he received the Queen's authority to sail "against her enemies," and in 1586 he set forth.

The ships were appositely and oppositely named the *Desire* and the *Content*. The *Desire* was far in excess of the *Content*, however, the latter being less than half the size of the former, 60 against 140 tons. To these were added the *Hugh Gailant* of 40 tons. The crew were picked and experienced sailors, some of whom had sailed with Drake, mariners too of known value.<sup>1</sup>

Thomas Candish completed his arrangements, and quitting the metropolis, he went on board the *Desire* at Harwich, in July, 1586. Thence he sailed to Plymouth, and on the 25th the voyage commenced in earnest.

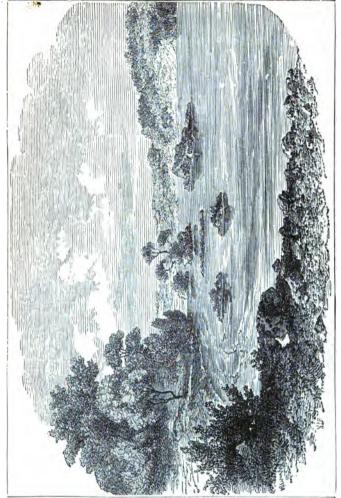
Scarcely had the ships quitted England when the expedition sighted five large Spanish vessels. These "gentleman" came in to give Candish a taste of their quality and to take his ships into a Spanish port. But they found out their error when Candish opened fire, and in a remarkably short space of time the British gunners drove off the foe who was glad to escape so easily. For Candish did not pursue them, but continued his course down the African coast, and, after losing some men in an encounter with savages, the ships sailed across the dread Atlantic.

On the the 3rd of October a mountain was sighted in the Brazils and then coasted along, until in November, just four months after their departure from Plymouth, the ships anchored in a harbour which the "general" named *Port Desire*.

The Patagonian natives did not treat the strangers with any courtesy, and after a while the expedition continued its way, without meeting with any curious adventures, to the entrance of the Strait of Magellan. As the ships were passing through they perceived some signal lights from the shore, and, much surprised, answered them.

During the night many conjectures were made on board the ships as to the cause of the signals: whether they were false or true, if made by Spaniards or natives to lead the vessels to

<sup>1</sup> It would appear that a mariner was then a superior grade to sailor. Also the "flag-ship" was termed the Admiral, and the commander-in-chief the "General."



VIEW IN STRAIT OF MAGELLAN.

destruction upon the dangerous coast, and such like theories were broached. The "general," however, would not move until daylight, contenting himself with observing the positions of the signals, without making any attempt to ascertain their origin.

In the morning, however, a boat was despatched to the shore, where some men were observed waving and making signs with a kerchief. These people proved to be some of the few survivors of an unfortunate band of Spanish settlers who, to the number of over 3,000, had sailed under the command of Pedro Sarmiento, to colonize and defend the Straits.

The English explorers quickly learned the fate of the colonists. From the outset the expedition suffered, and only a portion of the Spanish flotilla, which included three and twenty large ships, arrived to fortify and defend the Straits of Magellan, and prevent the entrance of any but the King of Spain's ships into the Southern Seas. This most arrogant assumption was soon put aside.

Providence decided adversely to His Most Catholic Majesty of Spain. Two stations had been built, fortified, and inhabited, but the weather drove the Viceroy off, and one of his subordinates sailed home with the greater part of the supplies.

How these chiefs imagined that those they left behind them were to survive the climate plus famine the Viceroy did not explain. The natural result ensued. When the poor deluded settlers had consumed the small supplies already landed, death stared them in the face! In vain they gazed eastward for the return of the store-ship. Rivera, the subordinate, never came back, and men, women, and children died like dogs of cold and hunger in the settlements.

Still some attempt at release was made. The stronger and the more energetic managed to construct and launch two small ships in which the survivors hoped to reach the Brazils or some coast town. But this attempt failed. One vessel was shattered on the rocks, and the crew of the other returned in despair to the inhospitable shore again! There the eighteen

survivors stood as the boat was approaching: the rest, more than four hundred, had died in the station of Nombre de Jesus alone; fifteen men and three gaunt women waited for the boat and for the assistance of their enemy.

A sad fate theirs! Candish was kind and sympathetic. He offered to convey them to the Brazils, and they actually hesitated to accept the offer. They parleyed, and sent a messenger on board after a while—a delay which sealed their doom. Had the unfortunate people at once closed with the handsome and generous offer they would in all probability have all been saved.

But the east wind suddenly rose and came howling through the Strait. The English vessels could not hold their positions. The order, "Up anchor!" was given, and before the hurricane the vessels, with the solitary Spaniard on board the "Admiral," plunged and scudded toward the South Sea.

In vain the signals now; vain are the cries, and shrieks, and lamentations. The helping hand had not been grasped; the merciful offer had not been accepted; the door was shut. "Too late! too late! ye cannot enter now!"

Far away upon the desolate shore the miserable people lay down to die—their last chance gone. Farther on another testimony to the merciless greed of Spain was found. When the ships reached the other settlement, called in the old tongue Ciudad del Rey Felippe—the city of King Philip—no living thing accosted them. Cannon yawned from the ground; the houses were in ruins. Amongst them lay several dead bodies, and the ghastly testimony of a gallows indicated the state of discipline which had been preserved on the verge of a general destruction.

It would appear that for many months these poor people existed upon shell fish, and had at length died of starvation from sheer inability to find or collect even such miserable food. There they lay as they had fallen—unburied. They had perhaps been slain by the natives when no longer able to offer any resistance.

Candish and his men dug up and removed the guns, and departed from the place, which he named Port Famine, as soon as the wind permitted. On the 24th February, 1587, the three ships entered the Pacific.

In a few days a storm arose, and fears were entertained for the little *Hugh Gallant*, but she eventually turned up all right, though the phrase may suggest a less happy fate. The Araucania in Chili gave the English an unwelcome reception, and the squadron proceeded up the coast, visiting and noting the strange scenes, the quaint huts, and curious characteristics of the tribes, skirmishing with Spaniards and other inhabitants. At Puna the English sunk a large ship, and plundered the stores, the church, and the gardens, burnt vessels and carried off the church bells after a smart engagement.

So these old sea-dogs proceeded, seizing all they could, burning and raiding up to Cape St. Lucar, in California.

News had been obtained of the expected appearance of a very richly laden vessel from Manilla. Candish and his crews were accordingly on the *qui vive* when, after refitting, they put to sea on the 4th November. At length a sail was spied, and the British, crowding canvas, made ready for action.

The stranger came on unsuspectingly, and the *Desire* and *Content* went to intercept her. The *Hugh Gallant* had ere this been burned, as there were not sufficient men left to navigate her. In the course of the day the pursuers came within range of the treasure-ship, and saluted her with a broadside.

This compliment, not meeting with the attention it doubtless merited, a fire of small arms was kept up, under cover of which the English ships ran alongside the great galleon which was named *Santa Anna*.

The Spanish crew, perceiving that they could do nothing to defend themselves from the guns, prudently hove to their ship, but did not show on deck. The lofty bulwarks were scaled, and then the British assailants found the enemy awaiting them armed with pikes, muskets, lances, and even stones, to repel the anticipated attack.

This defiance was as disagreeable as it was unexpected. Candish and his men had anticipated an easy victory over the



ATTACK ON THE SPANIARD.

unarmed craft, but they were undeceived when the Spaniards advanced in force and drove them overboard again, with some

loss. On this repulse the English ships drew off for a while and peppered the unfortunate Santa Anna unmercifully with round shot and bullets. The splinters flew in white patches from the masts and hull. Shot crashed through the 'tweendecks, and bullets pattered and sung on the poop and round the rigging. Still the trusty Spaniard would not surrender his care, and more drastic measures were resorted to.

The "Admiral" was brought even nearer, and Candish treated the contumacious captain to a dose of iron "'twixt wind and water." The holes made by the round shot, which admitted the deadly enemy, ocean, succeeded in bringing the Spaniard to reason. He struck his colours at last, a course which, under the circumstances, he might, without loss of dignity, have taken at first, as he was practically defenceless, and begged for quarter.

This was immediately granted. The chief merchants on board the prize came off in a boat and, kneeling to Candish, implored him to grant them their lives. This he did on the sole condition that the cargo of the *Anna* was truly declared. The declaration was made, and a most valuable plunder, including 122,000 pieces of gold, rewarded the captors.

"Alas! how light a cause may move Dissension between hearts that love,"

sang the poet, and though, perhaps, the plunder and its partition were no "light matters," the division ended in a parting. The shares were allotted, but the men of the *Content* exemplified the truth of the contemporary poet's remark, "What's in a name!" Discontentment arose, and mutiny was stirred up. The rent was patched up, but the same feeling of interreliance no longer existed, and the *Desire* was regarded with unfriendly eyes.

However, peace was restored. The "general" behaved liberally to his captives. They were put ashore with a supply of arms and ammunition, stores and provisions. A few lads were retained as pages to the conquerors, but, on the other

hand, many tons of cargo were abandoned in the galleon. Five hundred tons of rich laces and other valuable merchandise had to be relinquished because there was no room for it in the captor's vessels!

What could be done! To abandon it was "sinful." To permit the Spaniards to keep it, "ridiculous!" There was only one course open to Candish—destruction. So he fired the galleon, and had the satisfaction to see her "burn to the water's edge."

A grim salute of unshotted guns was the parting compliment paid to the Spaniards abandoned on the shore. The English quitted the roads, leaving the Santa Anna a burning wreck, only held by a single hawser from drifting ashore, a derelict! The cable was burned, and as Candish expected, the huge frame, blazing furiously, drifted in at the feet of the late occupants, who lined the beach, watching her destruction.

But the Spaniards were not wanting in resolution. Conquered, plundered, nearly ruined, landed on an inhospitable coast, they did not lose their heads. The ship was there. She still floated. She still contained a valuable cargo. Why neglect the opportunity? With characteristic bravery the Spanish crew climbed on board, managed to extinguish the flames, and eventually to fit her out for sea, and made their escape with the remnant of the merchandise.

Meanwhile the *Desire* and the *Content* had parted company. The relations between commanders and crews, already strained, had apparently given way, and in the night the *Content* disappeared. Where she went, or what became of her, no man knoweth to this day. She may have been sunk or run ashore; or she may have turned pirate or buccaneer, and with changed name and character have played havoc with the early commerce of the Southern Seas. At any rate, as the *Content* she disappeared, and has never since been heard of.

The Desire, with the "general" on board, continued her course, and encountered many adventures and much adverse weather. She touched at the Ladrones, the Philippines, and

visited Capne, where the natives bade her welcome. But an unpleasant incident occurred here.

Nicholas Rodrigo, on board the *Desire*, was a pilot who had been borrowed from the *Santa Anna*, as the other pilot Ersola had been. Rodrigo demanded private speech with Candish, and informed him that Ersola intended to betray the *Desire* to the Spaniards. The English commander was very wroth at this intelligence, because he had been particularly kind to Ersola.

Candish was determined to probe this accusation to the bottom, and sternly he summoned the accused to his presence. The accuser maintained his point, the pilot's chest was searched, and a damnatory letter was found addressed to the governor at Manilla, inviting the authorities to intercept and capture the *Desire* and her quondam consort.

Condemned out of his own mouth, the unfortunate Ersola had no defence to offer. He confessed to what he could not deny, and was condemned to die as a traitor and a spy. A short shrift and a long rope settled the matter. In the early morning the fellow was hung at the yard arm, and his last look upon the sun was when it rose suddenly beyond the ocean as he was lifted to eternity.

It is unnecessary to follow step by step the voyage home by the Cape of Good Hope. As the *Desire* came up from the Azores she received the news of the destruction of the dreaded Spanish Armada, to which Drake, aided by the forces of Nature, had so greatly conduced. As a commentary a terrific storm soon burst upon the *Desire*, carried away her sails, and stripped her. But being supplied with silks and damask, the crew set about to "bend" these glossy cloths, and even cloth of gold, into the shape and use of sails, with which the explorers careered homewards.

On the 9th of September the fishermen of Plymouth were greatly surprised to behold a ship with shining canvas entering the port. Such silken sails were those of Cleopatra's barge, and not of plain explorer's ships.

But when the *Desire* was recognised, her silken, shining sails were looked upon as harbingers of untold wealth. Her officers and crew, attired in silks and satins from the plundered *Anna*, looked like noblemen indeed! Surely the *Desire* had brought home a treasure! "Candish has returned!"

So he had. After an absence of a little more than two years, Thomas Candish—or Cavendish—had sailed around the world. He had accomplished his voyage in a much shorter time than Magellan or Drake, though comparisons of this nature count for little in the ever-varying circumstances of an exploring or buccaneering expedition.

Candish wrote from Plymouth at once to Lord Hunsdon, his patron, an account of his voyage. He says in this despatch that "it hath pleased the Almighty to suffer me to circumcompass all the whole globe of the world, entering in at the Straits of Magellan, and returning by the Cape of Buena Esperanza. In which voyage I have either discovered, or brought certain intelligence of, all the rich places of the world that ever were known or discovered by any Christian."

Nor did this "Thomas Candish" say too much of his exploits. He had mapped and described the dreaded Magellan Strait. He had boldly penetrated into regions where British ships were dreaded and awaited with armed forces by the Spaniards, eagerly watching for a chance to strike. His descriptions of the land he visited, China especially, and the islands, the manner in which he educated his men in seamanship, his personal courage and skill in sailing almost unknown seas with scant experience; all these and other feats place Candish amongst our greatest explorers, and, as Queen Elizabeth considered, his voyage rivalled Drake's.

The Virgin Queen knighted him in 1591, and Sir Thomas Candish set out once more for the South Sea. But this expedition proved unfortunate.

There were five vessels employed, viz. the *Leicester*, a galleon—"in which Sir Thomas Candish himself embarked—as admiral or general of the expedition"; "the *Roebuck*, vice-

admiral," commanded by Mr. Cocke; "the *Desire*, rearadmiral," captain, J. Davis; the *Dainty*, a bark, and a pinnace named the *Black*.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> It will be observed that titles now assumed by individuals, were then bestowed upon the ships



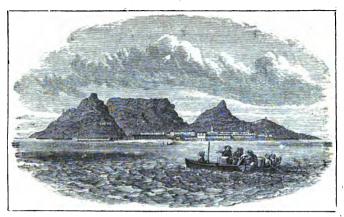


TABLE BAY AND CAPE TOWN.

## CHAPTER XX.

CONTINUATION OF CANDISH'S EXPEDITIONS.—TERRIBLE SUF-FERINGS.—DEATH OF CANDISH.—EFFECTS OF THE EX-PLORATION.

HE squadron sailed from Plymouth on the 26th August, 1591, and the ships made their way in adverse circumstances to the Straits of Magellan. Amidst all his knowledge, Candish does not appear to have studied the changes of climate, for to attempt the passage of the Straits in mid winter—that is, in May—was folly.

The cold and the tempestuous character of the weather baffled all the calculations of the captains, and the men were reduced to the greatest distress, "having not wherewithal to cover their bodies nor to fill their bellies, living on muscles, sea-weeds, and water, with an occasional supply of meal from the ship's stores." The sick were sent ashore to die untended, and after consultation the captains decided to return. Of the

seventy-five persons in the *Desire*, only the master had know-ledge to manage the ship, and there were only fourteen sailors, the rest of the crew being "gentlemen, serving-men, and tradesmen."

A curious medley this upon such an important and difficult expedition, and indicating the desire of all classes to be identified with the brave deeds then in vogue.

Return to Santos in Brazil was determined upon, and the ships made for Port Desire. They started together, but became separated, and then a series of terrible disasters brought about the ruin of the expedition.

How this actually came about it is difficult to say. Candish himself, in his narrative sent to his executor, Sir Tristram Georges, attributes the fiasco to "the running away of the villain Davis," which "was the death of me, and the decay of the whole action, and his treachery in deserting me the ruin of all."

But Davis, or rather the chronicler of his doings, distinctly says that the ships missed each other. "Not finding our general at Port Desire as we had expected, . . . we were reduced to a very unpleasant situation." Later on it is described how the men went in search of the general who had vowed that he would return again to the Straits.

This suggestion was quite overthrown by the behaviour of two of the crew, Charles Parker and Edward Smith. These fellows represented to the men that the captain and the master intended to leave them to be devoured by cannibals, and if they once got away they would not return. The men accordingly became obstreperous, and to pacify them the commanders agreed to abandon the search for Sir Thomas.

This was in June, 1592, and the condition of the *Desire* was lamentable. The shrouds and ropes were rotten and useless, the sails unable to sustain any pressure; there was neither tar nor pitch on board, very little food, and only water to drink. So the men set to, with the assistance of the pinnace, to refit, and remained in this miserable and forlorn condition till the

6th of August, keeping a watch on the hills for the general, and "suffering extreme anguish and vexation."

As the galleon did not appear, the two vessels proceeded to the Straits again to wait the general's coming, and after some adventures the ships anchored within fourteen miles of the South Sea in a narrow passage where the general "could not possibly pass unseen."

For a fortnight the ships remained in that place with a smelling cargo of salted seals and penguins, scarce any victuals and little covering. Is it any wonder that "men sickened and died"? The survivors attempted to gain the Pacific, but were driven back by tempests, and again "brought up" in the Straits.

Once more, on the 2nd October, sail was made into the South Sea, and the Straits were quitted safely. But once more the Pacific belied its name, and a terrible storm arose which caused the mariners great uneasiness. They hesitated to return, having no ground tackle, and they dared not carry sails, as they were rotten and the tempest furious. Then the pinnace came up in distress, but the *Desire* could not help her. She was left behind, when, being to windward, she "suddenly struck a halt," and did not follow further.

The Desire "durst not hull," in such an "unmerciful storm, sometimes trying our main course, sometimes with a haddock of our sail, for our ship was very leeward, and labored hard in the sea." The pinnace soon disappeared, and was no more seen.

The remainder of the narrative, written by one of the survivors of the *Desire's* company, is a record of terrible suffering. The Straits again received the ship, battered and buffeted. Yet the danger was not over. Shipwreck was narrowly escaped, but the manner in which the master and captain had mapped out the many turnings, creeks, and headlands, and the marvellous way in which they remembered them at night, enabled them to steer the ship in safety.

Penguin Island, nine miles from Port Desire, was reached on the 30th October, when eggs and birds were collected. Parker and Smith were again requested to go ashore with others and kill and dry the penguins, but refused; they were afraid of being left behind with their mates. So other men were sent, and when the ship was safe at Port Desire, a boat was sent back to the island. It returned, however, being too deeply laden, and then the malcontents asked leave to proceed by land to the island channel, where the boat could meet them, and land them on the island with the rest.

Nine men started by land, while the boat proceeded by sea. Most of the crew were on Penguin Island, packing the birds and eggs for food, when the ship was attacked by some natives. They were repulsed by fire-arms, but as the nine men who had crossed the isthmus never reappeared, the captain came to the conclusion that the savages had murdered the travellers.

Thus reprisals had been made upon the mutineers who wished formerly to murder the captain and master—a fate from which Providence saved them.

It was not until December that the vessel made sail for the Brazils, with thousands of dried penguins and their eggs. By the fortunate discovery of scurvy-grass, the terrible scourge of sailors had been avoided or checked, and the reduced crew put in at the "island of Placenica, in Brazil," where men were landed to obtain fruit and roots. The houses were all burned down when the captain and his men landed, so they took what they required from the deserted gardens. But the sailors had some suspicions, for while they worked and gathered supplies, each man had his weapon handy.

One day—it was the 5th of February, 1593—the sailors were busy, some coopering water-casks, some digging, some boiling the cassava for dinner. After dinner they dispersed to bathe or to sleep in the shade. No one stood sentry,—not a match was lighted, not a piece loaded! Suddenly a number of Indians and Portuguese came upon the undefended British, and slew thirteen of them out of fifteen.

When the survivors carried the news to the ship, a party proceeded ashore, but only to find the dead bodies laid in a row, naked, with a cross beside them. This loss reduced the

ship's company to twenty-seven out of seventy-six; and the captain, seeing two pinnaces approaching full of men, determined to put to sea rather than to await the impending encounter.

With foul water-casks, foul water, and only dried provisions, the crew put to sea "in deep distress." The enemy on the one hand, a famine on the other, the alternative was sufficiently threatening. Somehow the Portuguese were evaded, but in the tropics the sufferings of the miserable crew were fearful. The dried penguins bred horrible worms which devoured everything on board, attacked the crew, gnawed the ship's timbers, and ate everything "except iron." These loathsome creatures could not be destroyed; every device possible was resorted to, but each attempt seemed only to increase their numbers, and they bit "like mosquitoes" when the men were asleep.

The results of such surroundings quickly became apparent. "A terrible disease" attacked the survivors. It commenced with swelling in the ankles, a swelling which quickly extended to the chest to such an extent that those who suffered could neither stand nor walk nor lie down. They could hardly speak, and all except a lad were more or less attacked.

All save sixteen died: only five, including the captain, master, two other men and a boy, were able to move, and upon those five all the work rested. No reefing could be performed, no new sail set if one were torn to pieces by the wind, and the languid helmsmen stood steering distressed by the terrible sights and heartrending sounds which arose, unable to succour, and powerless to avoid them.

For weeks the few hardy ones sailed on in the fever ship. Unable to assist each other, only capable of guiding the vessel under sail, but not able to trim or shift an inch of canvas, the poor creatures ran on until "it pleased God on the 11th of June, 1593,"—exactly three hundred years ago at the present writing—to carry the vessel into Beerhaven in Ireland, and then she ran ashore.

The "hospitable" Irish helped them, for a consideration of ten pounds, to take in the sails and moor the ship. Thus, concludes the chronicler, "without men, sails, or victuals, or other means, God alone guided us into Ireland."

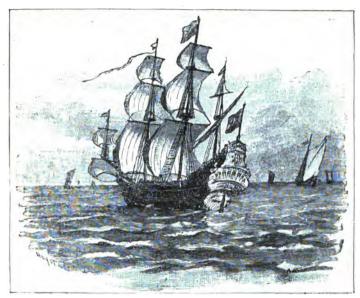
The end was come. The master and a few others remained at Beerhaven, the captain and a few more got a passage in a coaster to Padstow, and with this scanty record as to the fate of the *Desire* the narrative concludes.

The Leicester, with Sir Thomas, and the Roebuck, sailed in company, and after many perils were "tossed by tempestuous seas" to within two leagues of St. Helena, in the South Atlantic Ocean. Candish was full of chagrin. Mutiny arose. Barker, of the Roebuck, perished on an island in consequence of disobedience of orders. Many men were lost by negligence and mutinous behaviour, and in the vain search for St. Helena, Sir Thomas, much distressed in mind and body, died of a broken heart.

The Leicester, like the Desire, succeeded in reaching the United Kingdom again, but the Roebuck, the Dainty, and the Black, never returned home. Where they lie no man can tell. One day some light may be thrown upon the fate of the ships, but nothing certain is known at present of the remaining vessels of that fateful expedition.

It was a startling contrast to most of those already undertaken, and served more than any amount of danger and difficulty to deter others from setting out. No other rich and independent gentleman cared to run such risks, and the consequence was that our skilled mariners, being out of work, sought it in other countries, and gave to the Dutch and the French the nautical experience which they had gained at the peril of their lives in the service of Drake and Candish.

One of these men, who served the Dutch, was named Mellish, of whom we hear again.



ENGLISH SHIP, 17TH CENTURY.

## CHAPTER XXI.

DUTCH EXPEDITIONS AND EAST INDIA COMPANY. — THE VOYAGE OF SCHOUTEN AND LE MAIRE, — ITS RESULT.



E have now to glance at the events connected with those expeditions which laid the foundation of our Empire in India, and then to recount some curious and interesting discoveries during the seventeen.

century, with which we must bring this volume to a close. In a subsequent work we hope to tell of the adventures of our pirates and buccaneers, and of many treasure seekers of later times—tales for which no space can be found within the limits of this binding.

The success of Drake and Candish and the prestige of their voyages spread rapidly, notwithstanding the check which our

national enthusiasm received by the death of the last named explorer. It was perceived that much wealth was to be had for the asking—or rather for the taking—in the South Seas and in the East Indies; so merchants began to think of fitting out ships of their own to circumnavigate the globe and to resist Spanish domination, and to establish a direct trade to India by sea.

One result of this resolution was to present a memorial to the Council to obtain the royal permission to send a small fleet to India; and in 1591 Captain G. Raymond set forth upon the first voyage of the English to India, partly to trade, but chiefly to repeat there the acts which Drake and others had performed against the Spaniards. In fact, the Portuguese were the objects of our displeasure, and plunder the motive.

But it cannot be said that much success resulted from these early expeditions. In 1596, Benjamin Wood made another attempt with a squadron of three vessels—the Bear, the Bear's Whelp, and the Benjamin. The Dutch, however, had made some rather successful ventures, and wished to extend their experiences further. They also recognised the advantages gained by the Spaniards and Portuguese in the trade of the Indies and Spanish Main; so the phlegmatic inhabitants of the "United Provinces" slowly, but with characteristic sureness approached the subject.

The government of the Netherlands acted on the principle of Elizabeth. The ruler would not openly countenance aggression as a State, but would permit and authorize such armed ventures by independent gentlemen, who would "stand in" with the State even as Sebastian Cabot did with the permission of the English king.

So the Dutch, having "taken Holland," thought that they might as well take other land, and they accordingly proceeded to worry the Spaniards and Portuguese. The secession of many mariners from the service of English adventurers assisted the enterprise, and in the beginning of the year 1598 we find the Dutch merchants on the move.

On one of these expeditions of "the Zeelanders in their East India voyage" we find Captain John Davis as pilot. The expedition was made in vessels owned in Middleburgh, by Messrs. Mushrom, Clarke, and Monef, named the Lion and Lioness. Cornelius Howteman was chief in command. So the project was essentially Dutch, though Davis had been employed by Robert, Earl of Essex, "for discovering the eastern parts of the world for the service of Queen Elizabeth and the good of England."

This appears to have been an extraordinary voyage in many respects. For instance, a "Lord of Misrule" was appointed on the way to the Cape. "The authority of this disorderly officer lay in riot," for after dinner he declined to understand the laws of reason; lawlessness and folly ruled the ship for three days, and the *Baas* or captain had no authority.

People who were so frivolous on such an important expedition could scarcely be expected to be very brave, and when some of the crew landed in South Africa, near Saldanha Bay (Table Bay), some natives put them to flight "like mice before cats." The Baas had remained on board for fear of accidents, but he sent the men weapons and shields. Yet, though "laden with arms and defences," the men all stayed in the tents, "besieged by savages and cows. In muster giants," writes the pilot, "in action babies with wrens' hearts!"

The incidents of this voyage were of the usual character until the ships reached Acheen, where were also some Portu guese vessels. The king and his advisers quite deluded the Baas, as might have been expected, and under the pretence of sending troops on board for conveyance to Johor to make war there, the wily monarch sent a force on board the Dutch vessels, and having half intoxicated the crew by means of "a kind of seed," the natives and Portuguese nearly took the ships. Some of the sailors luckily kept their heads and defeated the plans of the enemy, though a number of the Dutch were slain. Two pinnaces and a boat were lost.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> In Zeeland, not Middlesbro' on the Tees.

The "Indians," however, suffered greatly in the encounter, but the Dutch merchants and adventurers lost their money and goods which they had ashore, and many were "utterly ruined." Sumatra did not prove at all advantageous to the venturers. After some other adventures and escapes from being poisoned, the remains of the crews came home in July, 1600, and none of the party seemed to be much pleased with the results of the attempt to trade in the East Indies.

But the Dutch navigators were not dismayed. Oliver van Noort, and subsequently De Weert, tried their luck against the Spaniards in another direction, sailing to the South Seas and through Magellan's Strait. In Noort's expedition sailed Mr. Mellish, the pilot who had accompanied Candish in his voyages. This little squadron was absent more than three years and went round the world, arriving safely at Rotterdam in 1601. The narrative of De Weert is very interesting, but we have not space to detail it. The voyagers lived for a long time in the Straits of Magellan, and endured straits of another kind similar to those undergone by Candish.

There is yet another Dutch expedition to be mentioned, and somewhat more at length, because it marks an epoch in the tour of discovery. This is the expedition of Schouten and Le Maire. We pass by the voyage of George Spilbergen, 1614–1617, "from Holland to the South Sea," under the auspices of the Dutch East India Company, who wished to try the route to India by the Straits of Magellan. Let it suffice to say that Spilbergen was warmly commended on his return for his conduct of the expedition, which "contributed both to the advantage of the Company, his own reputation, and the glory of his country."

The advantage of the Dutch East India Company had also been attended to by the States General. The government had been so kind as to make a decree prohibiting all their subjects save the said Company to trade beyond the Cape of Good Hope on one side or the Straits of Magellan on the other, to known or unknown lands.

Such restrictions galled the necks of the merchant adventurers in Holland. The English were already working an East India Company in opposition to them, and to be cut off from private trade through the passages and by the seas which were made by Nature for all was an insult they could not endure.



DUTCH VESSEL, 1650.

By these means was opposition engendered, and a certain rich merchant who in Amsterdam did dwell, Isaac Le Maire by name, determined to make some little discovery on his own account. He fancied that there might be some way of penetrating into the Pacific other than through the celebrated

Straits. A passage by the North-West was out of the question, he thought, though an early belief still remained in some minds that a passage from the Pacific to the Atlantic, through Arctic waters, existed.

However, Le Maire thought that he would try the South, and with this view, having also plenty of money, he applied to a friend who lived in the town of Horn, one William Cornelison Schouten, a mariner of experience and of independent means. Schouten agreed with his friend. There might very well be a way into the Pacific other than through the Straits, and if so, the friends could trade in their own passage and outwit the Company.

With this determination the two promoters formed a little syndicate, themselves, the burgomaster of Horn, an alderman of that place, a senator, and another merchant. Le Maire put down half the sum required, the other members subscribing the other moiety between them. The utmost secrecy was maintained; sailors were engaged on special terms. Schouten would not accept any hands who would not sign for "any required service," and his office was the scene of much bargaining in consequence.

Curiosity, he found, was not limited to the female sex, but his caution prevailed. He promised good wages, but held his peace concerning the destination of the ships, and made no fuss in the matter either. In two months the vessels were equipped. They were named the *Unity*, which mounted nineteen cannon and twelve swivels—a formidable cruiser; and the *Horn*, a smaller ship, carrying twelve guns in all. William C. Schouten commanded the *Unity*, a ship of 360 tons, while Jan C. Schouten was master of the *Horn*. The crews respectively numbered sixty-five and twenty-two hands.

They sailed from the Texel on the 14th June, 1615, and having procured an English gunner, the vessels proceeded by Plymouth to Madeira and Sierra Leone, and thence across the dread Atlantic. The regulations were most strict, journals or logs were kept by the supercargoes for the information of the

home-staying shareholders, and any communication or inquiry respecting the destination of the ships was strictly forbidden.

On the 4th September they quitted Sierra Leone, and as they sailed, the *Horn* received a terrific shock. The men were thrown off their balance, and fancied that a sea-quake had occurred; but the appearance of the water evoked even more serious alarms, for the ocean was deeply tinged with red, as if by blood!

This was a most curious incident in their eyes. There was no rock, no great animal was visible, no damage was done, and after exhausting their minds in vain conjecture as to the cause of these strange effects in mid-ocean, the crew returned to duty, much impressed by the miraculous occurrence.

Not until the end of October did the "general" inform his people of his destination. He intended, he said, to discover a new passage into the South Sea. He harangued the men, and was pleased to see that they were glad and accepted his plans with evident pleasure, entering into the spirit of the enterprise with avidity, and congratulating each other upon the prospects of discovery and riches.

On the 6th December, they sighted the main-land of South America and attempted Port Desire, but missed the channel, with the result that the *Unity* grounded, but fortunately hauled off again. This place the voyagers named Smelt Bay, in consequence of the abundance of that fish, whence they proceeded to Port Desire and tried to anchor. Greatly to their disappointment the wind changed, and the holding-ground being very bad, the ships began to drag.

The *Unity* lay broadside on to the cliffs, and in such a manner rested upon the shelving rocks, that as the tide fell the vessel slid down with it, not hanging on the ledges, and so got off undamaged; but the less fortunate *Horn* ran aground, and when the tide receded she was left, high and dry, in such a peculiar position that a man could walk under the keel as she rested on the rocks!

For a while she remained balanced by the force of the wind

which prevented her falling over, but when the breeze abated, the vessel leaned more and more till she fell upon her "bends." Then the utmost consternation prevailed. The master, assisted by all who could help, did all he could to replace the little craft in a favourable position. Schouten was calm but silent as he surveyed the ship and calculated the effect of the swift tides upon the hull. The *Horn* seemed doomed!

"There is no hope," murmured the men. "She cannot right herself. Wind and water will drive her more firmly on the rocks. The tide will bring the wind up with it, and then farewell to the stout little vessel on the reef."

The clouds and the rippling tidal stream were watched each evening with deep anxiety. Favoured by her position, the *Unity* floated in safety, taking care to be ready to help the brave *Horn*, or to run up-stream, as the circumstances might demand one or the other course.

The tide is turning. Now the crucial test is coming. What of the wind? There is no wind! So far fortunate. The waves will not drive the vessel farther upon the reef. With intense anxiety the Schoutens watch the incoming water, expecting, fearing the result,—the stranding and destruction of the Horn.

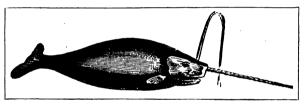
But she is tough as the material of horn itself. The tide rises, the vessel rises too. By degrees, but always improving, she lifts, and then once more feeling the water under her  $k(\epsilon)$  she rights herself and floats above the cradle of the reef which had so nearly been her grave.

We can hear in imagination the hurrahs as the fallen *Horn* rises and settles herself in the water. The gun tackles are adjusted, the hold restored, and an even keel is maintained all the further way up stream upon the friendly tide, to King's Island.

Here supplies of eggs were found, and here the ships were laid up for repairs. In the *Horn* was found another horn, for sticking in her timbers was a long piece of ivory, evidently the horn of a narwhal, which had driven it into the vessel, and

caused the shock already mentioned. This discovery accounted for the phenomenon of the gory sea—the misguided narwhal had perished in the attack when horn met *Horn*.

While the vessels were being scraped and overhauled on shore the shipwrights lighted a fire, as is not unusual, beneath the ship for cleansing and pitching purposes. Unfortunately the fire of reeds burned so fiercely that the timbers caught and the vessel was quickly in a blaze. Being so far from the water, but little effect could be produced on the flames, and so the crew had the ill-fortune to see the little vessel burning, but they could do nothing to save her, and but little to recover her contents, except the anchors and such gear which was not damaged by the fire.



THE NARWHAL.

Thus the doomed *Horn* perished. From the first it seemed as if she had been selected by fate as a victim to the idol of navigation.

On the 13th January, 1616, the *Unity*, now the sole representative of the syndicate, quitted Port Desire. Sailing south, they saw the Falkland Islands, and on the 25th closed in with land. This they named Staten (States) Land, a name which is still retained. Maurice Land they called the coast to the westward, now Eastern Tierra del Fuego. So onwards S.S.W. and S.W., the snowy peaks of Tierra del Fuego to the northward, until the ocean waves rolling under them reminded the crew that they were meeting the billows of the Great Sea.

To the northward the land lay ending in a promontory, and this was passed. Then far away west and south the sea showed no sail, no mountain. Far as the eye could reach the blue billows, flecked with foam, and sometimes rolling green beneath the foam, confronted them. Mountains to the north-west stood boldly up, the white peaks disappearing in the clouds; but in front and to the south was no land, only sea, over which skimmed great birds which came on board and rested, and were called sea-mews.

These albatrosses were of great spread of wing, but for all their grand appearance tame and gentle. They knew no danger of men, a sign that till then no ship had ever rounded the pointed Cape, which, in memory of the ill-fated bark, and as a compliment to the little town so far away, the voyagers named *Horn*.

How many of us in our school-days sought the derivation of the name which is so familiar in our mouths!

The Unity sailed on, having passed the Cape, and turning northwards up the coast again they could not doubt the fact of their discovery of a new route to the South Sea when they came abreast of the western entrance of Magellan's Straits. The new passage was named the Straits of Le Maire.

Still sailing north-north-east they came within sight of the isles of Juan Fernandez, the larger of which is so-called—the lesser being known as Masasuero. There at Juan Fernandez they refreshed themselves, though unable to land, on fish and lobsters and crabs.

The very name of Juan Fernandez rouses in our minds the wonderful romance of *Robinson Crusoe*, founded on fact, written by De Foe in that clear and lucid style practised by Dampier and more or less by other old narrators. The minute descriptions, the apparent truthfulness of every incident, and the correlative details comprise a model of the style for such romantic narratives. Schouten did not remain at Juan Fernandez, neither did he return thither. We will for the present accompany him, but unlike him, will return and watch for Alexander Selkirk and the ships of Dampier.

Le Maire and Schouten called at many islands, which they

THE ISLAND OF JUAN FERNANDEZ.

called the Cocos or Cocoa Islands, Traitor Islands, because of the treachery of the natives, Hope Island and Horn Island. They encountered some opposition from the natives in some places; in others they were received, although feared, the muskets being a source of wonder and dread to some, while others scoffed at the harmless tubes till a shot or two convinced the friends of the deceased that the queer fire-weapon could bite as well as bark. The discharge of the cannon was sufficient to send the chief and all his following into the woods in hot haste, nor could protestations and promises lure him into the neighbourhood of the ship again.

In June, after much barter and trading, and some squabbles, the *Unity* sighted New Guinea, and anchored between an island and the mainland. Here the natives again showed some animosity, endeavouring to pull the ship ashore, while other parties kept up a hail of stones. This unexpected attack was soon overcome by the discharge of the cannon, whereby several of the natives were killed and wounded. Passing thence they found and named Schouten's Island in lat. o° 30' S., and later they encountered terrific thunderstorms which nearly destroyed the vessel.

On the 17th September the ship anchored at Malaya in the island of Ternate, so often mentioned by the old voyagers, and there they disposed of the boats of the ill-fated *Horn* to the governor of Amboyna; sailing thence to Jacutra, now Batavia, and there anchored amongst the Dutch in supposed safety.

But when the governor heard of the arrival of the *Unity* he came over. John Koen, the President of the East India Company at Bantam, came to Batavia on the last day of October, and immediately fell foul of Schouten and Le Maire. This was most unfortunate. Believing themselves amongst friends the commander and his partner made no secret of the progress they had made, and of their course of discovery.

They reckoned without their host though, for Koen came over as stated, and hearing the report of the officials, immediately

seized the *Unity* and her cargo in the name of the Government and the East India Company.

In vain Le Maire protested. In vain did Schouten represent that he and his men had not trespassed, nor had they sailed into Indian seas by the Cape of Good Hope, nor by the Straits. The vessel was forfeited to the East India Company of Holland, and the owners could obtain no redress.

Under the circumstances, they could do nothing but submit. It was terribly hard, they represented, that after all their efforts the vessel should be confiscated to the Company. The President would hear of no excuse, and on the 14th of December, 1616, the dispirited owners embarked for home with many of their men.

On the passage home Le Maire expired, worn out by chagrin and disappointment. He had made an important discovery and had had a successful voyage round the world, until he reached Dutch territory. Well might he have exclaimed, "Save me from my friends!" He died as the year expired, and passed away with it on the 31st of December.

Captain Schouten, made of sterner stuff, lived to see his native land again, and to publish the carefully kept journal of his partner, which gave a clear account of the voyage, and of the unhandsome treatment which the venturers had received. The syndicate learned with dismay of the end of the really successful voyage which the monopolists had wrecked in port.

Thus the famous expedition ended. The route round the Horn was mapped out, and no one can look at the rugged cape without recalling the adventure of Schouten and Le Maire, its discoverers.





THE GULF OF DARIEN.

## CHAPTER XXII.

ENGLISH E. I. COMPANY.—THE "BOUCANIERS."—WILLIAM DAMPIER.—HIS STRANGE CAREER.

HE English East India Company, which was incorporated by Royal Charter of Elizabeth in 1600, became a formidable rival to the Dutch; but for some twenty years or so the Company only sent small expeditions to the East, feeling its way by degrees, and establishing itself in various places. We cannot, in this place, give any

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account of its establishment. Those who are interested in the details will find the early progress of the Company set forth in the "old records" and in the lately published first Letter-Book of the corporation.

Voyages were made to India by the English before the Company was established, and we have already alluded to the first vovage under the Company by Lancaster, in 1601. The deeds of H. Middleton Keeling, David Middleton Sharpey, and many others would fill some portly volumes, and these are only the introductory and joint-stock expeditions. We intend to wind up this volume of the older navigations by a brief account of some of the British buccaneers so-called, -not pirates, -and of the romantic part which Juan Fernandez-the island --took, or rather, with which it was connected, in the later years of the seventeenth century. We propose to reserve the exploits of the old buccaneers and pirates for another opportunity. This chapter will chiefly deal with the romance of our old friend Robinson Crusoe, and his original, Selkirk, so we will only refer to the cruise of the Nassau fleet, under L'Hermite. which came to a conclusion in 1626.

Let us now glance at the buccaneers. These men, whom many people do not distinguish from pirates—and indeed some of them were not easily so distinguished—were inhabitants of Hispaniola (San Domingo) chiefly of French extraction, reckoning amongst their ranks representatives from nearly every nation under heaven. They were brutal, even savage, and lived upon the flesh of the wild cattle which they killed, dried, and salted in certain enclosures called, locally, *Boucans*. The French form easily became *Boucaniers*, which became Anglicised into Buccaneer by a very easy transition, as chiffonier becomes, in our mouths, *cheffoneer* / and a depository for instead of a "picker up of unconsidered trifles."

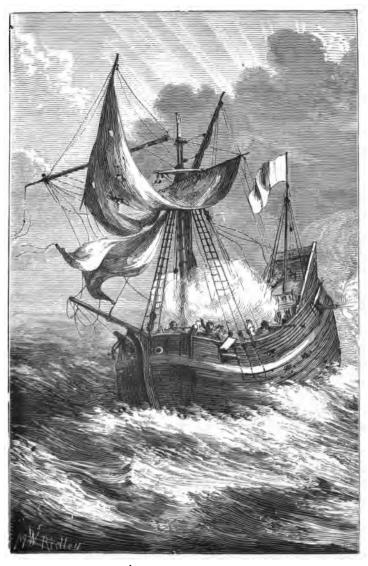
A perusal of the adventures of these buccaneers will satisfy any one who doubts the fact, that these fellows were horrible in act, cruel in deed, but wonderful sailors, desperate at times, plucky, determined men, though steeped in crime. The British Buccaneers were of a different stamp, and many a captain became a "buccaneer" on the ocean,—one of the plundering and burning fraternity—not of his own free will, but because he was taken or engaged under false pretences.

These men were sailors first and privateersmen afterwards, having been, perhaps, as in the case of Captain Cowley, who sailed with John Cooke, and was requested to go as master of a trader, practically a privateer. Such commanders of privateers induced the sailor to join, and when he had his victim at sea it was a case of act or go overboard. The captain's word was the only law.

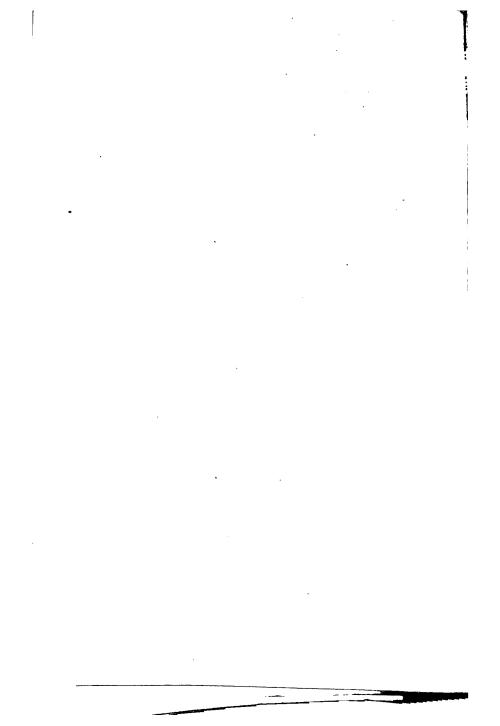
These men did incalculable damage to the Spaniards in the West Indies, but Cooke and his followers, such as Shelvocke and Clipperton, were not such brutes as were the original representatives of the buccaneers. These sailors went "round the world," and we must not confound their various exploits between 1683, when John Cooke sailed, accompanied by Cowley and Dampier, and 1722, when Shelvocke returned to England, with the bloodthirsty deeds of Esquemeling's Pirates, those true "old style" buccaneers, the pirates of the transpontine drama, the scourge and terror of the Spanish Main.

John Cooke, whose voyage was undertaken in 1683, was one of the celebrated buccaneers who worried the Spaniards consistently in the West Indies. He was a West Indian by birth, who was acting in a subordinate capacity under a certain Captain Yankey, and who was appointed to or claimed the command of a prize, in accordance with the laws of these lawless men.

Practically an Englishman, though born in the island, Cooke seems to have been a very popular commander, a "brisk stern man," no doubt fair in his dealings with his crew. But the French *boucaniers* became very jealous of him, and managed to capture his ship, cargo, and everything. When these ruffians had plundered the vessel, they put the captain and crew ashore upon the coast of Hispaniola—or upon a small island near it—and left them, "unarmed."



A BUCCANEER'S SHIP ENGAGED WITH THE ENEMY.



Fortunately one of the *boucaniers* had some seeds of compassion in him, and this man, named Tristian, sought out the castaways, and carried some of them, ten in number and all Englishmen, to Petit Goave. This was a kindly act, but such was the disposition of the buccaneers of either race, that when Captain Tristian and some men were ashore, the British fell upon the remaining sailors and seized the ship. They then sent the French ashore, and sailed off to the rescue of their own comrades on the island of Avache.

It was not an easy matter to get them on board, but by using the name of Tristian, and quoting his authority, Cooke and Davis, the chiefs of the English crew, managed with some diplomacy to get the sailors on board the French vessel; the authorities being apparently satisfied with the appearance of Tristian's ship, which was of course recognised.

So far successful, John Cooke and company quitted the coast in the captured vessel, and began a pleasant course of privateering in Tristian's ship, on board of which a party of buccaneers with Dampier had at one time served. The actions of these commanders are so interwoven that we frequently come upon the same men in different ships. Thus it happened that the French privateer, having captured two prizes, was sailed to Virginia to sell the plunder, and there, in 1683, Cooke fell in with William Dampier, who had actually sailed in Tristian's vessel some years before.

It is to this Dampier that we are most greatly indebted for descriptions and narratives, though other voyagers wrote accounts of their expeditions. Dampier is most observant, and probably most to be depended on. His life is a romance throughout; and it is impossible to pass him by with but a "bowing" recognition. We must get introduced and accompany him to the point where we find him meeting Cooke, and so dovetail the stories.

Dampier was born near Yeovil, in Somersetshire, at Coker, in 1652; but as he displayed such a strong inclination towards the sea, his father permitted him to follow his bent, and ap-

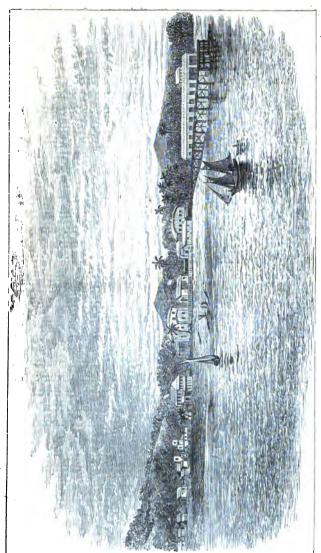
prenticed him to a shipowner at Weymouth, who sent him over to France and Newfoundland. This latter trip cooled his enthusiasm, and he returned home, apparently cured of his predilection. But after a while an opportunity to sail to the East Indies presented itself, and as the climate promised to suit him better than the mists and snows and ice of Newfoundland, Dampier shipped for Bantam, and when he returned had another spell ashore, until the war with Holland called him, and he signed for the *Royal Prince*, man-of-war, commanded by Sir E. Spragge.

In this ship he saw service, was wounded, and when he recovered, feeling the old longing for action still powerful, he proceeded to Jamaica as sub-manager to an estate. Here, again, the sea attracted him, and he made short voyages in coasters until he shipped for Campeachy to cut log wood for exportation.

This was another turning-point in his career, and one which indicated the direction of all his future. He found the logwood cutting so profitable that he adventured it himself, and passed through many curious experiences inseparable from the wild life led by the wood-cutters in the forests. His escapes when lost in the woods, when attacked by an alligator, and in other ways, would make most interesting narratives in extenso. He kept a diary, and minutely describes flora and fauna as well as his experiences afloat and ashore, and in some little piracies.

After again visiting England, and getting married, he sailed again to Jamaica with a cargo of "notions," much in request by the wood-cutters—his old acquaintances. He made some money on his venture, and invested it in the purchase of a small estate in Dorsetshire, whither he calculated to return and live quietly. He would have carried out this scheme, no doubt and would have remained at home for a while, had not a certain person named Hobby touched him upon his weak spot, and suggested a little trading trip to the Mosquito shore, amongst the Indians of that ilk about Honduras.





Dampier's ruling passion compelled consent. The men set out, and on the way had to anchor in Negril Bay, at the west side of Jamaica. As fate would have it, anchored here were some privateers or pirates, who were conferring together in the usual manner, with much drinking and many salutes, on the best mode of attacking the Spaniards and plundering their towns.

The expedition came to the ears of Mr. Hobby and his men; the trading voyage to the Mosquito shore paled in the fierce light of piracy and plunder. Hobby wavered, his men scarcely hesitated. They threw in their lot with the pirates, Hobby yielded, leaving Dampier to do as he pleased. He finally joined his partner and the freebooters.

This must have been about 1679, and the first buccaneering expedition was against Porto Bello, which the pirates sacked, and then determined to cross the isthmus of Darien. They landed on the coast—a large body of men, variously clothed and equipped, under the command of their captains, of whom Sharpe, Sawkins and Harris were conspicuous. They underwent many hardships. The gold turned out a chimera this time, for though the brave buccaneers attacked Santa Maria they gained nothing. The consignments of gold had just gone!

This was a great disappointment, but the men were not discouraged. They embarked in canoes for Panama, and sighted it on 23rd April, 1680, with Coxon as commander-inchief. On the way the pirates fell in and fell out with three Spanish vessels and took them, but in an attack upon Puebla Nueva, Sawkins was killed, leading the pirates.

Sharpe was now in command, for it appears that these pirates appointed, dismissed, and re-appointed their commanders as they listed; and after some expeditions they came to Juan Fernandez, where Sharpe was cut adrift, and Captain Watling reigned in his stead.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Dampier often mentions this custom of firing guns when healths were drunk, and the noise at times was deafening. Shakspeare confirms this practice of old days. See *Hamlet*, Act v., Scene ii.

In connection with the island of Juan Fernandez, a very curious legend was told to the pirates by their pilot. He mentioned that many years before their arrival a ship had been wrecked upon the island, and of all the ship's company only one man was saved. For many years, said the pilot, this solitary man remained upon the desolate isle, until finally a vessel called and took him away.

In this narrative, mentioned by Ringrose in his account of the pirate's voyage, we have the germ of Robinson Crusoe. This tale may very well have given De Foe the cue for his romance, and the adventures of Selkirk supplied the details. Curiously, too, the pirates, in hurrying away from the island at the unexpected appearance of some war-ships, left behind them a solitary Indian, named William, who subsisted there for some time à la Crusoe.

But the Spanish men-of-war kept aloof. Notwithstanding their numbers and their recognition of the privateer, they did not close. Though the commander, Watling, was timid as a hare, and viewed with terror the "bloody flag," as the red signal of slaughter was called, which fluttered from the Spanish mastheads, the enemy did not know this, and never came to close quarters. Thus the pirates escaped to Arica, which they attacked, and got severely handled. Watling was shot, and the pirates, unled, became nervous. They appealed to Sharpe to lead them, but he felt "sore" at having been deposed. At length he pulled the fellows together, and they cut their way to the ships with loss.

Once more at sea they became restive. The crew could not agree any better than Nationalists. They divided into two parties, or factions, when they reached the isle of *Plata* or Plate, or Drake's Island, where the great Sir Francis captured the Spanish silver. Ere the men proceeded to elect a commander, they agreed that the majority should hold the privateer, and the minority should be content with canoes and such small craft as were available. The election then proceeded.

The result of the poll was in favour of Captain Sharpe, who accordingly, with the majority of the crew, remained on the privateer, and the secessionists, amongst whom was Dampier, embarked in the launch and two canoes to the number of forty-seven.

This band of determined men who had no acknowledged leader, had made up their minds to land at Santa Maria and cross the isthmus of Darien. But they also agreed that if any one of them fell ill he was to be shot and left where he lay. This hard condition was accepted, and the bands of pirates separated on April 17th, 1681. Dampier reached the continent on the 1st of May, and with his companions started upon their most perilous journey.

A mad scheme we should call it even now. Panama has received considerable attention lately in France and England. The scheme of the engineer was sufficently daring, but the feat of the pirates was then even more so. While the men were fighting with fever, storms and rain, trying to cross rivers, climb mountains, penetrate the luxuriant forest growths, amid snakes and other noisome animals, Captain Watling was beating down to or round Cape Horn, whence subsequently he reached England, and was nearly executed as a pirate, after all!

Dampier, one of the principal figures in the Panama expedition, managed to struggle across with his companions in twenty one days, and in that time they had walked more than one hundred miles, and had overcome difficulties which would to most men have appeared insuperable. The narratives of Dampier and Wafer give vivid pictures of the hardships and dangers they encountered and overcame in the woods, and in attempting to cross the swollen, rapid streams where swimming was out of the question, and resulted in death to those who ventured it.

On the 24th of May the haggard, travel stained band of freebooters reached the Ocean—the Atlantic, and fortunately met a Frenchman named Tristian, who took them aboard his

privateer. The number of pirates had been considerably reduced, and Tristian was not unwilling to accept the bold detachment to augment his crew. After a while some other privateers were met with, reckoning some six hundred men in all the nine ships.

Several actions succeeded, but the old feud as to who should be the greatest arose. Dampier joined Captain Wright, who in turn became associated with a Dutchman named Yankey, who had on board John Cooke. His adventures we have already related. But Dampier, in Wright's ship, again seceded with twenty men, being dissatisfied with the cruise, and came to Virginia in July, 1682. Here he remained for a year or so in peace ashore.

To Virginia with the French prize came Cooke and his men. They sold the cargo of the prize and, having procured all necessary stores, guns and armaments, they called her the *Revenge* privateer. She seemed to promise well. Cooke, Dampier and Cowley were old acquaintances. So Dampier volunteered with his men for the *Revenge*, and for the life of a privateersman.





BUCCANEERING SHIPS OF THE 17TH CENTURY.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

JUAN FERNANDEZ, —DAMPIER AND THE BUCCANEERS.—ALEX-ANDER SELKIRK.—CONDITION OF THE SHIPS AND CREWS.



HE history of the "Brethren of the Coast" cannot be related here. We may, however, follow the Receige on her voyage to the coast of Guinea and the Cape Verde Islands. The Receinge did pretty

well in trade and plundering, and the crew again crossed the Atlantic to the Brazils, but not in the same vessel. The Reverse had captured a forty gun ship, and the men having burned the old vessel named this prize the Bachelor's Delight, and came to the American coast, bent upon plunder.

They reached the Magellan Straits, but, fearing the intricate navigation, some of the men tried to persuade the captain to go round the Horn. This he refused to do, but the weather compelled him to enter the Strait of Le Maire, and so he was obliged to go round the Horn after all.

On the 3rd of March the pirates entered the Pacific again, and in lat. 40° S. fell in with a strange sail. The ships kept a good look-out, and the stranger proved to be the *Nicholas* of London, a soi-disant trader, but in reality a privateer or pirate, commanded by John Eaton. In such sympathetic society did the Bachelor's Delight sail to Juan Fernandez, where, arcades ambo, the ships arrived on the 23rd of March, 1684, and anchored in the bay.

We now may resume the romance of Juan Fernandez. It will be remembered that the privateers under Watling the Timid had slipped their cable and run off to sea when the Spanish vessels appeared. William, a Mosquito Indian, had been left on shore by accident. When Dampier and Cooke anchored, they at once went ashore to search for the man who for three years had led such a solitary life.

William had seen the ships making for the island, and was sufficiently well versed in naval matters to recognise them as English, or certainly not Spanish. So he prepared a feast to welcome the new-comers. He killed and dressed a couple of goats and a quantity of cabbage with which to regale the men, amongst whom, when they landed, he was greatly pleased to recognise Captain Cooke and William Dampier.

Juan Fernandez is a pleasant island composed of hills and valleys, and "peopled" by goats. It is very lofty in places, covered with grass and trees, and very sparsely inhabited by human beings, of whom there are about a dozen on the island. It is often visited by men-of-war now, and in 1868 one of them set up a tablet to Alexander Selkirk, who was left in solitude for four years and four months. Landed from the *Cinque Ports* galley in 1704, he was taken off in 1709. "This tablet was erected," as it states, "by the officers and crew of H.M.S. *Topaz* in 1868."

This is a digression, however, and we must return to the Mosquito Indian, the prototype of Crusoe.

This unfortunate waif had in his possession only a knife, a gun and a little powder and shot when he found himself alone

on the island. But necessity is the mother of invention, and he managed to erect a very nice hut in a secluded valley, where sharp Spanish eyes could not easily penetrate. He caught some scals, with which, sea-lions, snappers and dog-fish, the surrounding waters abounded. With the seal-skins he lined his hut, and on the whole he lived comfortably.

There we have undoubtedly the germ of the story of our childhood's hero.

The buccaneers quitted Juan Fernandez after a fortnight's stay, and sailed to Cape Blanco. They proceeded to the Gallapagos or Enchanted Islands, continuing in the same violent round, capturing, plundering and burning ships; seeking treasure and the King of Spain's fleet. For several months they made arrangements to capture this treasure fleet, and collected a considerable force for the purpose; but when the convoy appeared, the brave buccaneers turned tail and fled, without attempting to strike a blow for the immense treasure on board

The Nicholas separated from the Revenge in 1684, and soon afterwards the latter vessel was joined by Captain Swan in the Cygnet, an honest trader. But the desire for gold and plunder again proved too strong, and her crew turned pirates. Thus we might continue the narrative, which would again and again illustrate the same ruling passions, the same deeds, the same results.

At the same time the buccaneers ran many risks. A merchant on one occasion arranged with them that he should bring his laden ship alongside to traffic, though the Government of Spain forbade its subjects to do so. In Tobago's Bay this happened. The worthy Spaniard brought out his ship by night, but instead of trade material and stuffs, he carried combustibles wherewith to blow up the pirates.

The buccaneers noticed something curious, and hailed her to sheer off; but as she still came on, they fired. The Spaniards immediately leaped into their boats, and shortly afterwards the ship blew up, not far from the pirates, whose vessels had a narrow escape. These and other stratagems were employed

against the rovers, whose hand was against every man, and every man's hand against them.

In 1685 Dampier joined Swan and made the circuit of the globe, and had many adventures with the natives similar to those already recounted. At Mindinao some of the men became mutinous. They had no money, and impecunious, there was no use in their going ashore. So they stayed on board and grumbled. At length, the mutineers and Dampier being on board, the captain and others being ashore, the malcontents fired a gun and immediately weighed anchor, leaving the captain and some of the crew on the island. Subsequently these were all killed by the knife or by poison by the natives. Dampier, somewhat ashamed of himself and his associates, tried or intended to quit the ship; but they sailed in peace to New Holland, touching at many places.

Dampier himself seems to have been anxious to return to English territory, but the captain (Reid) and his adherents would not listen to advice. The Cygnet then proceeded to the Cocos, and at the Isle of Trist, Dampier wished to escape. He was foiled in the attempt. When at the Nicobar Isles, where the Cygnet was hove down for repairs, he insisted on being put ashore, but was carried on board again, only to be returned to the coast with Hall, Ambrose, and some Malays. After sundry troubles with the natives the party embarked in a canoe for Sumatra, and a most eventful voyage was commenced.

The canoe was a small one, but the knowledge of Dampier and Hall served them well, even when they had to scud before a storm. One night was terrible. "I had been in many imminent dangers," writes Dampier, "but the worst of all was but a plaything compared with this. Other dangers came not upon us with such a leisurely and dreadful solemnity. . . . I had long repented me of that roving course of life, but never with such concern as now. I did also call to mind the many miraculous acts of God's providence towards me. . . For these I returned thanks, and once more desired God's assistance, and composed my mind as well as I could in the hope of it."

This reads almost like an extract from De Foe, whose style reproduces that of Dampier in general.

After a dreadful experience the canoe reached a fishing village in Sumatra, and the men were afterwards all carried to Achin, where they were attended to by the East India Company's representative. Here two died of fever, and both Danpier and Hall suffered greatly. But the former recovered, sailed on several voyages, was employed by the East India Company at Bencoulen, and subsequently shipped for England without permission, in the *Defence*. She reached the Downs in September, 1681, Dampier having been away from his native land twelve years.

We must now pass rapidly over the other events in his remarkable career until we find him, in 1703, endeavouring to induce some London merchants to send out an expedition to the South Seas. As this and the subsequent voyage deals with the romance of Selkirk, we shall say something about him and his adventures.

Selkirk was not his true name. His real name seems to have been Selcraig, and according to Mr. Adams he changed it when he went to sea. Be this as it may, it is of Alexander Selkirk, mariner, that we shall write.

Selkirk was born in Fifeshire, in Lower Largo, and was the son of a shoemaker. His father seems to have been a man of some means, and was living in his own house when Alexander was born in 1676. He early imbibed a taste for adventure, and the reports of those who had returned from privateering expeditions in foreign seas—particularly the South Sea, stimulated the lad's ardour. His mother was an ambitious woman and encouraged her son—the seventh—in his idea of penetrating to the Spanish Main. His father forbade him to think of the place, but after the lad had got into some scrape with the elders of the kirk he ran away and was absent for about six years, during which time no one heard anything of his movements.

Whether or not we suspect that he went a-voyaging we

cannot say so. Writers seem to assume that he did, for when, in 1703, Captain Dampier was arranging his expedition for the London merchants, Selkirk again left home and was appointed to the expedition as sailing master. This appointment implied a certain knowledge of seamanship and acquaintance with Captain Dampier, the hardy buccaneer. In those days privateer captains were received and tolerated on their return home, and ran but little, if any, risk of arrest, notwithstanding the crimes they might have committed in the course of their cruises.

The two ships prepared were the Fame and the St. George, of twenty guns each, and carrying one hundred and twenty men. The Fame was commanded by Pulling, and the St. George by William Dampier; but before the vessels had left the Downs the commanders quarrelled, and Pulling and his Fame were superseded by the Cinque Ports, on which was Selkirk, when the Fame deserted her consort.

Captain Pickering was in command of this "galley," which mounted sixteen guns. She carried sixty-three men. The name of the mate was Thomas Stradling.

The St. George had got as far as Kinsale, where soon the Cinque Ports joined company, and instructions were received concerning the cruise, which was undertaken with the object of taking and plundering the Spanish treasure ships. On the 11th of September, 1703, the ships sailed.

Dampier must have been a very disagreeable man to sail with. He was continually quarrelling with his sub-officers. He had a pleasant habit of putting ashore any one who displeased him. With his sea-chest and a few supplies the unfortunate delinquent was "marooned" and left on a strange coast—a practice not entirely foreign to late naval practice, for within a few years a newspaper correspondent who had displeased a captain of an ironclad during the naval manœuvres, was put ashore in Ireland, miles from any place or any means of conveyance, on the rocky western coast.

Dampier adopted this plan, and put his second in command

ashore. Then he had a quarrel with his successor off the coast of Brazil, and would have treated him in the same summary manner if the officer had not taken the initiative and gone ashore of his own accord, with eight of the offended crew.

The little *Cinque Ports* was badly treated on the passage round Cape Horn; the weather was very bad indeed, and those on the *St. George* were fearful that she had foundered. The condition of those vessels of that period is sketched by Mr. Clark Russell in a few sentences which are as graphic as a picture.

"Of all the miserable times passed by the early mariner," he says, "the most miserable and insufferable were those which they spent off Cape Horn. Under reduced sail their little "tubs" showed like half rocks in the troughs. The decks were full of water, the seas thundered over them in cataracts; the hatches, closed and battened down, kept the atmosphere of the 'tween decks black and poisonous. The crew were commonly so numerous as to be in one another's way, and imagination can picture nothing more unendurable than a dark and vermin-ridden forecastle crowded with half suffocated men."

Add to this the ice-bound rigging and sails like boards, icicles pendent from every point, huge seas sweeping the decks, a lack of food and water, and fears for the masts and spars, the loss of which would doom the vessel to destruction, and we can imagine the condition of those who went down to the sea in the ships of the closing years of the seventeenth, and the early years of the eighteenth century.

Notwithstanding the weather and the other drawbacks the *Cinque Ports* reached the rendezvous at Juan Fernandez in safety, and Alexander Selkirk contemplated with some curiosity the island with which he was destined to be so intimately acquainted.

We may wonder whether any presentiment occupied him as he gazed upon the hills and woods teeming with goats, but without any human inhabitant. We have no record of any particular events occurring there while the Cinque Ports, under the command of Thomas Stradling, late the mate, lay in the bay, awaiting the St. George. Captain Pickering had died before the galley rounded the Horn, and Stradling succeeded in due course, but not by the choice of the crew.

The St. George came into the bay soon after, and then the trouble began.



ALEXANDER SELKIRK ON THE ISLAND



ALEXANDER SELKIRK'S CAVE, ISLAND OF JUAN FERNANDEZ.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

THE CINQUE PORTS AND ST. GEORGE. STRADLING AND SEL-KIRK.—END OF DAMPIER'S CAREER.—CONCLUSION.



HE fears of the fate of the Cinque Ports having been removed, both vessels were hove down and overhauled after the knocking about they had experienced by the Horn.

But the peaceful employment of the crews did not last long. A very pretty quarrel arose on board the *Cinque Ports* between Stradling and his men. Both Dampier and the other captain were hard to please, but from all accounts Stradling in command was a very unreasonable person. On this occasion he

behaved in such an overbearing manner that fully two-thirds of his crew deserted and went ashore.

The galley lay in the bay without her commander being able to work the ship. If a storm had arisen she could not have sailed, and perceiving this, Dampier thought it time to interfere. He reconciled the malcontents, and peace was concluded by the appearance of a French vessel, for both the English ships started in chase, and in the ensuing engagement forgot for a while, at any rate, their animosities.

After a long chase the St. George came up with the Frenchman, and a hot fight ensued. For seven hours the contest continued. Though a number of the Englishmen were laid up, they crawled to the guns, and rendered what assistance they could.

The Frenchman was a large vessel of four hundred tons, and carried thirty guns. The *Cinque Ports* fired a few shots, but dropped astern soon, in consequence of the failure of the wind, leaving the *St. George* and her antagonist to hammer each other. This they did, and the Frenchman was so bruised that he was on the point of lowering his flag when the wind rose again and he made sail out of reach.

The St. George must have had enough of it, for Dampier declined to follow. The fight had been a sanguinary one, and though the survivors and the uninjured begged their captain to pursue the enemy, neither he nor Stradling would do so, and so the Frenchman escaped to tell the news of the English private ships in Spanish waters.

The decision of the captains caused much dissatisfaction, which was only allayed by Dampier's assurance that he could find valuable prizes, even if he lost the Spanish treasure ships.

The ships then returned to Juan Fernandez, but finding two large French vessels in the bay, the pirates steered off, leaving some men on the island. Some of these the Frenchman carried off. Later on the buccaneers fell in with the same vessel they had chased off the island; but Dampier was too prudent to risk an action, a course of self-denial which exas-

perated his men. This feeling of annoyance was increased by his conduct in letting two Spanish ships go almost unharmed, so that Dampier began to feel his power was rapidly waning.

Fortunately for the popularity of the two captains they fell foul of two other well-laden vessels and captured them, thus reconciling the crews of the privateers and the previous losses.

A grand seheme of conquest was then broached. An attack was to be made on the coast at Santa Maria. This expedition turned out a failure. The captains quarrelled, and some men in each vessel—curiously enough the number (five) was equal in both ships—exchanged into the other. On the galley the "contention was so sharp between them that they parted one from the other," and the Cinque Ports again made for Juan Fernandez, leaving the St. George to fight her battles alone.

Stradling reached the island, after a cruise, on 31st August, and there found two of the six men who had been abandoned when the pirates went after the Frenchman. The others, with the anchors and gear which the buccaneers had slipped and buoyed in haste, had been taken by the other French ships later. To these men on the island Selkirk, who had not had a pleasant time on board, talked, and having heard their report of the place, its charms of scenery, genial and healthy climate, he determined to quit the *Cinque Ports* for ever.

Selkirk therefore informed the captain of his intention to quit the ship with his effects, and Stradling willingly consented. From this it would appear that Selkirk was by no means a quiet hand—in all probability he was very troublesome—and the captain gladly acquiesced in his departure. So the man was sent ashore with all his effects, and some necessaries and provisions, such as gunpowder, bullets, and a supply of ship's stores for two days, early in September, 1704.

No sooner had the boat landed him than Selkirk began to repent his act. He was too proud and angry with Stradling to beg to return, and he, far from attempting to detain the man, did all in his power to assist him. This kind of treatment worked a revulsion of feeling, and Selkirk would gladly have returned if he had been permitted. But the boat pushed off, and the two men who had remained so long on the island were already on board the ship.

In a very melancholy frame of mind no doubt Selkirk watched the *Cinque Ports* weigh anchor and sail away. He then turned inland, and looked about him for some shelter for the night. There, for the present, we may leave him, for his adventures were those which formed the foundation of *Robinson Crusoe*, and are familiar to every reader.

Of Stradling and the *Cinque Ports* little remains to be related. The vessel was soon wrecked on the American seaboard, and all hands, save the captain and a few men who were captured by the Spaniards, were drowned. Stradling lived in Lima for some time, but his ultimate fate is not recorded.

Dampier continued his career with Clipperton, a most romantic figure in the annals of the "Brethren of the Coast." But, as usual, dissensions occurred, and though Dampier gained some prizes, he did not eventually reap any permanent benefit, and returned home penniless after the seizure of his ship and cargo by the Dutch.

It is somewhat curious that, after all his failures and disappointments, he should have been so well received at Court. But he had certainly gained in reputation as a sailor. The Queen did not consider the means whereby he had gained his reputation, and she received the bold navigator as the Spanish monarchs had received Columbus. She heard his own account of his adventures, and discoveries, and conquests from himself; and whatever his short-comings—and they were neither few nor unimportant—no one can deny his seamanship and ability as a mariner and pilot, his wonderful powers of observation, his determination and "pluck."

These valuable attributes led him to be chosen as "pilot" to Captain Woodes-Rogers—though they were not considered sufficient to neutralize his evil reputation in some quarters as a buccaneer, and to obtain him a command. His temper was

not in his favour as a leader of men. But in 1708 we find him affort in the *Duke* with Woodes-Rogers, which sailed in company with the *Duchess* (or *Dutchess*) to the South Seas, privateering.

A more wicked and undisciplined set of men seldom, if ever, shipped together. All kinds of foreigners were embarked, and



THE BAY, ISLAND OF JUAN FERNANDEZ.

the result will be anticipated. Mutiny was detected, the irons were brought out, and the ships, half manned, sailed for the island of Juan Fernandez to obtain water. We may wonder at the oft recurrence of mutinies in those days, but any one who learns the manner in which sailors were treated will not wonder any more, save to express his astonishment that he lived, or permitted the brutal commander to live!

On approaching Juan Fernandez a fire was perceived on shore, and caused surprise. No ships were seen; a boat was sent ashore, and brought back "a man clothed in goat-skins, who looked wilder than the first owners of them. He had been on the island four years and four months. His name was Alexander Selkirk," master of the *Cinque Ports*.

He was received on board the *Duke*, but could not make himself understood—long silence had affected his powers of speech. He however recovered, and remained with the expedition until its return to England in 1711.

The results were most satisfactory, and the prizes reached the respectable sum of one hundred and seventy, or one hundred and eighty, thousand pounds.

Dampier disappeared on his arrival. We learn no more of him. But there are many more adventures connected with the names of Clipperton, Shelvocke, Harris, and others, and with Dampier himself, which cannot, for want of time and space, be included in these pages. In a future volume we hope to detail many of the noted voyages and piratical and seafaring adventures of more modern days. As an instalment, if this volume succeed in pleasing, this book must be judged, and if it be judged kindly and received, the sequel will in no way fall short of it in any claims to interest which this "Romance of Navigation" may, fortunately, possess.



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